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Geo C Harding.

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF

GEORGE C. HARDING

INDIANAPOLIS:
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PREFACE,	1
BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE,	3
PENCIL NOTES OF A BRIEF TRIP TO MEXICO, (In ten chapters.)	14
BIG SAM,	123
JIM BALES' DOG FIGHT,	130
MAN, CONSIDERED AS A CANDLE,	139
THE FEMALE SPIDER,	144
A TRIBUTE TO A DAUGHTER,	148
BALES, HIMSELF,	152
MOON-STRUCK,	160
DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN,	166
DUCK SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA,	177
SHIFTING SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF THE LATE WAR, (In nineteen chapters.)	190
SKETCHES AND PARAGRAPHS,	338

PREFACE.

AFTER the death of Mr. Harding, many of his friends expressed a wish to have some memorial of him—something that would embalm the flashes of his humor, the nimble wit, the delicate and covert satire of one who, for years, had worked while others slept, until overtaken by that sleep which knows no awakening here. After many doubts and much hesitation, it was decided to publish his army and Mexican letters, and selections from such of his miscellaneous writings as were most characteristic of him, and would best give an idea of the peculiar style and fervor of his genius. His army comrades were especially desirous that his letters, which contained the only really authentic account of the stormy events in which they had taken so active a part, should be published, that justice might be done to their valor, patriotism and endurance. A large part of this volume is, therefore, devoted to this subject. His Mexican Notes were widely read and appreciated, and are herein published in response to many requests. The bulk of his miscellaneous writings was found to be so great as not to be compressible within the limits thus left for it, or, indeed, within a single volume, and it was, therefore, determined to give only some of the more striking.

Many knew him only as a framer of paragraphs, as a writer

of well rounded sentences, which "shot at folly as it flew," or held a sting for those who conceived and propagated wrong. These, in their very nature, were ephemeral, but it was thought best to preserve a certain portion, that all might be satisfied. To this labor of love has been added a conscientious endeavor to do that alone, which he, had he been living, himself might have approved.

J. C. H.

BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

GEORGE CANADY HARDING was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, August 26, 1829. His father, Jacob Harding, was a man of strong mental and physical characteristics, which the son inherited. His mother, whose maiden name was Love F. Nelson, was the daughter of Hon. John R. Nelson, a lawyer of high reputation in that region. She was a woman of small stature, but great force of character. George was the second child in a family of thirteen. He was a quiet, silent boy, given to long solitary rambles, and during his childhood in Tennessee, and his early youth in Illinois, spent much of his time in the woods. He was familiar with the animate and inanimate things of nature, the fauna and flora of that section of country, and knew each individual of them, not indeed, by the names given them in the books, but by their more homely and familiar appellations. He knew where the flowers first bloomed and the berries first ripened. He knew the habits and nesting places of the birds, the haunts and peculiarities of the animals, and even of the insects of the region in which his rambles extended. He became adept in woodcraft, and the use of the

rifle. He was entirely fearless, then and ever after, whether his antagonist were beast or man, or whatever his own weapon. His early habits largely influenced his after life, and tended to make him alert and wary, yet aggressive. When he decided to strike he lost no time about it. The blow was swift and terrible, neither the position, equipment nor strength of his antagonist making the least difference with him. He learned discretion in his later years, but his first impulse always was to spring upon what he conceived to be a wrong or an abuse, and throttle it then and there. George had not reached his teens when his parents removed to Paris, Illinois. His wild ways and swarthy complexion gave him the sobriquet of "The Cherokee," and soon after his arrival at Paris he was compelled to thrash the entire male portion of the school to which he was sent, in order to vindicate his Anglo-Saxon pedigree. This he did so thoroughly that ever thereafter in "choosing sides" for any physical encounter the side that secured "The Cherokee" considered victory already in its grasp. His schooling, however, was limited, and he lost much of the good he might have secured, by his impatience of restraint and contempt for the plodding methods of his teachers. His intuitions were quick and he seemed to know more by instinct than he learned in the books, and had ample time on his hands to devise and execute mischief. He was, moreover, ambitious to assist his father, and having soon learned all the school was likely to teach him, he turned

his attention to the serious business of getting a living. Though only fourteen years of age, he was large and strong, and accepted the best positions that offered, laboring in the harvest field, the brick yard, or wherever he could obtain work. He soon tired of this, and abruptly left home, with a neighbor lad, to make his fortune. He walked all the way to St. Louis, but being out of money and finding the labor market greatly overstocked, he was easily persuaded to return home with a neighbor, who happened to find him in the city penniless and disheartened. Soon after his return Judge Conrad, of Terre Haute, offered to take him into the printing office where the *Courier* was published, and make a printer of him. To one of young Harding's genius, this settled his career. From setting type to writing for the paper was an easy and natural transition, and his articles always secured attention if they did not carry conviction. Isaac M. Brown, the veteran printer and editor, taught him the art of printing and encouraged him to write. After he had completed his trade, his father abandoned the law and started the *Prairie Beacon*, at Paris, and George left Terre Haute to assist in the enterprise, and here his literary career began in earnest. Beside writing for the *Beacon*, he contributed to the Cincinnati "*Great West*," and other publications of that sort. His writings then created quite a sensation by their vigorous and incisive style and strong English. Soon after this the Mexican war broke out; he determined to enlist, but failed to get accepted. He

then went to New Orleans on a flat boat, still determined to enlist, but returned to St. Louis without accomplishing his purpose. Here, however, his desire was realized, and he enlisted in the Second Dragoons, but fell sick at Jefferson barracks, and after lying at death's door for some weeks, was discharged. His next experience in editorial life was as editor and half proprietor of the *Courier*, at Charleston, Illinois, in which he espoused the cause of Republicanism in the infancy of that party, and did great service in the exciting campaign of 1856. This paper was the first to suggest the name of Fremont for the presidency. After the campaign he withdrew from the *Courier* and started the *Ledger*, which attained a large circulation at once, but owing to domestic trouble, Mr. Harding soon disposed of it and went to Cincinnati, where he was engaged for some months on the *Commercial*. His love for change and excitement, however, soon took him South, and he next appeared as associate editor of the Houston (Texas) *Telegraph*, tri-weekly. This was just before the outbreak of the civil war. Feeling that a conflict was inevitable, and desiring to be on the right side, he resigned his charge, and came North just before the storm broke. He joined the Twenty-first Indiana regiment (First Heavy Artillery), Col. James W. McMillan, and went with it to Baltimore. His letters to the Cincinnati *Commercial* attracted much attention, and were largely instrumental in having the regiment, possessing so able a correspondent, sent to the Gulf Department. His army

letters, which are printed in this volume, with very slight abridgment, attracted great attention, and furnished much valuable data for a history of the war in that quarter. He was promoted from the ranks to be Second Lieutenant, but soon after resigned, and in 1864 took service on the New Orleans *Times*. This lasted, however, but six months, and he again came North, and after a short service on the Cincinnati *Commercial*, came to Indianapolis, and entered upon his newspaper career here, which, with one or two brief interruptions, when he was employed upon papers in Louisville and St. Louis, continued till his death—a career which though not uniformly successful in a pecuniary point of view, made him a name and secured him a position of decided eminence in the newspaper world. He was employed at different times and in various capacities, upon the *Daily Journal*, the *Daily Herald*, (as the *Sentinel* was then called) on the *Sentinel* under the Devlin and Bright administrations, and again on the *Morning* and *Evening Journal*. He started, first the *Saturday Evening Mirror*, in company with Marshall G. Henry, which was afterwards turned into a daily, and was finally sold to the *News*. The *Mirror* made its mark while it lived, but ambition to become a great daily killed it. His next venture was the *Saturday Herald*, which he made a great success, but internal dissensions, uncongenial relations with his associates, and failing health, made the position uncomfortable, and he finally sold his interest in the paper and went to Minnesota, hoping that a cessation

from stirring duties, and rest in a salubrious climate, would restore his wonted vigor. His hope was realized, but with returning health, the dull routine of a country town became irksome, and he longed to re-enter active life. With this object in view, he returned to Indianapolis, and in company with Mr. Charles Dennis, established the *Saturday Review*. The paper at once attained remarkable popularity and a large circulation. Old friends rallied to his support, and new ones were made with every issue. It was in the full tide of success, and when his prospects never looked brighter, that an accident, slight in itself but fatal in its results, ended his career. An iron grating in a sidewalk raised from below just as he was about to step upon it to make way for some ladies to pass, struck him on the leg, making a slight but painful wound. He paid little attention to it at first, but in a few days he was compelled to take his bed. His wound rapidly grew worse; blood poisoning supervened, and he died in the maturity of his powers and at the height of his usefulness, on May 8, 1881.

Mr. Harding's ability as a newspaper writer was of a high order. He used sturdy English in a style noted more for strength than elegance, though none could round a period with more grace. As a paragrapher he had few superiors. He had a rugged, incisive way of putting things that enabled him to throw into a single terse sentence more than the force of a labored editorial. He understood to a nicety the force of reiteration, and week

after week would make the same epigrammatic statement, or ask the same exasperating question in the same exasperating way, until the anticipation of its repetition would become unbearable, and quarter would be sued for on any terms. He was master of the art of retraction, but was seldom called upon to practice it more than once on the same individual, the wrong-doer generally preferring to take his punishment in silence, rather than risk the "correction" he was likely to get if he persisted in demanding it. He cared little for consistency, and never let his record in any case stand in the way of advocating what he at the time believed to be right, or denouncing what he deemed to be wrong. He did not deal in fine phrases, or say pretty things. His character was full of real or apparent contradictions. While he was fearless to the verge of recklessness, he was very gentle to his friends, and keenly sensitive to their opinions, as well as to the opinion of the public. The savage blows he dealt were aimed at abuses, and only incidentally at individuals. Like all strong characters, he was a good hater, but it was the wrong and not the wrong-doer he hated. He had no hypocrisy in his nature, and there was no difficulty in discovering his position on any question. He was naturally of a trusting disposition, but bitter contact with the world made him suspicious of men. To the opposite sex he was gallant and courteous, and held all women to be sincere and honest until proved to the contrary. What he had of egotism was of the grand kind that was satis-

fied with itself, and he did not intrude it upon others. His hatred of sham and pretense sometimes made him intolerant, and his restiveness under restraint sometimes carried him beyond the lines of strict decorum. Those who knew him only by his writings, invariably expressed astonishment on becoming acquainted with him, at the gentleness of his nature. He did not seem to realize the tremendous force with which he dealt a blow, and would meet his writhing victim with a suavity that was more exasperating than the attack. Many whose introduction to him was a cruel thrust of his blade, if they came to demand an apology, didn't get it, but with such a mild mannered grace that they became his fast friends.

In the strength of his earlier years Mr. Harding seemed perfectly tireless, and would pursue a wrong or an adversary with a persistence bordering on ferocity. In those years his attitude was that of a tiger ready for a spring. Time and sad experience greatly softened his nature, and while he still remained a dangerous foe, he was less aggressive and slower to anger. He no longer fought for the mere love of it, but wrote and acted from a sense of responsibility resting upon him as a public journalist. His last years were his best, and there was more of conscience, dignity, and a just appreciation of accountability for the use of his talents than had been manifested in previous years. His heart and pen were enlisted on the side of the saving forces of society, and while he still hated cant and hypocrisy with all the strength of his

nature, he was more tolerant of honest difference of opinion. He was greatly respected by the country press, and he did much to infuse into it a manly spirit of emulation, if also of antagonism, by example as well as by inducing a wholesome fear of castigation. His capacity for work was great, and all that he heard or read was retained in such available shape as to be ready for use on the instant. It is told of him, while he was an attache of the New Orleans *Times*, that late one night when the forms were ready for press, and his associates, as well as the printers, had gone home, he heard of a vessel just arrived from Cuba with papers containing an account of a rebellion in progress on the island. These papers were printed in Spanish, and he knew little or nothing of the language. No translator was to be had at that hour of the night, but he secured the papers, hunted up an Anglo-Spanish dictionary somewhere, ordered the newspaper forms to be held open for an hour, and in that short space of time succeeded in translating and putting in type himself, a very accurate and readable account of the affair, the *Times* being the only paper that had any allusion to it next morning.

Mr. Harding was twice married. His first wife was Miss Jennie Reeves, of Oberlin, Ohio, to whom he was married in 1856, and by whom he had two children, both now dead. This marriage was very unfortunate and unhappy, and ended in divorce. His only daughter, Flora, inherited much of her father's genius, and for a time assisted him

in his work. Her early death, and the circumstances surrounding it, form one of the saddest pictures in his life; and his eulogy of her, and his scathing denunciation of her betrayer, was at once the strongest and most pathetic of his writings. His second marriage was to Miss Julia C. Bannister, and took place in Cincinnati, in July, 1861. Five sons were born of this union, the eldest of whom is now eighteen years of age. They bear a strong family resemblance to their father, and it is believed inherit his genius in a great degree.

Mr. Harding was domestic in his tastes, and needed the quiet pleasures of home, though his busy and eventful life gave him little opportunity to enjoy them. While he was strong in his affections, he was not demonstrative, reticence being one of the leading traits in his character. In personal appearance he was always striking. Of large physical dimensions, and erect bearing, he was a man to attract attention. His complexion was dark and his hair jet black. His eyes were dark and very expressive, lighting up in the most kindly and captivating manner, or burning like fire brands in anger. His voice was low and pleasing. In his later years, when his hair and mustache became gray, the lines of his features more sharply defined, and the contour of his grand head was more plainly visible, he was a man to be singled out in a crowd for distinguished appearance.

He had many enemies but more friends. He was not always right, but a summing up of his work will show a large balance on the right side.

PENCIL NOTES

OF A

BRIEF TRIP TO MEXICO.

CHAPTER I.

THE steamer was several days behind her regular time of sailing. Some passengers had been waiting and swearing for ten days at the hotels. It was finally noised about that the chief engineer was putting in a new "cross head," and it was this which was detaining the steamer. None of us had the slightest idea what a cross head was, but it was learnedly discussed, and various wise opinions as to the danger of putting to sea with a worm-eaten cross head indulged. Every day some new arrival would make a pilgrimage to the steamer landing near Jackson Square, seek an interview with the engineer, and ask as a particular favor to be shown the new cross head, in order that he might be enabled to judge, by ocular observation, as to its capacity for resisting the heavy chop

seas of the gulf. Poor Miller's life was made a burden to him.

The captain, the purser, the first and second officer, the steward, the agent and the agent's clerks and errand boys, who had in turn all been bedeviled to the very verge of distraction by the questions and grumblings of delayed passengers, found in Miller's cross head a capacious scape-goat, and they took a diabolical pleasure in referring all grievances to him. Mr. Miller is a patient, scientific, long-suffering gentleman. While in the blockade-running service during the late war, plying between Nassau and Charleston, he invented a smoke-burner, which enabled the blockade-runners to use soft coal, and burn up the long trail which would otherwise have enabled our cruisers to hunt them down. He is the only man who ever successfully crossed the gulf in the tempestuous month of March with a wooden boiler. He speaks Spanish like oil, and is in many respects a valuable acquisition to our merchant marine; but that cross head was too much for him. He stood it for five days and then disappeared, and was seen no more until the gangway was hoisted in previous to the ship's sailing. On arrival at Tampico he was still further infuriated by the pirate who commanded the lighter La Fortuna, calling out to him as soon as he got within hail, "Have you got that cross head all right?" The fact that it was he who was keeping the ship back with his new-fangled cross head, had been telegraphed ahead by way of Matamoras.

New Orleans is pretty much as it used to be. It is not quitè so distinctive as before the war, and much more so than before the collapse of the carpet-bag system of organized robbery. Signs of returning prosperity are apparent. There are also innovations. The fashionable drinking and loafing has moved further down (or up) in the neighborhood of the St. Charles Hotel, and the square which includes the St. Charles Theater, "Murphy's," The "Phœnix," and other historic places, no longer presents the gay appearance it did twenty years ago. Indeed, it begins to look shabby, if not positively low. But New Orleans still presents the same show of handsome men and ugly women; the same big oysters, big tumblers and frequent drinks; the same free-and-easy disregard of fashion plates in masculine dress; the same singing, good-humored waves of people who ebb and flow through the portals of the drinking saloons, with no other apparent mission in life save eating and drinking and smoking. The size of the glasses is a marvel to a Northern man. It makes him feel as if he were taking a drink out of a churn, and until he acquires a little experience he is apt to overgauge his nips. Your fiery Southron scorns anything that looks like restriction in his social horns, and as an indignant reaction against the small, thin glasses of the northern drinking house, has secured a vessel which admits of a horn that would impoverish a feeble establishment. Everybody drinks, and drinks early and often.

The "lunches" at the fashionable houses which throng St. Charles street are in fact elaborate meals, with soups, and roasts, and salads that would do honor to the *chef de cuisine* of a Paris restaurant, and clean plates and knives and forks for each course. I try in vain to ascertain upon what solid basis all this eating and drinking rests. The Texas trade and the Red river trade have gone glimmering.

Of manufacturing there seems to be little or nothing. I strolled around to the Cotton Exchange, and detected a half hundred rosy-faced and round-bellied gentlemen apparently engaged in talking business, but their business was so frequently interrupted with adjournments to "Hawkins'" that it was hard to determine whether business or brandy predominated. I wandered into legislative halls in the old St. Louis Hotel, and listened for a brief half hour to the monotonous drone of legislation, which is the same yesterday, to-day and forever in all localities. There were the same pert clerks, with an insufferable air of knowing things, and unmistakable indications of a propensity to lobby; the same disposition on the part of the members to loll and cock up their feet; in short, the same characteristics which sweeten the halls of legislation in our own beloved Indiana. The colored brother is not quite so numerous as he used to be, but still is an important factor in Louisiana statesmanship. It amused me to see how quickly the colored members had caught up the little tricks and subterfuges of the average lawmaker, by

which he impresses the feeble-minded spectator with an idea of his eternal vigilance.

For instance, the clerk was reading some stupid resolution touching some trifling matter about which nobody knew anything—about which nobody cared anything. A colored member, who had been leaning back in his chair looking at the ceiling through half-closed eyelids, and lazily blowing smoke-wreaths from a half-consumed cigar, pricks up his ears as the drone of the reading clerk's voice dies away, and rising asks for the reading of the paper again, as he is not quite sure that he has caught its exact meaning. The clerk drones through the dreary document again, telescoping the words in a manner even more unintelligible than before, but the colored member is satisfied, and relapses into his dreamy study of the ceiling and smoke-rings again. He has vindicated his character as the Barking Watch-Dog of Grenouille parish. They can't secrete anything to the detriment of his constituents in the bowels of an apparently harmless resolution without his digging it out, you bet. I had seen the same thing done so often in the riotous halls of our own dear defunct State House, that I felt like embracing the Watch-Dog. Lovely woman seems to be emerging from her conservative chrysalis in New Orleans—a fact due to the contamination of northern influences. Twenty-five years ago the intensely respectable Creole element considered it equivalent to a loss of reputation for a woman to be seen upon the streets without an escort, even at mid-day. Now Canal

street is constantly thronged with gay butterflies of fashion, and even the Creole girl, with her fuller's-earth complexion and her sombre dress, is allowed to go out without a duenna or sheep-dog. (A Creole is not a person of mixed blood, O, obstinate reader! but a native of Louisiana, born of foreign parentage). Loafing about the St. Charles bar-room, I see the same faces and forms which ornamented the locality twenty-seven years ago—men with long hair, greasy complexions, red noses, and emitting that unmistakable aura which marks the genteel Southern loafer. Certainly they are not the same men. The men I knew then have long since died of drink and smoke, but the type has been perpetuated. In other quarters I find representatives of a still lower type of loaferdom, whose appearance is very familiar. I could almost swear that that forlorn loafer leaning against the lamp-post at the corner of Commercial Place and St. Charles street, with the gray-bleached hat, dirty ruffled shirt, and general air of limp slouchiness, is Johnny Pie, but I know that Johnny died of yellow fever a quarter of a century ago. This fellow is lying in ambush for a drink, just as Johnny used to, and the family resemblance is strong. And that rotund, seedy little fellow who walks with a jaunty assumption of a business air, and despite his shabbiness is self-assertive to the extent of commanding a degree of respect from the bar-keeper, who already has an antique score of great length against him, is the exact counterpart of Banana Dick, who went out with the liberating army of

Lopez, and had his cervical vertebræ dislocated by a twist of the Spanish garrote.

The cross-head is at last in; Miller and the ship's cat come aboard from their places of concealment; the passengers and their baggage are taken in; the gun fires, and the City of Mexico, swinging out into the stream, points for the Southwest Pass, under a full head of steam. As she makes her way down the river the passengers scrape acquaintance. Mr. Arnold Winholt, an English gentleman who has seen the great wall of China, and nearly everything else on the habitable globe that is worth seeing, having stowed away his cork hat, remembers having sat at the same table with us at the St. Charles, and having by the attrition of travel worn away the Englishman's insular prejudices, falls an easy prey to our advances. He apologizes for a slight indistinctness of enunciation on account of a dental operation which Dr. West had performed upon one of his front teeth. The tooth had been imperfectly "stopped" by an English bungler. Dr. West had persuaded him to have it extracted, properly filled and replanted. He was incredulous. The doctor piled Pelion upon Ossa in the way of authority, and at last he consented. The operation had been performed several days previous, and the doctor had fastened the tooth in its place with an apparatus which interfered with his talking. Everything seemed—he said it "in all humility," for he was a little superstitious about premature boasting—to be going on well, and he had faith that the replanted tooth

would take firm root. American dentists, he said, are confessedly the best dentists in the world, and if Dr. West only saved his tooth he would consider the ten pounds invested in the experiment as well spent. The acquaintance thus made with this accomplished English gentleman, who became our companion through Mexico, proved invaluable to us in the way of instruction and amusement. On the steamer we also found Dr. Harris, an American dentist, who located in the City of Mexico twenty-seven years ago, and his accomplished daughter Anna, the two being on their return from a visit to the States. We were indebted to them for many kind offices.

Other people have been to sea and told about it. All the glowing things have been said about the waves, and illimitable vastness of a landscape which embraces nothing but blue water and blue sky. All the funny things have been said about sea-sickness. Everybody has been told about the fellow who for the first hour was in mortal fear that the ship would go down, and in the next despondingly feared that it wouldn't. I will forbear. To me the sea is a great, big, disgusting fact, without the relief of sea-sickness. If there is any poetry in sailing the salt seas over, it is to be found in a wind-jammer. A steamer is a hybrid subterfuge—a big, black, overgrown critter, which is unable to stand up in a fair fight with the elements, but holds steadily to its course by the aid of coal, in spite of weather. The City of Mexico, the

oldest and smallest of the Alexandre line, is a staunch little craft, with an undeserved reputation as a high roller. It is true that occasionally an unwary passenger, sitting on the bench behind the lee railing, will have the seat of his pantaloons treated to a cooling salt water bath, even when the vessel is light and standing twenty feet out of water; but this is not much of a roll to an old sailor. Captain McIntosh is a thorough sailor and a perfect gentleman withal. Everybody put in an appearance at the supper table just before we crossed the bar. The next morning there was plenty of room, and the waiters were not overworked. It is a singular and exasperating fact that aboard of all steamships the rule is five "eats" a day, while sea-sickness generally keeps two-thirds of the passengers from taking more than one square meal between ports. To those who keep up the various meals it seems to break the monotony of the day and help to speed the laggard hours. Our voyage was uneventful in an extraordinary degree. There was a fair wind and gentle sea for the most of the time, balmy weather and moonlight nights, which those who were not sea-sick enjoyed by sitting on deck and watching the wake of silver which the vessel left astern as she plowed her way through the dark blue water.

Tampico was the first event. The ship anchored six or eight miles out. Through a glass a few church spires and domes of the city were visible, but the outlook was mostly a cheerless outline of sandy coast with mountains in the distance and an

angry surf breaking over the bar at the mouth of the river. It is a disgusting fact that there is not a decent harbor on the Atlantic coast of Mexico. Ships anchor away off from the shore, and discharge their cargos in lighters. If a Norther is blowing, and it generally is, the ship can't anchor, but must cut for blue water again. So it frequently happens that freight for Tampico and Tuxpan is carried from New Orleans to Vera Cruz and back a dozen times before it can be delivered. There happened to be a good bar, and soon after we had anchored, "La Fortuna," commanded by as fine a looking pirate as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat, and another lighter were soon at our side, receiving empty barrels to be returned with honey, cases of wine and brandy, iron for crowbars to be used in the mines, and other freight, while a number of smaller boats, containing passengers, fruits, vegetables, etc., bobbed up and down at the ship's sides, everybody chattering mixed Spanish and Indian. Many of them shinned up the side of the vessel and came aboard. One brown fellow, with a broad foot, an immense vacant space between the big toe and its nearest neighbor, and not much clothes on, had a squeaking parrot which he was anxious to dispose of for *circo pesos*. Being told that it was too much, he threw out a challenge for an offer. I was on the point of offering him four bits, but forbore for fear the infernal bird should be left on my hands. It isn't safe to make any sort of an offer to these seaport Mexicans unless you mean business. A monkey also came on board, but it was

not for sale, being intended "for the General." There was a stinking wild cat in a box which followed us to the hotel at Vera Cruz, and in an adjoining compartment accompanied us on the railroad as far as Cordova. While the Fortuna was taking in her cargo, and her pirate captain and half-naked crew were all talking at once, I put in an interested half hour in watching the process of making an olla-podrida for the dinner of the crew. The artist was a bright-eyed, active lad of about ten years. An iron pot was simmering over a small charcoal fire, built on a portable hearth, and into this the little fellow dropped at intervals potatoes, plantains with their skins on, beans, shreds of cabbage, bits of pumpkin, tomatoes, a few cloves, now and then an onion, and a piece of garlic. The pot also contained some bits of ragged meat, either sheep or ox. The little fellow was very cleanly, and seemed to take a lively interest in his work. He darted in and out of the hatch hole, and every now and then peeped into the pot to see that the requisite degree of simmer was kept up without approaching a positive boil.

By and by it seemed to have progressed to a point where it demanded the finishing touches. A large pod of chile mulata, the mildest species of the chile family, had been soaking in an earthen bowl until it had colored the water a dark brown. The young Soyer now took a half dozen cloves of garlic and a spoonful of the seeds of the chile mulata,

put them in another dish, and with a stone pestle ground them into a paste. Then he poured the contents of the other bowl into this one, thoroughly mixed, and turned the mess into the steaming pot. A few moments more of simmering and the podrida was an accomplished fact. It looked good. An intimation that we would like to try it was cheerfully responded to. A rope was lowered and a small bucket of stuff was hoisted up. We all tasted, and all pronounced it good. The bucket was sent back with some silver pieces, which the young monkey pocketed with a polite "mil gracias senores." Several passengers, who came off in small boats, were hoisted on board in a chair. The women hid their faces in making the giddy ascent, and bit their lips hard to repress a shriek; the babies squalled loudly, and the boys kicked and laughed in making the ascent. Leaving Tampico the next morning (Sunday), we anchored in front of Tuxpan. The scenery was very much like that of Tampico—an invisible town in the distance, a river and an angry bar upon which the surf was lashing itself to fury. It was a bad bar, and three lighters had gone ashore in the effort to come off to the ship. The "Juanita" (Litttle John) had succeeded in getting safely over the bar, at the expense of a thorough drenching of the crew, and lay alongside, where these unsophisticated children of nature drew off the drawers of unbleached cotton, which was their only nether garment, and calmly proceeded to wring the salt water from their saturated shirts in the presence

of the "passenjaire," male and female after their kind. While lying at Tuxpan, we first began to hear of that winter terror of the gulf, the Norther. A long, low bank of misty clouds gathered at the horizon's edge, and soon we saw the natives, and our own sailors pointing significantly at it. "What is it," I inquired of Captain McIntosh. "Only a Norther coming," he replied.

As it happened we ran away from our Norther, and for this once was spared the pleasure of its company. In the night we passed close to the wreck of the City of Havana, the most beautiful, the swiftest and the finest vessel of the Alexandre line, which was wrecked on one of the dreadful coral reefs which make this coast so dangerous. Capt. Phillips, a thorough seaman, and a sober, careful, but over confident man, was steaming along on a fine moonlight night, with the sea as smooth as glass, when he met his fate. Shutting up his glass, he said, "In an hour we will be in Tuxpan." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when his beautiful vessel was firmly imbedded in the saw-teeth of the reef. He lost his place, and shame and grief, it is said, have made him a maniac. A little before daylight we are on deck to catch the first glimpse of the lights of Vera Cruz, one of which flashes forth its friendly rays from the tower on the Castle of San Juan, while the other shines from a church steeple in the city. We go to bed, sleep a little, get up and find our good ship rounding into the harbor between the city and the castle. The sea is smooth, the

sky blue, and the city of the True Cross lies before us, tranquilly stinking in the sunshine, while from the misty clouds that veil the mountain range gleams the white grandeur of Orizaba's peak.

CHAPTER II.

VERA CRUZ, from the steamer's anchorage under the walls of the castle, a mile or more from shore, presents an imposing appearance. (There is but one more beautiful view of it to be had, and that is from the stern of the homeward-bound steamer as she goes out.) While the boats of the watermen are gathering about the vessel, their owners clamoring for the honors and emoluments of safely landing passengers and luggage on the *mole*, we take a long look at the yellow, flat-roofed houses, the quaint wall which encloses the city proper, and the glittering sand-hills in the rear. Dr. Harris, who speaks Spanish as if he really enjoyed it, chaffers with a bare-legged pirate, and finally engages him to take five of us ashore for fifty cents a head. It was in the pirate's mind to ask two dollars a head, but the doctor's fluent Spanish "rattled" him, and he came down to hard-pan on his first bid. The readiness with which it was accepted has cast a gloom over his entire life. It will be a matter of undying regret to him that he

didn't ask a dollar, even if he had to come down to fifty cents. We descend the ship's ladder, get into the "bota grande," whose beauties our pirate friend has so poetically eulogized, and are rowed toward the shore. The "bota grande" is a clumsy but rather stoutly-built craft, painted blue. Its only claim to grandeur in its interior decoration is a strip of faded plush with which the stern seat is cushioned. A smell of fish inspires the suspicion that quite recently it has been engaged in the pursuits which kept the apostles in bread and oil previous to the time when they began studying for the ministry. The *mole* is a wide causeway of dark stone, which extends several hundred feet out into the water. Stone stairways, at intervals, lead down to the water's edge for the convenience of the disembarking passenger. It is an easy matter in this trifling sea, but at times getting ashore is rather exciting to a person of weak nerves. It is quiet enough now. A loafing pelican, which seems to be a sort of harbor pet, takes lazy little flights, and returns again to its favorite foraging place. A half dozen semi-amphibious boys, naked from the waist up, are bathing in the clear water, and the *mole* is thronged with people. We slide smoothly through the clutches of the custom-house officers, who scarcely make a pretense of opening our modest valises. Upon a demijohn of old Bourbon, taken along for the purpose of making American residents in Mexico homesick, is focused the suspicious gaze of the *pratico*. "What is that?" he

finally inquires. "Hypercoon," replied Mr. P. The official looked puzzled. He inquired its use, and Mr. P. went through the motions of taking a snifter. "For yourself?" he continued; "is it good?" On being told that it was, the official "smiled," and told us to pass. He evidently has a favorable opinion of the drinking capacity of the average American citizen.

All the vexatious preliminaries settled, our baggage at the depot, we five sat down to a cheerful breakfast in the capacious dining room of the Hotel Veracruzano. Said dining room was on the ground floor, with the public bar in front. From the rafters hang a score or more of "Kingan's Reliable" hams in their yellow covers, and we are prouder than ever of Indianapolis enterprise. Ham, however, is a luxury to which the regular boarder at $2.50 per day must not aspire—a waiter who speaks fluent English volunteering the explanation that "hammy too high." We eat our breakfast of soup, eggs, fish, various meats and delicious fruits, with the strong black coffee of the country, and pronounce it good. Our English friend, who has a critical palate, detects the flavor of the Spanish wine in the claret, but is too good-humored to grumble. And then we go out to see the town.

If one could trust his eyes, Vera Cruz is a cleanly city. Its paved streets are swept every night; not a speck of dust is to be seen; not a bit of litter is to be found anywhere. This appearance of public cleanliness, coming as it does upon

the recollection of the horrible filth through which our Indianapolis belles draggle their skirts, almost convinces us that Vera Cruz has been foully slandered. But unfortunately at this moment the nose comes in with a mass of rebutting testimony which impeaches the credibility of the eyes. As before stated, Vera Cruz is a walled town, with bastion forts at either extremity of the shore front. The city was founded by the Spaniards in 1519, a short distance from the present site, and called Villa Rica de Vera Cruz—the rich city of the true cross. It was in a few years removed to the mouth of the Antigua, and again removed to its present site in 1590. The wall is built of coral limestone, and is six feet high, three feet thick, and pierced at intervals for musketry. The city contains about 10,000 population inside the walls, and probably as many more outside. It has the massive, monotonous architecture for which the Spaniards in their days of manhood were noted—heavy walls, stuccoed with cement and stained yellow, pink or blue; flat roofs, paved with heavy square bricks, or tiles, and windows heavily grated with iron, giving each house the appearance of a combined fortress and prison. In the city wall and walls of the houses, in the pavements and loose stones, you find the most beautiful formations of coral, and are duly impressed with the industry of the amazing insect which threw up these abominable reefs from the bottom of the sea, and created abundant material for the building of an entire city. Water from a neighboring stream has been conveyed to the city

and has been plentifully distributed. Through the center of many of the streets there runs a tiny streamlet, which serves to convey the liquid slops to the Gulf. The *zapillotes* (buzzards) are a common feature of Mexican life in the hot lands. In Vera Cruz they swarm like flies. The zapillote is smaller than our buzzard, neat and trim in its appearance, but nevertheless a buzzard of the straitest sect.

They sit on the domes of the churches and the roofs of the houses in black clouds, and wade in the little streams of milky slop that trickle through the streets, grubbing for such garbage as is available for food. You have to almost kick them out of the way. They turn their bright eyes on you as you pass, and are quick to escape a threatening gesture, though too lazy to get out of the way for a mere feint. A garbage cart will be covered with them until nothing of the cart or its contents is visible—all scrambling for the food to be found in the mess. They vacate the cart when the driver comes out of the house with a fresh bucket of slop, and take convenient position in the street, but no sooner is his back turned than they mount again, and renew their investigations. These buzzards are the scavengers of Vera Cruz, but, like all public servants, they find republics at times ungrateful. Just now a heavy fine protects them from injury or even insult, but it has not been long since the *ayuntamiento* (I believe that is what they call the honorable body which is analagous to our city council) took it into their wise heads that the buz-

zards were a relic of barbarism, and offended the æsthetic sense of the casual visitor. So they set a price upon their heads—a good round price at that—and they were slain by thousands. The hunters brought them in by the hundred, the authorities paid the stipulated two reals per head for them, and then the carcasses were carted down and thrown into the Gulf. The boys, with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, gathered them up again, and continued to present them for redemption as long as they were in a presentable condition. They bankrupted the treasury, but the city was pretty well cleared of buzzards. That year it could be smelled as far out to sea as Lobos island, and the yellow fever was worse than ever. So the next change of administration restored the buzzards to favor, and here they are. A one-legged veteran of the ornithological St. Bartholomew draws a pension. He hops about the streets with agile grace, and is allowed privileges denied his unmutilated brethren on account of his misfortune. The fickleness of the Vera Cruz city government is manifested in other matters than its buzzard policy. The fate of the city wall often trembles in the balance. In time of revolution the gates are closed, and getting in and out is embarrassing. Besides, many think that the wall makes the fever worse by keeping off the winds. So there is every now and then a movement to have it torn down. The magnificent track of the railroad, built out in the water at great expense for the purpose of facilitating the discharge of merchandise from vessels,

is another monument of Mexican fickleness or perfidy. The government calmly permitted the company to build it, and then notified them that they couldn't use it. The reason given is not a novel one. We have heard it before, even in enlightened Columbia, the land of the free, etc. They said it would take the bread out of the workingmen's mouths. It was the same argument that was urged in the peanut war at Erie some twenty years ago, when the proposed change of railroad gauge to a uniform width, so as to avoid the delay and expense of transfer, created a riot. It is also the same argument which our workingmen employ to discourage the employment of Chinamen. Whether it is cheap steam or cheap human labor, the principle is the same, and it is one that would blindly resist every labor-saving invention.

Vera Cruz has its plaza, as has every other Spanish town. It is a delightful little garden spot, where you sit under the cocoa palms and listen to the chatter of the daws, while the plash of the fountain falls in gentle cadence on the ear. There are beautiful flowers, pleasant seats, an atmosphere that is almost sultry, strange sights and sounds all around you, and everything to make a realization of the fact that it is the middle of January, almost impossible. The daws, or magpies, or whatever they are, interest me greatly. At first they seem to be the crow blackbird of our temperate zone, but closer investigation shows that they are larger and glossier, and if any additional evidence were needed, their voices are sufficient.

They occasionally emit the harsh "chack" of our blackbird, but have an abundance of other tones, clear and musical. They alight at your feet, turn their bright eyes, almost human in their intelligence, on you, with a quizzical expression, as if anxious to know what you are going to do about it. These birds are carnivorous. They will steal a mutton chop or beef bone, fly with it into a neighboring tree, and tear it in fine style. Speaking of birds reminds me that there is not such a thing as a devil-sling in all Mexico. Wherever I have gone, birds of all kinds have manifested little fear of man or boy. An American boy in the plaza of Vera Cruz, armed with his favorite devil-sling, would find it a paradise indeed.

Just across the way from the plaza is the Hotel of the Diligences, a favorite loafing place for foreigners and natives. They sit outside of the cafe, under the portal, drinking coffee, cognac and seltzer, or whatever they may choose, and smoking the cigars of the country, which are very good and very cheap. On each table is a little brazier with lighted charcoal, for renewing the cigars. The Latin races are generally poor drinkers. With plenty of light wine, and a little *eau sucre* or cordial now and then, and an occasional thimble-full of cognac, they can rub along. But Vera Cruz is an exception to the rule. It would be considered a hard-drinking city, even in the United States. The glasses are a third larger even than those of New Orleans. A short life and a merry one seems to be the rule with the Veracruzanos, and the

amount of tobacco they burn and brandy they destroy is a subject of wonderful remark all over Mexico. There is little of the extreme poverty which is visible in the interior. Yellow Jack protects the people already acclimated from competition. Annually, there comes from the interior a few score of young men of all conditions, to make their fortunes, and annually the bronze devil gathers them in.

As we sit in the plaza our English friend, who has a mania for laying small wagers on quaint events, proposes to bet that within five minutes from a given time ten men will not pass between the arches of the portal directly opposite before one woman does. Mr. P. takes the bet. One, two, three, five, eight men are scored, and it seems that our English friend is booked to lose, when an old woman, very drunk and very dirty, comes staggering along and changes the prospect. The odds are two to one in favor of "the Colonel," as we have dubbed our Englishman, when the woman stops to look at some lottery tickets, and while she is selecting a lucky number two swaggering sailors, arm in arm, pass under the arches, and the Englishman loses. Mr. P. then proposes to bet that ten women will pass between two arches of the portal on the other side of the square before five men do, but, as that road leads directly to the cathedral, in which services are being held, the colonel declines.

We finally fell into the tide of people that seemed to be flowing into the cathedral, and en-

tered that sacred structure. It was on the occasion of the bishop's visit, and Vera Cruz, which is not nearly so devout a city as its name would indicate, had turned out almost *en masse* to absorb religion enough to tide it over the spring season. Every fond mother, and they were of all colors and conditions, many of them guiltless of the sacred circlet which testifies to the legality of love, had brought her infant to receive the rich boon of the bishop's blessing. There were at least five hundred mothers, each with a squalling infant in her arms, and some of them with two. For ear-splitting shrillness and harshness I will pit the squall of the Mexican olive-branch against any other sound, vocal or mechanical, in the world, not excepting the creak of an ungreased axle or the matin song of that domestic warbler, the guinea hen. They kicked and squalled, and the overworked bishop dissolved in perspiration as he hurried through his arduous task.

A couple of brief letters were written in the public room of the hotel, and the colonel accompanied me in a wild hunt for the post-office. A very colored individual was encountered on the street. Here, I thought, is one man at least, in this fragrant pandemonium of brandy, buzzards and burros, who can speak English. But I slipped up on it. Another colored man likewise failed us. Then I happened to remember that scores of Cuban negroes had come over from Havana with their masters in times past, and, learning that there was no slavery in Mexico, had concluded to remain.

They are black to glossiness, and look as if not more than one generation stood between them and the horrors of the middle passage. The colonel spoke French, German and Italian fluently, but no Spanish. One and another pedestrian was tried with "Parlezvous Francaise?" varied with "Vous parlez Francaise, monsieur," but all to no purpose. And then we tried to patch up a sentence of such disjointed Spanish words as lingered in our memory. "*Donde es la*"—. Here we stuck fast. We could think of no Spanish word bearing on the question of letters or stamps. "Post restante" was tried, but without avail. Finally it came to me—"el correo." How and when I acquired it I know not. It seemed like inspiration. As soon as they knew what we wanted they not only manifested a willingness to direct us, but sent a brown boy to show us the way. At the postoffice we first became acquainted with the delicious deliberation with which public business is transacted in this delightful country. The postoffice was enjoying its *siesta*, and was not to be disturbed. At four o'clock they would be ready to take our letters. In civilized countries you can stamp a letter, and send it to the office by a boy. Not so in Mexico. The government prints stamps, it is true, but they can only be affixed to a letter in the presence of an official. Otherwise they are *nil.* This requires the personal presence of the writer every time a letter is mailed, or of his agent.

Having pretty thoroughly done the interior, I straggled through one of the gates to have a look

at the extra-mural population. There is another beautiful park just outside the gate through which I emerged, with cocoanut trees, full of fruit, and other curiosities to the Northern eye. There was a stinking ditch, covered with lily pads, and beyond lay the outer city. There are streets of rude board, adobe and reed houses, populous with babies, dogs, cocks, goats and vermin. It is altogether inferior in architecture and tone to the inside city, but richer in smell, if possible. As I thread my way through the streets in an aimless sort of manner, "gawking" about, I become impressed with a Mexican trait which is remarkable —the almost entire absence of curiosity on the part of the lower classes. Nobody gives me more than a passing glance. Before a dark hovel, in one of the worst quarters of the outside city, an Indian, freighted like a pack-mule, has stopped for a moment, and devoutly makes the sign of the cross as I overtake him. I look inside, and see lighted candles, weeping women and children, a dark, scowling masculine face which seems to express a rebellious defiance of fate, and a dying woman, whom a priest is shriving. "What is it?" I ask of the pack-mule in the best Spanish I can muster. "*El vomito!*" I feel my hair bristling up, and a cold chill runs down my spinal column. I don't believe him, but, nevertheless, I saunter back toward the hotel, at the rate of about eleven miles an hour, as Mark Twain expresses it. I had always been told that yellow fever disappears, even from Vera Cruz, when the Northers begin to blow

in the fall. Nevertheless the remembrance of that dying woman haunted me, and that night, as we were taking a cup of delicious Cordova coffee at the house of the American consul, Dr. Trowbridge, I asked him: "Any yellow fever in the city, Doctor?" "Y-a-a-s," he replied, "a good deal of it. Generally it disappears with the first Norther, but this year it has staid with us—a fact which none of us can account for. But it is entirely confined to the lower classes." It is curious to see how these old stagers, who have passed the ordeal of Yellow Jack and slipped through his clutches, snap their fingers in his face. They whistle him down the wind. "Not a bit of danger," says Dr. Trowbridge, "unless you get scared. All the people who die of yellow fever are frightened to death." "But, Doctor," I feebly suggested, "how did the people get in the habit of being scared." The doctor looks thoughtfully at the ceiling a moment, and then intimates that in his opinion I am "getting too durned inquisitive." All of which reminds me of the French turnkey's method of consoling the poor devil who is being carted to the guillotine. "Courage, mon brave," he says, slapping him on the shoulder; "it is nothing—as you will see." Yellow fever is nothing to these fellows who have had it, and are no longer eligible; but to me it is a great deal, and I begin to have an ardent longing for the atmosphere of the interior.

CHAPTER III.

THE public washing place of Vera Cruz is a curious institution. Stone troughs, about three feet high, extend around two sides of a large square. These troughs are divided into compartments which look very much like stable mangers, and each compartment in addition to the receptacle for the water is furnished with a stone slab upon which the linen is rubbed. Probably a hundred brown women, some of them young and handsome, and others old enough and ugly enough to have stirred Macbeth's hell-broth, were busily engaged in rubbing, smoking and chattering as we passed; none of them gave us more than a passing glance. Their costume was cool, by no means burdensome, and admitted of a lavish exposure of bust, arm and ankle. The water is furnished by the city aqueduct, and each washer pays a stipulated rent. On the whole, it is a great improvement on the mode of washing as practiced in the interior, to be hereafter described. Such of the linen as was hung out to dry seemed to be delightfully white and clean, but the process, I understand, is rough on material and buttons. Leaving the washery we came across an artesian well in process of construction. Here we found a young man from Evansville, by the name of Collins, whose father had moved to Mexico twenty years

ago. Although American born and educated, Mr. Collins had lived so long and so exclusively among Spanish-speaking people that his English had a decidedly foreign accent.

The train for Mexico leaves at midnight. Tired of sight-seeing, we inflicted our company on Dr. Trowbridge, the American consul, for the evening. Here we met Mr. Foster, the American minister, on his way to Washington, who very kindly gave us letters to his secretary, Mr. Richardson, and other parties in the city of Mexico. Having passed a very pleasant evening, we took up the line of march for the depot, holding our noses with one hand and our traveling-bags with the other. Vera Cruz is self-assertive in daylight; at night she is overwhelming. At last, the preliminary fussing and fuming, and baggage-weighing and ticket-buying having been accomplished, we are snugly ensconced in a compartment of the English car, and the train moves out.

The first fifty miles of the road is through a "chapparel" country, and by most persons the scenery is considered dreary and tiresome. It interested me, however, almost as much as the sublime mountain views further on. I didn't see much of it going out, but had a good look at it on the return trip. It is a thorny jungle all the way, with here and there a little village. You see a tangled network of thorns, with the bare trunks of mahogany-looking trees shining through the mass. There seems to be at least twenty varieties of tree and shrub, all richly garnished with thorns,

the tree-tops woven into fantastic shapes. There are brilliant flowers of many colors, and strange birds flitting about. One tree, without leaf, is covered with a profusion of yellow flowers as large as a hollyhock. It is the richest and most beautiful yellow I ever saw, and is called the *flor de dias*—the day flower. Of the birds a thrush, speckled like a guinea fowl, seems to be the most startling departure from the ornithological costume of our colder clime. The most astonishing feature of the chapparel country is the tremendous growth of the cactus. The prickly pear, which with us is cultivated in flower pots, here attains the thickness of a man's body in its trunk, is twenty feet high, and its spreading branches cover an area of twelve or fifteen feet. The organ cactus also grows to the same size, and looks like an immense candelabra. This organ cactus is the night blooming cereus of our green-houses, but instead of growing in the slender, rope-like form it does with us, here its pipes are as thick as a man's arm, and grow to a height of eight or ten feet. On the table lands it is used for hedging, and miles and miles of it may be seen devoted to this purpose.

Dr. Harris has a small coffee plantation at Cordova, and was obliged to stop there on his way home to settle up one of the numerous financial complications which foreigners of means are eternally getting into with the government, local or general. As none of us had ever seen the fragrant bean growing, we concluded to accept his invitation and lay over one day. We arrived at the

station about five o'clock. Much to our surprise we found a street railway car at the depot, ready to take us to the town, about a mile distant. Arriving at the town, we routed Dr. Russell from his sweet dream of peace, and were made welcome to the luxuries of wash-bowl, towel and soap. Dr. R. is the last man of the ill-fated Carlotta colony—a band of fiery-hearted Southrons whose high-mettled souls revolted at the thought of living under the accursed gridiron flag, and, as cruel fate had denied them the privilege of expiring in the ultimate ditch, they packed up the few remaining "calamities" the cruel fortune of war had left them, accepted the cordial invitation of Maximilian and went to Mexico. At first the accounts that came back from the exiled warriors exhaled only the aroma of the rose. Never was such a climate; never such a soil; never so near an approach to the primal paradise. The juciness of the orange, the mealiness of the banana, the flavor of the coffee, the saccharine richness of the cane, the balminess of the atmosphere, were all set forth in glowing accounts that made millions of half-frozen Yankees mad with envy. They almost wished that *they* had been licked in the great fight, and had run away from their country in a sulk, if it had taken them to such a delightful climate, where a fellow had nothing to do but loll in the shade, and let the mango juice run down upon his beard like Aaron's precious ointment, while his coffee trees bent beneath their burden, and his yams grew to the size of flour barrels.

By and by other and less entrancing accounts leaked out. One by one the colonists were fever-stricken and died. Then Maximilian was butchered, and the incoming administration began to fondle the Carlotta colony in a way that was like unto the manner in which a grizzly bear caresses a calf. Then such of them as had escaped the fever began to straggle back to the United States, working their passage in sailing vessels, with sallow faces, meagre wardrobes, enlarged livers and a change of heart so far as their sentiments toward the old flag were concerned. There is nothing that takes the rebellion out of a fellow so quickly and completely as residence among the Latinized mongrels of Mexico, and the few of the Carlotta colony who still survive feel such a thrill shoot through their lumbar vertebræ at the sight of the old flag as we, who have never sinned and repented, are strangers to. Dr. Russell is the Last Man. He is sad, silent and gentle now, all the fierceness of his ardent nature having been burnt out in the refining fires of adversity. He remains because his interests keep him here, and he has become to a certain extent reconciled to his exile, but his heart is still in the Union, and he could almost put his arms about a Massachusetts Yankee's neck. The doctor runs a coffee plantation and practices medicine at intervals. To the poor he is a benison, and many a fever-stricken Indian owes his life to his unrequited attention. He speaks Spanish with Castilian purity, and that easy, self-assured deliberation which alone can hold its own with the po-

lite guile of the Mexican officials; he is tenacious of his rights. Only a few days before we arrived he had his horse shot from under him, but I am happy to say the act had no political significance. It was the protest of Mexican communists who were disposed to dispute the title which the government had given the doctor to his lands. By the way, the doctor desires to hear from the heirs of Bernardo G. Colfield, a colonist from Indiana or Illinois, he thinks, who went to Cordova in 1865, bought lands, returned to the United States and died. The lands have increased in value, and he thinks something can be saved for the heirs by paying up the taxes.

Cordova is a Spanish town. They are all alike, the same low, flat-roofed, yellow houses, thick walls, brick roofs and floors, grated windows and open "courts," with a fountain and flowers in the better class of dwellings; the same old churches, often embellished with blue porcelain tiles, and the same garden spot of a plaza.

Possibly Cordova has more "get up" about it than the ordinary Mexican town of its class. It has public schools of which it is justly proud, and aspires to be the rural Athens of Mexico. While we were there a furious discussion was raging in its newspapers among the *dilletanti* as to whether the name should be spelled with a "b" or a "v." The preponderance of evidence seemed to be in favor of the "b," though the bulk of usage takes Sam. Weller's view of it, and spells it "with a *wee*." By the way, Mexican orthography is one

of those things which no fellow can find out. They use the "b" and the "v," the "g" and the "j," the "s" and the "x," and various other letters, interchangeably, and not infrequently you find a word in which three letters may be used interchangeably. General is spelled with a "g" or a "j," just as the speller happens to be a liberal or a conservative. Mexico is spelled with an "x" or a "j," and pronounced Meh-ico. Orizaba with a "b" or a "v," Tuxpan with an "x" or an "s," and some of them confuse the "n" and "m." The "y" and the "i" also get mixed.

Cordova is situated on the first plateau of the elevations which gradually lead up to the table lands, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is in the "hot lands," and everything is decidedly tropical in appearance. Vegetation is rank, and the atmosphere moist. The uncultivated lands are almost an impenetrable jungle, starred with the brilliant red flowers of the tulipan and other floral beauties. Cocoa nuts, mangoes, zapotes, guavas, oranges, lemons, and scores of other tropical fruits, abound, while myriads of the most magnificent orchids the world can show are found clinging to the trees. Coffee, tobacco and fruits are the principal products. The Cordova orange is the best in the world; the Cordova coffee is taking high rank, and the tobacco is equal to the best of the Cuba product, though different in flavor. Dr. Harris' plantation is most romantically situated about a mile and a half from the town, on the bank of a little river which tears along over its

rocky bed several hundred feet below. The road to the plantation lies through long lanes of hedge-rows, with coffee plantations on either side. Native huts, built of reeds and thatched with straw, without window or chimney, and with the damp, dank earth for a floor, line the way. Lank dogs erect their mangy bristles as we pass, and magnificent fighting cocks, tethered by the leg, make a passing comment. Little brown babies, naked as when they came unbidden into this cruel world, and with a premonition of the fate to which they are born in their sad faces, stop rolling in the dirt as we pass, and fix their round white eyes on us in the nearest approach to curiosity which we have yet seen in Mexico. We begin to see and feel the misery which an inscrutable providence has permitted to be fastened on this fair land. We see it in these miserable, fever-breeding, vermin-haunted huts, but more than all in the sad, despairing gravity of the native countenance.

But to return to our coffee. The coffee trees are planted in rows, with intervening rows of bananas, which grow to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. The latter are planted for the purpose of shading the coffee trees, which love moisture and heat, but quail beneath the direct rays of the vertical sun. The bananas are a mere side issue, but not infrequently a planter will make his year's expenses off the fruit crop, and have the coffee for clear profit. I am told that there is no more beautiful sight than a coffee field in full bloom. The flowers are very much like orange blossoms, and exhale a delight-

ful fragrance which loads the air for miles around. Now the trees are in full fruit and bending beneath the load of berries, which are dark purple in color, and look very much like the cranberry. The pulp which surrounds the berry has a pleasant, slightly pungent, sweetish taste, and the pickers, who become addicted to nibbling as they pick suffer from sleeplessness. The coffee trees on the plantations are all the way from four to twelve feet high, though in some of the gardens about Cordova they have grown to be as large as the medium-sized maples which shade the streets of Indianapolis. Planters are sorely bedeviled with the mischievous work of a sort of mole or underground rat, which cuts off the trunk of the tree with its sharp teeth, and lets it fall. These pests seem to have no particular object in view. They find the tree in their way and cut it down. In some instances, Dr. Russell says, they will cut down trees eight inches in diameter. The planter, going through his grounds, gleefully rubbing his hands and estimating the number of quintals he will have, finds here and there a tree with its rich burden of fruit toppled over, and if an impatient oath escapes between his set teeth, probably the recording angel will take the provocation into account. Two of these rat-felled trees we trimmed for walking sticks, and it is cited as a remarkable fact that we carried them clear to the city of Mexico and back to Indianapolis. When the berries are picked they are spread on the ground and the pulp allowed to rot, being frequently stirred. If rain comes,

they must take it, for the berry will not cure under shelter. After a walk over the plantation we sat down to rest and eat fruits at the cottage, where a slender brown fellow was pounding coffee in a wooden mortar, to liberate the membrane which envelops the grains, and a bright-eyed, rather pretty and demure Indian girl was sifting and assorting the grains. The usual dog came and sniffed at the calves of our legs; two bright little girls, mahogany in color, came and brought tortillas and fried eggs as a present to Miss Harris, whom they had become acquainted with on a former visit, and one of the doctor's familiars brought us oranges, sweet lemons, bananas, and a small palm nut, about the size of a walnut, very hard to crack, and of very little account after it was cracked. Here Dr. Harris and Dr. Russell talked coffee, while P. and myself ate oranges, and the colonel admired the demure little maid or matron who was sifting coffee. The colonel declared he had never seen a finer pair of eyes in his life, and wondered how old she was. Dr. Russell translated the question to her, and she replied, with a laugh: "*Quien sabe?*"—"who knows." (It is a fact, the doctor told me, that many of them don't know their ages). The demure little woman was conscious of the admiration she had inspired, and liked it. Not so with the man at the pestle—husband or lover as the case might be. He brought his pestle down with a vim which made it whistle viciously, and a pained look

came over his brown face as he noted the girl's coquetry and the Colonel's pretense of gallantry.

It is a lesson one soon learns in this strange country not to admire the native women too pronouncedly in the presence of the men, unless you are prepared to have a knife scoured in your ribs, or your head split open with a *machete*. The women do not object, but their lovers have little toleration for flirtations in which they do not play the principal *role*. But to return once more to our coffee. The crop this year is immense, and can not be all harvested. As the berries do not all ripen at once, the pickers must go through several times. In the last picking they strip the trees of the green berries so as to give them a chance to rest awhile before beginning the next crop. The planters suffer greatly from thieves, but still make large profits. The culture is increasing each year, and new plantations are being continually opened. The foreign demand for Cordova coffee is constantly increasing, and already the dealers of New Orleans are palming off other brands as the genuine Cordova article. On the tips of each twig grow a handful of small, round berries, which are called *caricarilla*. This berry is so highly prized by Mexicans that none of it is ever exported. While the ordinary Cordova berries sell at seventeen cents a pound, *caricarilla* commands forty cents for home consumption. Miss Harris gave us a small bag of these fancy berries, which we brought home with us. I have been experimenting with *caricarilla*, and must confess that I can not find anything remarkable in it. It is

very strong and heavy-flavored, and makes a clear and very black coffee, but seems to lack the delicate aroma of some other brands. I am half inclined to accept Dr. Russell's theory. Though a coffee-grower himself, he contends that all this pretense of nice discrimination in coffee is sheer humbug. He says he has tested experts with alternate cups of coffee made by the same artist, one of the *caricarilla* and the other of the blasted, cracked and refuse grains, and they couldn't tell one from the other. Perhaps it's like it is with whisky. When a fellow is nearly dead for a drink a swig of r. g. makes him smack his lips and gabble about nectar, while under other circumstances he will denounce the finest eighteen-year-old Bourbon as r. g. When he gets one or two drinks into him, his palate lies like a politician.

A curious tribe of Indians are seen in the streets of Cordova. The men wear the ordinary ponche and a pair of white cotton trousers, coming down half way to the knee, while the women are plainly attired in white shirt and a strip of blue cloth tied about the waist and falling to the ankles. They pay tribute to the Mexican government but will not serve in the army. The women will not speak to or look at anybody not belonging to their tribe, and the men boast that they were never conquered by the Spaniards. Miss Harris called my attention to something hanging out of a shop window, which looked like two or three bundles of fodder arranged to shed the rain. It proved to be a Mex-

ican overcoat, made of grass and worn by these people in the rainy season.

While sitting in Dr. Russell's parlor in the evening, said parlor being ornamented with a pair of navy sixes and a Winchester rifle, we were startled by a terrible scurrying and scampering in the garret overhead. On inquiring of the doctor we were told that it was only his opossums at play. These creatures are harbored on account of their rat-hunting propensities. We had put in a busy day at Cordova. After dinner at the house of a German woman who had listened to Dr. Russell's intercession and kindly consented to feed us, three of us retired to rest at Don Juan's hostelry, while Dr. Harris and his daughter were accommodated with a bed at Dr. Russell's. As we had to get up at four, a good deal of solicitude was expressed as to the reliability of Holy Cross, the porter of Don Juan's inn, whose duty it was to wake us. The Don, who is a smoothly-shaven, dulcet-voiced Castilian, and looks as if he ought to have been a priest, shrugged his shoulders when questioned as to Holy Cross's liability to oversleep himself, and replied that he (H. C.) was a mule. Dr. Russell gave it as his opinion that if Holy Cross should have an attack of nightmare about half-past three, and should wake up just as the wild bull was overtaking him, he would not go to sleep again until four, and we would be aroused in time. The consequence was that we all went to bed with it on our minds, and began getting up in sections, all the way from midnight to four o'clock. Don Juan's

rooms are not as magnificently furnished as those of the New York hotels. Our room had a brick floor, grated windows, doors like a jail, and a key that would weigh about seven pounds. The beds were mere cots, without mattrass, but covered with the snowiest linen sheets and the gay blanket of the country. Notwithstanding the novelty of the situation, we slept soundly until we began getting up.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE frittered away my descriptive powers on inferior subjects, and therefore can not do justice to the beauty and grandeur of the mountain scenery of Mexico. After leaving the "low flat land" of the coast, and beginning the ascent to the table lands, the route affords a constant succession of surprises. First come the Chiquihuites, groups of round, smooth domes, covering the mountain tops, and looking like inverted peach baskets. In the mellow distance the verdant pines that cover the surface of these baby mountains are indistinguishable as individual trees, and the surfaces look smooth as if the grass had been closely cut with a lawn mower. There are fleeting glimpses of waterfalls, where a silver stream bursts through a dark gorge in the mountain's side, tumbles in a white sheet over a precipice, and then foams its way to the Gulf. Over immense iron bridges, apparently

sixty, seventy or a hundred feet high; creeping around the edges of chasms where a broken rail would give a sheer fall of a thousand feet; plunging through tunnel after tunnel, the train goes, drawn by an immense double-headed engine—up, up, until the rarified air makes breathing difficult, and the blood gushes from the noses of some of the passengers. Within a distance of thirty miles the train makes an ascent of four thousand feet. For two hours, at least, we circle around the little Indian village of Maltrate, on different levels, until Alta Luz (high light) is reached. It seems as if we cannot get away from Maltrate. First we stop there, and are besieged by scores of spruce and rather handsome Indian women with tortillas, delicious pine apples, chirimoyas and other fruits to sell. The chirimoya is the crack fruit of Mexico. It is large, greenish-looking, irregular in shape, some of the biggest weighing a pound, and full of a custard-like pulp, the sweet richness of which is tempered with a delicious sub-acid. The village of Maltrate is pure Indian. No white man need apply. It is a neat, trim-looking place, and is full of caste. They have an aristocracy, a middle class and a poor class, and are great sticklers for keeping up the barriers between them. Leaving this village the train climbs around and around, almost doubling on itself, and from higher elevations the village again bursts upon our sight, until finally from Alta Luz it is seen far, far below, its streets and houses and neatly-trimmed gardens looking like a toy village. Men and beasts appear as insects. In

making the ascent we get glimpses of delightful valleys, which seem in their sylvan beauty and the freshness of their verdure to realize our dreams of Paradise. Up one of these fair vales, just beyond a clump of what seem to be fruit trees, but unfortunately out of sight, lies another Indian village, more remarkable even than Maltrate. Its people are more exclusive than the Japanese used to be. They will not even give a white man food or shelter for fear he may be seeking a lodgment in their town.

Fantastic names are given to many of the points of interest in this mountain region, such as "El Infernillo" (the Little Hell), Devil's Balcony, etc. In some places, we are told, the workmen, tied in chairs, were swung from the precipices, and thus suspended over a chasm hundreds of feet deep, hewed the roadway out of the solid rock. The little shanties of the road watchmen, with maybe a bit of garden around them, are the only signs of civilization seen as we rise above the valleys. All is wild, weird and grand—oppressively grand.

At Boca del Monte (throat of the mountain) the highest elevation is reached, and we enter upon the table land, 7,500 feet above the sea. It is a small station, with a few eating and drinking houses. The woods are full of a very peculiar orchid, which has a vermilion-colored cone about eight inches long, an inch and a half thick, and covered with over-lapping scales like those of a pineapple. The Mexican trees are full of parasites. Besides the orchids mentioned, there are

thousands of little tufts of a moss-looking substance fastened to the limbs.

From Boca del Monte to the city an entirely new variety of scenery is presented. It is a flat, treeless stretch of arid-looking land, in many respects like our western plains, but hedged in with blue mountains. Immense fields devoted to the cultivation of maize and barley are seen on either side, with the white farm-houses, walled like forts and surrounded by the adobe huts of the peons, in the distance. Scarcely a tree or a shrub is to be seen. It is one eternal, monotonous expanse of brown earth, with scarcely a morsel of green to relieve the tired eye. The low, stunted stalks of last season's corn crop, planted a single grain in the hill, and the barley stubble, indicate that the land is productive; otherwise we would set it down as a desert. There are no fences. Ditches seem to mark the measure of the land. Some of the haciendas are of immense extent, embracing land enough for an entire county. Doubtless in the rainy season there is a change for the better in the appearance of the country, but in January it looks gloomy enough. As we trundle along at the leisurely Mexican rate of travel, which, moderate as it is, is fast enough to raise clouds of dust, we see from the car window herds of circling horses tramping out the grain which the peons are winnowing; herds of cattle, black sheep and lop-eared swine; while every few moments a whirlwind carries a spiral column of dust far upward toward the sky. The atmosphere is delightfully clear, and the

blue mountains, which are leagues upon leagues away, seem almost at our feet. Now we see great Orizaba's glistening peak, so close that through a field glass we can mark the wide chasm through which he once poured his flood of hissing lava, and now some pigmy peak obscures the view. Malinche (named after the Indian mistress of Cortez) is an unassuming mountain, whose moderate height does not admit of eternal snow.

Very frequently she wears a white head-dress for her morning reception, but the hot sun soon burns it away. Then comes a happy point where, if the atmosphere is favorable, all three of the great snow mountains, Orizaba, Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl, are visible. The man who is fortunate enough to get this magnificent view, for even one fleeting moment, will have something to remember as long as he lives. There is something in the cold, pure majesty of the snow mountains which fascinates and overawes. The more you see of them the less familiar they become. They are no longer inanimate things. They seem to sit in calm judgment on the sin-cursed land.

Mexico is probably as quiet now as it ever has been or ever will be. But we see many things that testify to the uncertain tenure of life and property. An escort of soldiers accompanies each train. The white arms of crosses, erected at intervals along the roadside, mark the spots where the bones of murdered men are crumbling to dust, and at each station a squad of cavalry, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, with carbines in

holsters and sabres at their sides, are drawn up along the platform. These are detachments of the Interior Guard, an organization gotten up by Diaz to protect his own and the people's interests against robbers and revolutionists. This guard is made up of a much better class of men than the regular army. The finest squad I saw was at Huamantla, a town which has the proud distinction of having more churches and robbers than any other place in Mexico. They were fine-looking, intelligent, determined fellows, and the most magnificent horsemen in the world. They ride erect in the saddle, with their legs straight in the stirrups, and horse and rider move so harmoniously that they seem to be blended in a single animal.

By and by we get out of the barley country and strike the pulque region. Here a new wonder opens to the view. For hours and hours the train passes through interminable fields of the American aloe, or maguey, as it is called. It is what is known in American green-houses as the century plant. From it is procured the national tipple of Mexico—pulque. The vastness of these pulque fields is almost incredible. On either side, behind, ahead, as far as the tired eye can reach, you see nothing but endless rows of maguey plants, in various stages of growth, some of them shooting their tall bloom spires twelve or fifteen feet in the air, but most of them getting ready to yield their sap for the favorite drink. It takes eight years for the maguey to come to perfection. At this age the tap root is cut, the center of the great plant scooped

out, leaving a hollow cup that will hold two or three gallons of sap, and the work of pulque making begins. For eight or nine months the sap flows, and a healthy, well-grown plant will yield four or five hundred gallons of fluid, after which it is done for. The unfermented juice is called *agua miel* (honey water), and is well entitled to the name. It is very rich in saccharine matter, and very delicate. When slightly fermented it is a pleasant, refreshing drink, with the merest trace of alcohol, but when "at its best," as the Mexicans like it, after having been wallowed about in the filthy pig-skins in which it is transported, it becomes the most atrocious beverage that ever a man put into his stomach. In this condition of "ripeness" it is milky white in color, thick and ropy, a powerful intoxicant, and tastes like rotten buttermilk braced up with pine-top whisky. It is more infamous than hard cider or "black-strap." I had heard much of pulque, and with that curiosity which naturally precedes the acquisition of knowledge, embraced the first opportunity for making its acquaintance. I bought some from an Indian girl, paying a *claco* (about a cent and a half) for a quart of it, vessel and all, and tasted. It was fresh from the plant, with just enough of fermentation to produce a creamy foam on the surface, and had never touched a pig-skin. I found it nice but formed a rather contemptuous opinion of its drunk-making powers.

The next I tasted was in the city of Mexico, where the gaily-painted sign of a dancing girl,

with an inscription announcing "*pulques finos y accreditos*" invited the weary wayfarer to pause and "refresco" himself. In response to my demand the vender seized a large glass that would hold about a pint, and with a leprous thumb on the outside and a leprous finger on the inside dipped it into the barrel, and drew it forth full of "accredited" pulque. The finger in the glass made me feel a little qualmish, and I motioned toward a vessel with a handle. With a muttered imprecation, and a growl which seemed like a Spanish translation of a celebrated apothegm, to the effect that "some folks are a l-e-e-tle too nice to live," he filled up the other glass without giving his fingers a bath. Ugh! I can taste it yet. I can fancy nothing like it unless it be the fermented *must* of grapes mixed with rancid buttermilk, and flavored with "all sorts" from a villainous rum-mill. The maguey is propagated from shoots or suckers. These shoots are taken up, the roots cut off, and then the plants are left lying in the sun for a month or two, until thoroughly dried, when they are planted. Unless taken through this preparatory course the absurd things would rot on being put into the ground. What most astonishes the traveler is the overwhelming extent of pulque culture. Here are millions of acres of land devoted to the culture of a luxury—something that goes down the throat and produces neither bone, blood nor muscle. It is the thief that steals away the miserable brains of these two-legged beasts of burden. The "invisible spirit" of pulque leaves visible traces all over this part of

the republic. The "pulque train" leaves the city of Mexico every morning, and returns at night, laden with the precious juice.

It is distributed all over the city and in the surrounding towns in pig and sheepskins. A load of these pulque-filled skins reminds me of nothing so much as a lot of cholera hogs in a dead animal wagon on the way to their destination. They lie on their backs in the cart, their feet sticking up, and, the liquor having softened the skin, they shake and quiver in the most disgusting manner. The gayest shops in the city are pulque shops. The stuff is so disgustingly cheap, and when in prime condition so full of drunk, that it is astonishing how little of real drunkenness is seen. When cleanly and carefully handled, however, pulque is capable of being made into a very appetizing drink. It is so delicate that the slightest contact with a pig-skin ruins it, but when fermented in earthen jars it becomes a very pleasant and comparatively harmless beverage. At Dr. Harris' I tasted some which had all the sparkle and freshness of champagne. The doctor says it cured him of a bad case of dyspepsia, and that when cleanly prepared it is a sovereign remedy for many forms of that disease. The pulque plant is capable of being useful as well as ornamental. Ropes, paper and linen may be made of its fibres. In the museum of the city of Mexico may be seen specimens of the picture writing of the Aztecs, upon paper made from this plant. Perhaps the time may come when so poor a people as the ma-

jority of Mexicans are can find something better for the maguey to do than to make them drunk.

The pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan are about the last visible point of interest before entering the city of Mexico. Soon after leaving this point night overtakes the train, and with the exception of occasional glimpses of lake Texcuco nothing is to be seen until we fetch up in the depot at Buena Vista, and once more have the delightful felicity of running the custom-house gauntlet. It is one of the peculiarities of the Mexican mode of doing business that the traveler, having passed through one custom-house at Vera Cruz, encounters another at the end of his journey—which looks like rubbing it in on a fellow. The pyramids—supposed to represent the sun and moon—are great mounds of earth, full of bones and precious relics. Wagon-loads of grotesque heads of men and animals, moulded in clay and cut in stone, are picked up in the neighborhood, and one little, two little, twenty little "injun boys" offer them for sale. I bought about half a gallon of these images, with some spear and arrow-heads of obsidian (the black glass-like substance of which the blades of Lew. Wallace's maquahuitls were made) for a *real*—twelve and a half cents. They were mostly of clay, but among them were a head of cut stone and two or three stone buttons or beads, which the young savage had tied together by a string, and which he held up for my admiration as something especially precious. As I afterward saw some of the same kind in the museum, I conclude that they are more ancient than the clay

images. It isn't always safe to purchase relics, but these images are so abundant about San Juan that it is infinitely cheaper to pick up the genuine than it would be to make counterfeits.

CHAPTER V.

A COLORED coachman conveyed us from the depot to the Hotel Comonfort, in the street of Cinco de Mayo, (the 5th of May.) This is a favorite name for pulque shops and other things in the city of Mexico. On inquiry we learn that the 5th of May has almost as much importance in Mexico as the Fourth of July with us. On that day they defeated (or thought they did) the French at Puebla. Our colored coachman proves to be a Georgia negro who came out with Scott's army as servant to one of the officers. On the withdrawal of the army he concluded to remain. He liked the climate. Better still, he liked the idea of being his own master. He has accumulated lucre, and on the whole is pretty well contented with the situation. Before the emancipation his heart was nearly broken with the longing to revisit the scenes of his childhood. Now that he could safely make the visit without danger of having the shackles refastened on his limbs, he cares less about it, though he still vaguely intends to carry out the project at some future time. He has become thoroughly in-

fected with the indolent *manana* spirit of Mexico, which makes a point of never doing to-day that which can be put off till to-morrow. The Hotel Comonfort we found to be a rather modern building, for Mexico, built with open interior court and inside galleries for each floor. It looked a little queer to see the stars above us in place of a roof. We got good rooms at the rate of forty dollars per month, neatly carpeted and furnished with brass bedsteads and soft mattresses. We had scarcely got settled in our new quarters before Pedro Dalcour, our young Mexican friend, came to call on us, and took us out for a walk.

The cocktail and helmet hat have both invaded Mexico. After taking a cup of delicious chocolate such as can be found nowhere else than in Mexico —we dropped in at a *cantina* to sample the beverages of the country. While sipping a mild dilution of cognac, I heard the familiar screech of a drunken man in the street, and a moment after a young Mexican, in a helmet hat, burst into the room, and began a series of the most affectionate demonstrations. He was frightfully drunk—drunk enough for the United States. He embraced the colonel, and fell upon P.'s neck. Then he threw a hard dollar on the table, and insisted on a drink all around with his *amigos Americanos*. He loved the *gringos* because they had some style about them. We got away as quickly as we could. "What has that man been drinking?" I asked of Pedro, who speaks a little English. "Cocktails!" he replied. The cocktail came in with the helmet

hat some weeks previous, and this progressive Mexican took to them both. Pedro predicted that he would sleep in the *deputacion*, a prediction which, as we learned afterward, was verified. I may as well state, however, that this was the only howling drunk we saw in Mexico.

I got but little sleep the first night in the Hotel Comonfort. There was a niggardly allowance of bed clothing, and my first experience of the boasted climate of Mexico was anything but reassuring. It was an eager and a nipping air, and the great ulster which I had taken along with many misgivings, proved my salvation. There was a bell in the church of the *Profesa*, just across the way, which began ringing about four o'clock and kept up a succession of sharp, quick strokes, with a few minutes' intermission between each attack, until six. And throughout the night the policemen broke out every hour with a long-drawn, shrill whistle. The Mexican policeman is the sleepiest of his kind. During my stay I rarely saw one at night that was not asleep. He wraps his blanket around him, sits him in a doorway, and laps his gentle soul in the elysium of dreams, during which his number comes from the lottery wheel, and for a few brief hours he is a nabob. I suppose they must take turns at the whistle, as it is as regular as clockwork.

I got up early in the morning, and went out alone to hunt a barber-shop and bath-room. I found the barber first, a grave and grizzled man, with an evident admixture of the Indian in his

blood. He sat me down in a low chair without any back, in front of a mirror; there was a little table, in the drawer of which he kept his implements, the lower part of the mirror being hidden by folds of glazed muslin. I had to stick my legs under the table, and "scrooch" a little every time he went to the drawer for the implements of his diabolical trade. I came very near falling into his trap. His little game was to harrass me into stretching my legs through his two-dollar looking-glass, and then charge me sixteen dollars for the damage. He lathered well, and I began to believe that for once my prescient soul was apprehensive without cause. He seized my nose and began to rasp. The Mexican razor is uniformly dull, but he made up in strength what it lacked in edge. He shaved with a broad, free stroke, cutting upward where a United States barber cuts down, and doing everything in a way of his own. I set my teeth hard and breathed a silent prayer. Now I thought an ear would surely go. That peril passed, I would have paid a high premium to insure my nose. He finally got through, and beyond the fright I was none the worse. Then he held a soup dish filled with lemon juice under my chin, sponged my face, threw a towel over it, and signified that I might finish the job myself.

At the bath-house they brought me a little cake of soap, which looked like a cracker, two tiny bottles of sweet-smelling oleaginous stuff, and a wisp of sea-grass like a bird's nest. "*Camisa caliente?*" inquired the attendant. "*Si*," I replied. You must

always say "Si" in Mexico whether you "see it" or not, as it impresses the attendant with the idea that you know what you are about, and will not be easily swindled. I got into the soft hot water and gave myself up to the luxury of the bath, all the time wondering what a *camisa caliente* was, and feeling a sense of injury because he had not brought it. Coming out of the bath, a new wonder presented itself—that bird's nest. Of the two vials of oil I assumed one was for the hair and the other for the skin, but the bird's nest puzzled me. Finally I guessed it. It was to be used as a flesh brush, and right well did it answer the purpose. I had about got through with my rubbing and scrubbing, when the attendant came and brought me a night-shirt which had been warmed at the fire. This, then, was the *camisa caliente*, but its use puzzled me. With a feeling of awe I hurriedly dressed and sneaked out, leaving the pesky thing neatly folded up. To this day I am ignorant as to what I ought to have done with it. "*Cuanto*," I asked of the attendant. He told me just how much, but I wasn't yet up in the matter of *reals* and *medios*. In despair I gave him three quarters. For a brief moment he hesitated between the temptation to demand more and the impulse to be content with what I had given. Then he thought of his sainted mother, and with a sigh gave me back one quarter and a six-and-a-fourth cent piece.

Mexico is not a walled city, though most people have that impression. It is surrounded by ditches and canals. The private walls which are found

everywhere, and the great aqueduct built by the Spaniards a hundred and thirty-eight years ago, often confirm visitors in the erroneous opinion that it is walled. It has a population of about two hundred thousand, less by a hundred thousand than at the time of the conquest. Its architecture is massive and monotonous. The site is in a level plain, once the bed of the lake, surrounded by mountains. Its sky for the greater part of the year is of the purest sapphire—the clearest, brightest, most brilliant blue, with not a cloud speck to be seen, though a haze generally hangs about the mountain tops, hiding the peaks and bases of Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl. Now and then this haze is swept off, and for an entire day the two snow mountains, which are distant a full day's journey, seem no more than five miles away, while the nearer ranges are almost within rifle shot. On these rare occasions the view from the cathedral tower is worth a journey round the world to see. With the exception of the fires of the charcoal burners which dot the mountain sides, there is nothing to cloud the air. Mexico burns little fuel. The patient mule furnishes the motive power for her few manufactories, and there are not a hundred stoves or grates in the entire city. A very little charcoal in an open brazier is made to do a great deal of cooking, and no fuel save that which may be acquired at the drinking houses is needed for heating. The city is badly drained. Originally a lake, with canals for streets, and an occasional solid causeway, its site is now a morass,

with the water but a few feet below the surface. Its boasted climate is peculiar—you freeze on one side of the street and roast on the other.

The rarified air affects some people very disagreeably. After a week's residence you feel as if you had been baked in a lime-kiln until every particle of moisture had been expelled. Eyes, nose, mouth, lips and throat are parched. Some visitors are unable to sleep. Climbing a single flight of stairs takes away your breath, and you have to sit down at the top and gasp. As for health, the death-rate is higher than that of Vera Cruz. Typhoid fevers are almost epidemic the year round, and pneumonia runs a rapid and generally fatal course. The old residents seem peculiarly susceptible to colds, and spend most of their leisure time in putting on and off their overcoats, and getting out of the way of drafts. Their existence is a nightmare, and yet they will overwhelm you with eulogies of their "delightful climate." The surroundings are lovely in spots. There are beautiful roadways, lined with trees, and statuary and stone benches at intervals. Where the land is irrigated it is marvelously green and fresh, but in other places it looks dry and parched, and in spots the receding lake has left saline and alkaline wastes where no sprig of vegetation grows. The ditches are covered with a green and purple confervoid growth. Everywhere the eucalyptus tree, imported by Maximilian, shoots its graceful spire toward the sky. In former times the city was subject to overflow. A lion's head at

the corner of St. Francis and Holy Ghost streets marks the height of the last serious inundation, about fifty years ago. The head is seven or eight feet from the ground. At this time there was serious talk of removing the city to the high ground about Tacubaya and Chapultepec, but a lucky earthquake let out the water, and since then the lake has almost entirely disappeared. It is a curious city, inhabited by a curious people. They shoot their emperors, hang their pictures on the palace walls, and educate their children. They divide their loving admiration between Iturbide's portrait and the quaint old flint-lock muskets with which they did him to death. The government is a republic modified by despotism. It is a nation of incongruities. Caste is cruel, and democracy ostentatious. Politeness that means nothing is oppressive. The millionaire who lights his cigarette from a naked Indian's *puro* utters his "*mil gracias, Senor*," with an air of sincerity that carries conviction, and bows with a courtly grace that is enchanting. He will tell you that his house, his horse, his purse, his everything, is yours; but it is merely a pleasant fiction which has become sanctified by antiquity. He would be inexpressibly shocked and grieved if you were to take him at his word.

Mexican law is one of those things that no fellow—not even a clairvoyant—can find out. When the authorities want to do anything, they can always rake up a law to suit the case from their legal junk shop, or if they can't find one entire, they will

take broken pieces and patch up one to suit. They have an assorted lot of laws laid away for emergencies; and yet they have some crude ideas of justice which might be serviceably adopted by more civilized communities. A dead-beat may be jugged in Mexico, while with us he is cock of the walk. If you are beaten out of money or property by a swindler, you can put him in jail and keep him there. In fact, you've *got* to keep him there, because if he gets out the very first thing he does will be to slap *you* in. The only safe way to let a fellow out of jail is to make him give bond, with approved security, that he will not retaliate. Mexico is the only city in the world that has subdued its hack-drivers. Some of them have countenances that would insure a verdict of guilty on most any charge, but you never hear of their robbing passengers, or attempting to over-charge them. Fifty cents an hour is the established rate, and I never heard of one demanding more. A trifle, *pour boire*, is usually thrown in as a gratuity. Neither are they noisy and insolent as in other cities. They never yell at each other in passing. Their reticence and general good behavior inspired me with awe. But Mexican laws are stringent, and are mercilessly enforced against the lower classes. The silence of the population seems phenomenal to an American. In the market places there is no loud talk. Even the donkey-drivers admonish their puny beasts with a whispered "tchee!"

The deportment of the Indian population is

quiet and accords with the sad gravity of their faces. Indeed, the more I see of this people, the less credence I give to tales that are told of their indolence and treacherous cruelty. So far from being lazy they are the hardest workers I ever saw. A Mexican Indian's spine must be a curious piece of mechanism. You see hundreds and hundreds of them coming in every morning from the surrounding villages, loaded like pack-mules, with fruit, vegetables and other articles. They travel at a swinging dog trot, and will come a distance of ten or twelve miles, carrying burdens that do not weigh less than three or four hundred pounds. And they are not large men, either. Stone, lumber, charcoal, and other bulky materials are carried on the backs of men and donkeys. There are few carts. Licensed carriers, wearing leathern helmets and a leather armor with their number on it, are seen everywhere. Four of them will pick up a great piano and trot entirely across the city with it in less time than you could hitch up a dray and haul it. The water from the aqueduct is deposited in fountains in different parts of the city, and these carriers distribute it among the houses. Their honesty is such that they are allowed to enter houses without watching. At each trip the carrier leaves a little red bean, and by these, settlement is made at the end of the week. Everything is done by hand, and labor-saving machinery is regarded as a robbery of the poor. The streets are cleanly swept every night by squads of men armed with little bundles of twigs. The

scrupulous cleanliness of the streets and parks, and the absence of coal dust in the air, is more than counteracted by the horrible filth of the ditches in the suburbs.

CHAPTER VI.

Our first day in Mexico was spent in aimless floundering, trying vainly to get started. First there were the colonel's shoes to be attended to. Being a large, heavy man, the effect of walking over cobble stones in a pair of short shoes may be imagined. He had been recommended to a shoemaker named Ribham, in the Calle de something or other, who would build an addition on them that would give his great toe surcease of sorrow. Through the street of the silversmiths we went, and then through the street of the shoemakers, in hot pursuit of Mr. Ribham. Of course no other shoemaker knew of such a man, and they all said the job couldn't be done. The colonel d—d them in robust Anglo-Saxon for a set of pepper-eating, leather-mangling dunderheads. He knew it could be done, because an American shoemaker had told him it was feasible. An American dentist had told him the truth about the possibility of replanting a tooth, and now he believed in the reliability of American judgment in mechanical matters. Finally a bright-eyed boy professed to know where Ribham's shop was, and started to lead us thither. He

took us through another street of shoemakers, past signs of the "Blue Boot," and the "Pretty Little Red Boot," and a score of other endearing and seductive titles. As he passed each shop the little scoundrel would closely scan our countenances as we read the signs, to see if he had stumbled on the right place. Finally he boldy led us in the last shop, with the confident assertion that *that* was the place. The colonel held a quarter between his thumb and finger, and was about to drop it into the expectant palm of the little ruffian when he happened to read an interior sign which bore the legend, "M. Gradt." He held his quarter a little longer and inquired for Mr. Ribham. They didn't know him and had never heard of him. The colonel turned on that boy, and in his usual vigorous Anglo-Saxon gave him a concise "piece of his mind." He held the gleaming coin up before his eyes, and impressed it on his youthful mind that he should never clutch it. He hated a liar. But he couldn't expect anything better of a descendant of the savages who shot Maximilian. And then we started again. We would go into stores and inquire if they parley-voo'd Francaise, or German, or English, and make further inquiries for Ribham. Finally we got on his trail again, and after weary wandering for a half hour, and enjoying the delightful confusion which comes from the Mexican system of giving a street a fresh name every square or two, we found Mr. Ribham's place, but, alas! he had moved. A pretty little French-speaking woman gave us accurate directions, but the colonel's dogged pertinacity

was exhausted, and he acknowledged himself dead beat. On our way to the hotel, however, we passed another shoe shop, in the window of which was a pair of slippers made of the furred skin of some wild animal. The beauty of the workmanship attracted our attention, and once more we entered.

The shoemaker was an intelligent brown fellow with a German wife, who talked fluent French and acted as interpreter. They didn't know Ribham, but on learning the nature of the job required, the shoemaker unhesitatingly announced his ability to do it. The colonel was delighted to find a couple who had confidence in themselves, and to whom he could make himself understood. He explained to the madame that he had suffered inexpressible "*douleur*" on account of those shoes, and returned once or twice after having started to again impress it on the shoemaker to be sure and make them long enough. Our next exasperation was trying to find the colored coachman who had brought us from the depot, and who could speak English. We had his address, but couldn't find the location, and none of his accursed competitors would direct us there. Finally the colonel gave one of them a half dollar to go and fetch him. He did bring a black fellow, but he couldn't speak a work of English. Finally we got on the trail of an Englishman named Hawthorne, who keeps a coach and acts as guide, and were driven to his house in the Second Providencia. He was not at home, but his wife, a wholesome English woman, assured us he would soon be in. She informed us that she made

the mince and mutton pies for the American and English residents in the city, while her husband acted as coachman and guide. Presently Hawthorne himself came in—a fine-looking, stalwart Englishman, in a duck roundabout, corduroy trousers and cavalry boots. We soon struck a bargain with him—$6 per day for his coach and a Mexican driver, and his own services as guide and interpreter. We kept him during the rest of our stay, and the colonel was so well pleased with him that he took him with him to Havana and through Central America.

Having spent the greater part of the day in fuming and fretting, we concluded to utilize the remainder by making a call on Dr. Harris at his suburban residence, No. 6 Buena Vista, near the San Cosme gate. Taking a street-car at the plaza we rode to the doctor's place, but being apprehensive that it was a little too early, we strolled into a *Jardin des Plantes* just opposite, kept by an intelligent German. He had flowers of all kinds, and thousands of eucalyptus and fruit trees; but what interested me more than anything else was his display of orchids. Of these he had eighty different varieties, a dozen or so of which were in bloom. The beauty of these plants is beyond description. They were attached to blocks of wood, each block cut from the tree which the particular orchid might happen to prefer, and hung up like picture frames on the wall, where they grew and flourished, drawing their sustenance from the air. Certainly they can get little nutriment from the

dry blocks of wood to which they are attached. The florist informed us that he had sent a lot of these orchids to the great exposition in St. Petersburg. They happened to get there in good condition, and attracted much attention. The government was so well pleased that it voted him an annual pension of two hundred roubles, on condition that he would each year send a lot of orchids to their exposition. Mexico is the home of the orchid. In the number of varieties and the beauty of individual specimens it can beat the world. In the hot moist lands the more gorgeous specimens are found, but the mountains are also full of them. Miss Anna Harris, one of the doctor's daughters, (of whom he has four) is making a painted collection of the orchids of Mexico, and proposes to publish a large book, with costly colored plates, descriptive of them. She is a talented artist; in fact three of the doctor's daughter's are painters, one excelling in portraits, the other in landscapes, while Anna's genius has its best field in the accurate and faithful representation of plants and flowers. The work will be large and costly, but no professional or amateur florist in Europe or America can afford to be without it, and every lover of flowers will want it.

In strolling about the florist's grounds we found some gnarled and twisted trees which looked as if they might have been sturdy saplings when the Aztecs founded their capital. The colonel, who has seen olive trees in Syria, Spain, Italy and France, was quite sure they were olives. I picked

up some of the fruit which lay under one of them, and bit into one of the specimens to see what a fresh olive tasted like. I'll never do it again. It was a blasted olive, and I spat and sputtered for the rest of the day in the vain effort to get the taste out of my mouth. It was like a pill of socotrine aloes and quinine, with a little tallow to make it hang together. The member of the Kentucky legislature who offered a $25 reward at the Galt House for the man who salted "them plums" was not half so disgusted. A little further on we found about ten bushels of olives spread out to cure for the oil press. The colonel assured me that these, which had not been stung by the curculio, were not bitter—and I took his word for it. After having exhausted the attractions of the florist's we crossed over to the doctor's, and a venerable Mexican who had been twenty-five years in his service answered a punch of the pneumatic bell from the colonel's cane. The doctor lives in a beautiful place, embowered in flowers, embellished with fountains, and ornamented with eucalyptus and other trees. There were great beds of violets that loaded the air with their delicate perfume, and roses everywhere. The Mexican roses, however, have no smell. The house is Spanish in exterior —thick walls, flat roofs, cream-colored stucco, grated windows and all—but in the interior it is American. It has grates and chimneys, carpets and American furniture. The doctor is one of those Mexicanized foreigners who spend half their leisure time in eulogizing the Mexican climate and

the other half in putting on and off their overcoats and shawls. Eternal vigilance in hunting drafts has made him as nervous and excitable as a woman. If there is anything he hates worse than a draft it is a forced loan. He says he came to Mexico to recover his health, and to escape the hurly-burly of American life, and, as the fellow who tried the whistling cure for stammering jerked out between whistles, "you can see, stranger, it has done it."

About five years of the twenty-seven he has lived in Mexico have been spent in a state of siege, with contending factions holding different sections of the city, and firing six pounders at each other from the towers of the churches. There would be an intermission until ten o'clock every morning for the people to go to market, and then the signal gun would warn all the non-combatants to hunt their holes, and trouble would begin again. Six months of this calm and restful existence was enough to make one forget the hurly-burly of American life, and we saw the good effects of it in Dr. Harris. He reminded me of nothing so much as that excitable piece of fireworks called a serpent, which jerks itself in forty different directions in as many seconds. One morning while the doctor was up on the roof of his house, building a furnace to be used in his profession of dentistry, he observed a Mexican soldier in a neighboring tower regarding him with an unusual degree of interest. The fighting was going on all around him, but the doctor paid no attention, for they generally re-

spected non-combatants; but the intentness of this fellow's stare finally suggested to him that he had better retire. Before he had time to carry out this determination, the soldier raised his rifle, and sent an ounce of lead whizzing through his hair. Oh, this Mexican life is very restful.

We had some music from the girls, examined their paintings, strolled through the grounds, and spent an agreeable afternoon. The colonel was so delighted with a Mexican song called "Las Penas de Corazon" (Pains of the Heart) that he prevailed upon the girls to sing it again, and the next day hunted it down to send to a lady friend in London. It is a peculiar composition, the music wailing, and the words hot as Mexican *chile*. We left Dr. Harris's with the impression that he has a little local paradise of his own, but that we would not care to live in it. The high walls surrounding the grounds and the barred windows are all too suggestive of a prison. At six o'clock the faithful servant is sent home, the gates closed, the drawbridge lowered, and until three o'clock the next afternoon nobody can get in. They may ring the bell to all eternity, but nobody will respond. This restful life of Mexico has its little drawbacks.

The Mexican women of the lower strata have three great industries—rubbing corn into paste for *tortillas*, peddling lottery tickets and washing clothes. The corn for the *tortillas* is first soaked in alkaline water to soften it and remove the husk, and is then rubbed on a flat stone, with a stone pestle held in both hands like a rolling pin, until it is con-

verted into soft pulp, in which condition it is spread into thin cakes and baked without salt. The result is the *tortilla* plain and simple, a tough flapjack which a hungry man would be culpable to throw over his shoulder, but which a well-fed *gringo* is not apt to hanker after. The *tortilla enchilada* is a plain *tortilla* embellished with a compound of pepper, tomatoes and garlic, and made into a convenient roll. Making *tortilla* paste seems to be a social and gregarious employment, or it may be that certain establishments keep the tools, and rent them for a price. At least I always found from one to a dozen women in every room where the preparation of the corn was going on, all rubbing for dear life, and rubbing with care. Lottery selling is done on a commission, and the sellers, both male and female, confront you at every turn. The wailing cry of "*Quatro mil pesos!*" is eternally ringing in your ears. Everybody buys lottery tickets. These people are so very poor, and their condition is so utterly hopeless, that one can scarcely blame them for seizing even upon the most desperate chance of emerging from it. One day a rather good-looking young woman, whose audacity had been reinforced by numerous draughts of pulque, tackled me in the street, and begged a medid "for the love of God." On being asked what she wanted with it, she innocently replied, "To buy a lottery ticket." Such refreshing candor was not to be resisted; I hope she drew one-sixteenth of the capital prize. Natives complain that foreigners, who buy tickets just for the fun of the thing and don't need the money,

draw all the big prizes—another instance of the cruelty and capriciousness of fate. The washing is mostly done in the open air. You see hundreds of women strung along the banks of the ditches and canals engaged in this laborious work, while their naked children, with round staring eyes and protruding abdomens, roll in the dust. The women sit on their knees on the bank, reach forward and dip the clothes in the water, and then rub them on a flat stone. No more painful and uncomfortable position could be devised, but your Mexican is awfully conservative, and very much in favor of doing everything as it has been done for the last five hundred years. The surface of the water in all these ditches is completely covered with a purple *conferva*, while the banks are hideously filthy, and the legs of an occasional dead dog or cat are seen sticking up through the scum; but beneath, the water is found comparatively clear. Besides the women engaged in these three leading industries many of them compete with the men in their capacity of beasts of burden, and carry loads that would make a pack-mule groan. Not infrequently you see a slender woman carrying a pannier full of fruit on her back, with a child tied up in her *rebosa* in front, and maybe a full basket on one arm. The *rebosa* is a long wide scarf which the Mexican women wind about the head and across the bosom, thus making it answer the purpose of both shawl and hat. Almost every woman you meet either carries a baby swung in the folds of her shawl or else shows that she is in the line of promotion.

Girls who seem but children themselves have babies of which they are proud, though perhaps it would be difficult to muster a husband for inspection if suddenly called on. Women of the middle class seem to have little to do but sit at the windows in the afternoon, embroider a little, gabble a good deal, look demure and flirt with any audacious *gringo* who may kiss his hand to them.

The women of the upper class dress themselves in gorgeous array in the afternoon, put on a bewildering quantity of laces and diamonds, and shut themselves in close carriages to be driven along the *paseo*, past the statues of King Charles and Christopher Columbus, on the Chapultepec road, then to turn and go over the ground two or three times more. Women of high social position are usually attended by wonderful masculine creatures of the genus *caballero*. One soon learns in Mexico to address a working man as *hombre*, and to call a man in a higher walk of life *Senor*. But when you want to be particularly deferential, it is "the cheese" to call him *caballero*. The *caballero* of the *paseo* is a gaily-bedizened creature. He is dressed in the extremest agony of the national costume—gold-corded jacket and slashed pantaloons, with buttons of silver; tremendous sombrero, with its awful band of gold cord; saddle and bridle richly ornamented with gold and silver, and a keen rapier in a buff leather scabbard at his side. He can ride well, and could fight a bull in the ring, but his principal use is to gallop alongside of my lady's carriage, and talk at her through the open

window. That rapier inspires a *gringo* with wholesome respect. The *caballero* is chivalric in his bearing, and his mouth, an occasional glimpse of which crops out from beneath his waxed mustache, has a chronic set, indicative of a high order of personal courage. But I understand that when one of these bravos has occasion to travel in a diligence, he puts on the plainest apparel, divests himself of his ultimate weapon, and when called upon by the brigands to "shell out," lies flat on his face while they go through him. If they can attach themselves to a party of Englishmen or Americans, however, with Winchester rifles and the nerve to use them, they go through with flying colors.

CHAPTER VII.

THE church power is thoroughly broken in Mexico. What Juarez began in the confiscation of church property Lerdo finished in the expulsion of the Sisters of Charity. The latter measure strikes even the Protestant conscience as a hard, brutal expedient, but it was probably needed to complete the work that Juarez began. As the women of the South kept the fires of rebellion in full blaze long after the men would have faltered and fainted, so did these saint-like fanatics keep alive in the hearts of the common people a dangerous spirit of resistance to the encroachments of the government on

what they deem sacred things. In no country on earth is there greater freedom of religious thought and action than in the large cities of Mexico at the present time. To such an extent has the revolution been carried that religious processions are forbidden by law, and the priesthood are prohibited from appearing in public in the peculiar costume—black gown and immense shovel hat—which they used to wear. In the olden time the common people would prostrate themselves in the dust when a procession passed, and the foreigner who didn't get down of his own accord was pretty apt to be knocked down; but now no body pays any more attention to a priest than to any other man. They generally wear a plug hat and long circular cloak of black cloth, with the right skirt thrown over the left shoulder. Some of the younger of them present a rather jaunty appearance. The first I saw I mistook for a lawyer; the next I put down as a monte dealer, while the third, who was older and fatter, I was sure was a cabinet minister. The priests are poor now. The churches have been despoiled of their magnificent revenues, and the priests no longer get any assistance from the state; but they stick manfully to the work. The common people seem to be very devout. You rarely enter a church that you don't find scores of poor laborers, many of them not having clothes enough on them "to wad a shot-gun," kneeling before the shrine of their favorite saint, and pouring out their starved and stunted souls in an intensity of devotion which seems incomprehensible to us bar-

barians of the north when unassociated with the excitement of the Methodist mourner's bench. In this silent worship the devotee has none of the spurs that are necessary with us to goad the sluggish fancy into a canter. There is no pealing of the organ, no eloquent exhortation from the lips of the minister. Having delivered his load of charcoal or fruit, the peon drops in on his way home, gets upon his knees, and for a quarter of an hour is oblivious of everything save his worship. As you sit and watch this human beast of burden with his clasped hands, closed eyes and lips in tremulous motion, you may believe him ignorant and fanatical, but you cannot believe him insincere or hypocritical.

Everywhere we mingled with these people at their devotions. We strove to avoid offense as much as possible, but through ignorance we doubtless shocked them many times by an apparent want of reverence for what they consider sacred. But beyond a pained and hurt look now and then, they made no sign. It is not likely that a party of Mexicans, having as little veneration for our religion as we had for theirs, could take the same liberties in our churches, without unpleasant consequences. So far as I could see, the Methodists are becoming the most intolerant and arrogant of all sects in Mexico. They are determined to make the most of the "religious toleration" which has been established. They are aggressive, and they push their outposts into the interior. Every now and then they appeal to the government for

protection. We called upon Dr. Butler, the general-in-chief of the proselyting army. He could give us but little time, as he had an appointment with President Diaz at three o'clock. On the succeeding Sunday a new church was to be dedicated in a neighboring village, and the "fanatics" had announced that if dedicated at all it would be dedicated in "torrents of blood." The local authorities had been appealed to, but declined to act, and the doctor had carried the matter to the President himself. It was quite inspiriting to witness the gusto with which the oily old gentleman told of the troubles in his "little church around the mountain." He rubbed his hands together enthusiastically as he dwelt on the "torrents of blood," and manifested a holy impatience to be skinned and scalped in the Master's service. For my part I didn't take the least bit of stock in the "torrents of blood." From what I had seen of the stolidity of the average Mexican "fanatic," and his generally subdued and broken-down demeanor in religious and political matters, I didn't believe he could be kicked into a revolt. So far as I could learn but little real progress has been made in proselyting Mexicans. Some adult converts have been gathered into the fold, but a converted Mexican has about the same numerical value as a converted Jew, and we all know how to rate the latter. Numerous orphans have been educated in Methodism, and they are sincere believers. But honest adult converts are scarcer than hen teeth. You might as well try to change the color of a

Mexican's skin as his religion, and with due deference to Dr. Butler, I do not think it is desirable to change his religion. Catholicism can do more for savage people than protestantism, and the lower class of Mexicans are still at least half savage. Some of the means employed to gain a "foothold for Christ" are at least questionable. On the wall of the palace fronting the plaza are two large blackboards, and every morning there appears upon them a tirade against the Catholic religion, written with chalk in a clear, legible hand. Multitudes of the lower classes stop and read these bulletins. Some read and pass on without making any sign; others read and scowl; while some smile scornfully. No hostile demonstration is ever made.

But is it right to trample the religious prejudices of this people under foot in this offensive manner? Is it not a shameful abuse of toleration? If at some future time, when public sentiment is more inflammable, there should be a mob in the city of Mexico, and a massacre of protestants by the infuriated populace, there will arise a terrible howl from every protestant pulpit in the land. I would be shocked, along with the rest of my protestant brethren, but I wouldn't be much surprised. There is nothing in the world that ignorant people hold so dear as their religious beliefs, and nothing for which they will shed blood so cheerfully. If I had my way I would enjoy my own religious belief and let every other man enjoy his. I would discour-

age meddlers in religion as well as in everything else.

As the question of recognizing the Diaz government is still undetermined, perhaps the deductions drawn from our necessarily superficial observations may not be uninteresting. Porfirio Diaz, like Juarez, is an Indian—not a full blood, perhaps, but much more of an Indian than a Castilian. In his younger days he was a pretty hard case—one of the church robbers of the Juarez administration. It is alleged of him that he had church jewels of great value set in the backs of the wooden chairs which formed a part of the rude furniture of his unpretentious dwelling, the walls of which were adorned with priceless pictures acquired in the same manner. But he is undoubtedly the best soldier in Mexico since Miguel Miramon "tumbled" to the racket of his indignant countrymen, along with Maximilian, on that fine June morning in 1867—a fact indubitably proved by the masterly manner in which he hustled Lerdo out of the country in the late unpleasantness. The more moderate people of the old church party now give Diaz the credit of being honest, and it is generally admitted that he has attained a nearer approach to order throughout the republic than any recent president has done. He aims to conciliate, while at the same time the iron hand is felt beneath the velvet glove. Regiments of troops in the most startling variety of uniforms are kept moving from point to point about the capital, while all the neighboring towns are full of armed men. You are

never out of hearing of the ear-torturing Mexican bugle. The soldiers are generally a hard-looking set, but they are armed with modern weapons, well drilled, and, under the comparatively strict discipline maintained, will fight. If the malcontents of the Rio Grande border succeed in their nefarious designs of involving us in another war with Mexico, it will not be such a "walk over" as Scott and Taylor found it.

The army is paid regularly; everybody in the government service is paid; and there is money in the treasury—a fact almost without precedent in Mexican history. The poor people like Diaz better than any ruler they have had since Maximilian, and for the same reason they liked the blonde emperor—because he gives them security, hears their complaints and endeavors to have justice done them. The public voice is almost unanimous in saying that Diaz is the best president they have had for many a year, but you can't always trust the public voice in Mexico. Generally the fellow who is in, is "the best ruler they ever had," and even while they are praising him they may be preparing to blow him out of the country. Some, while admitting that Diaz is honest, say he is surrounded by the same stripe of turbulent adventurers who have kept the republic in a tumult ever since it had an existence, and that they will conspire against him as soon as they see, or think they see, an opportunity of furthering their own selfish ends by so doing. As far as stability is concerned, the Diaz government seems strong. There is more security for life and prop-

erty than there has been for years. Indeed it would be hard to find a quieter or more orderly place in any country than the city of Mexico. Just why there should be any hesitation about recognizing Diaz as president of a country in which *pronunciamentos* are as plenty as thistles, and change is the rule, is a conundrum; but influences have been at work to retard such recognition. To me the Christian name of the president always had a disagreeable sound. It reminds me of "perfidious." Singularly enough, the common people give the "r" the sound of "d," and call him "Porfidio."

Much of the mercantile business of the city of Mexico is carried on by Germans. There are many French and few Americans in business. There are not over forty English-speaking residents. Major DeGress, of the *Armeria Americana*, does a flourishing business in the sale of pistols, carbines, swords and other cutlery. Many of the pistols are enriched with a barbaric profusion of gold and silver ornaments, and are sold to the brigands of the mountain roads, who get their money easily and part with it freely. The major says his shop is an unfailing barometer of the public feeling. When everything is quiet he sells pistols to the common people and dandy swords to the gallants of the paseo. When trouble is brewing there is a brisk sale of carbines. The bulk of the trade of Mexico ought to be done by Americans, but they have permitted the Germans and French to cut under them. There are about four hundred German residents in the city, and the effect of their monop-

oly of so rich a field is shown in a change of character which is quite in contrast to the staid, thrifty Teuton of the States. The Mexicanized German is "on the hurrah." He gets drunk like an American, buys champagne by the basket, and scatters his money with a reckless profusion which would keep his own father from knowing him.

We visited the German club house under the lead of Mr. Nieth, and found it an immense establishment, with all the club features. They drink a great deal of Anheuser's St. Louis beer at fifty cents a bottle, but it is not so good in its imported condition as the native beer at a real. The jewelry stores, the dry good stores, the tobacco shops and many other establishments, all have a gay Parisian look. Indeed there is a good deal of luxury in this city of poverty. At the *Monte de Piedad*—the government pawn-shop—we saw bushels and bushels of diamonds and other precious stones and valuables of many kinds. It is said that many of the first families put the family carriage in pawn when they want to redeem their diamonds to attend a party, and then repawn the diamonds to release the carriage. Many valuables are left here for safe keeping. Money is loaned on long time at a low rate of interest. The *Monte de Piedad* is the only institution of Mexico that has not at sometime been robbed. All the various revolutions have spared it. It is true that Lerdo, just before he ingloriously ran away in the night, leaving the city to the victorious Diaz, "lifted" $25,000 out of it, but he claimed that it belonged to the govern-

ment. They say that this institution loans at a lower rate of interest than other establishments, but nobody could tell me why the common people patronize the hundreds of low pawn-shops which confront you on every street in preference to the *Monte de Piedad* when they want to raise a medio to buy a lottery ticket. I suspect that the *Piedad* is too "toney" for them. These low pawn-shops are good places for the study of Mexican nature. Nobody is so poor but he has something to pawn, and articles are received and money loaned on them which our "starving poor" would not pick up in the street.

Quite naturally I was interested in the newspapers of Mexico. There are plenty of them, but they are, typographically and editorially, queer specimens. They have neither local nor telegraphic news to speak of, but are ponderous in the way of "leader" and literary lore. The absence of local news is a distressing feature. You scan their pages in vain for accounts of fires, murders, public meetings, reviews of troops, political meetings, court reports, or any other events which with us go to make up the local columns. A bull fight, if it is a good one, is eulogized to the extent of a dozen lines. If a poor one, the *Monitor* of Monday will dismiss it with a paragraph like the following: "The bull fight at Tlalnepanlta on yesterday was *mala malissima*." There are no theatrical criticisms, no notices of coming events. The editors sit in their offices two or three hours a day, and evolve from their seething brains incon-

sequential paragraphs about nothing in particular. They do manage to collect a little news from the interior, either by working over their exchanges or interviewing the drivers of the diligences, but if anything ever happens in the city it is studiously suppressed. Events in which the President takes a part, like the distribution of prizes at the Academy of Arts, are briefly noticed, but a last year's almanac answers the purpose of an "abstract and brief chronicle of the times" quite as well as a Mexican daily, fresh from the press.

After we had been three weeks away from home without hearing anything from the outside world, I began to be a little anxious about the war in Europe, the silver bill, Hayes' policy and other matters; so I took to the Mexican papers in search of telegraphic news. I knew that there was a telegraphic line from the United States to the city by way of Matamoras, and remembered to have seen a boast in one of the Mexican papers of having published a dispatch from St. Petersburg which came through in one day. For four days I looked in vain. On the fifth, patient perseverance was rewarded. In the *Diario* I found two dispatches of about three lines each. One was from London, announcing that the relations between England and Russia were still "cordial," and the other chronicled a tremendous fire in Greenville, Mississippi, in which a country store and a dwelling house were licked up by the "devouring element." The patronage of the Mexican papers is limited. The *Monitor*, which is the leading "independent"

paper, boasts of the enormous circulation of 2,500, and is admitted on all hands to be the most popular and influential journal in the republic. Advertising patronage is small. A newspaper is the last place to look for information about anything. The book and pamphlet publishing business, however, is better. Much of the information, which in the United States seeks an outlet through the newspapers, in Mexico, finds its way to the public through the medium of a book or pamphlet.

The newsboy has no existence in Mexico. Occasionally a man is encountered wailing forth the information that he has the *Monitor* for sale, but when you want a newspaper, as a general thing, you have to get out a search warrant before you can find it. The *Socialista* I accidentally stumbled on one morning while taking chocolate in a third-class fonda. Its editorials are of the jerky character, which seems peculiar to journals devoted to the rights of man. The number I saw sneered at "strong governments," and demanded to know if workingmen were slaves. I encountered the "iron heel" of despotism two or three times within a column, and then butted against a word which I couldn't make out. It was used in connection with "capitalist," and I am sure it must have been the Spanish equivalent for "bloated." As I sat there sipping the delicious chocolate, which is found nowhere save in Mexico, and nibbling at the roll of light, sweet bread, a contented, home-like feeling stole over me. The *Two Republics* is an excellent paper considering its opportunities. It is published by Major George W. Clarke, one of the incorrig-

ible southern refugees, who had to come to Mexico to get reconciled to the old flag. The *Shakespearean Bugle* is a manuscript paper, published by the American and English literary society.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY American who visits Mexico must see at least one bull fight. He never wants to see another—unless for the purpose of assuring himself that it is just like the first. P. had witnessed the noble sport in Mexico thirty years ago. The colonel had seen bull fights in Madrid. I alone had the new sensation in store for me. Large posters, announcing a bull fight at Tlalnepantla, the proceeds to be devoted to the "payment of the American indemnity," covered the walls. It was further announced that President Diaz would be present. A balloon ascension served to inflate the attractions. As the fight would come off in the afternoon, we determined to put in the forenoon in a drive up the canal. The day was all that could be desired—clear, cloudless and balmy—and as we drove through the southeastern gate, and took our way alongside of that wonderful canal, the history of which was a matter of vague tradition when the Spaniards first visited the capital, I never felt a keener sense of purely physical enjoyment. This canal is probably forty feet broad but shallow. It

connects Lake Chalco with the city, and is used for irrigation and for the transportation of produce. On this bright Sunday morning it teemed with busy life. Hundreds of flat-bottomed boats, loaded with great stacks of green clover, fruits, vegetables and poultry, dotted its surface, being "poled" along by bare-legged natives, in the old-fashioned keel-boat style, while here and there some velvet-jacketed and bell-buttoned ranchero lolled lazily in the stern of a more luxurious gondola, propelled by a half-naked peon. A courteous salute startles the hidalgo out of his lazy dream, and with a precipitance which is almost indecorous, he removes the cigarette from his lips, lifts the broad-brimmed and heavily-silvered sombrero, and returns our greeting with an effusive politeness that is almost ludicrous.

The roadside is dotted with villages, some of them very neat and clean, and all of them having the inevitable church, its tiled dome glistening in the bright sunshine, and its floors crowded with kneeling worshipers. Now and then a peripatetic butcher shop, consisting of a little jackass and a saddle, above which is an iron framework, upon each of its half-dozen hooks hanging a sheep or a quarter of beef, goes by, the driver jogging along behind the patient little quadruped. The country is in a high state of cultivation, and a piece of ground but little bigger than a Brightwood lot is made to support scores of men and beasts. We come to a point where a Mexican warns us that the carriage can proceed no further on ac-

count of a broken bridge. Our driver accuses him of having purposely "fixed" the bridge. He calls upon all the saints to witness that he did nothing of the kind, but a cunning leer in his eyes gives color to our guide's accusations. It is a common practice, we learn, for the shrewd descendants of Montezuma to play these little tricks, so as to get a chance to hire their boats. A dicker is made with him for transportation, and soon we are in one of the broad-bottomed boats, and being poled rapidly up the canal. By and by we come to the famous "floating gardens." If they ever did float they no longer do so. Possibly they shake beneath the tread in the rainy season, for this entire valley is a morass; but in the dry season they are solid. There are merely bits of real estate, probably fifty feet wide and two hundred long, surrounded by ditches wide enough to enable the proprietor to circumnavigate them in his canoe. We are amazed at the luxuriance of vegetation. The freshness and greenness of things—remembering that the month is January, and in our own country is ice and snow—is a tireless wonder. As we pass, some of the laborers are irrigating by throwing water over their plats with a wooden shovel, and some are picking vegetables for market; for in this country labor never ceases with the poor, except, possibly, on feast days. By and by we come to a large meadow full of cattle, in which some half-dozen Mexicans, in full costume, are practicing with the lasso. It is a sight we have longed to see, and so the boat is landed,

and we start across the field to attain a point for closer observation. The expertness of the Mexicans in throwing the lasso has often been chronicled, and has been but little exaggerated. It is a deadly weapon in the hands of the robber, as well as an expert means of discipline in the hands of the herdsman. These fellows would select a bullock from the herd—they were all moderately fat and in good condition for keeping up their part of the sport—and then the fun would begin. While at full gallop a lasso would be thrown around the bullock's horns, and simultaneously another would fasten on a hind leg. The sudden jerk would turn him a summersault on the grass. Rapidly releasing the ropes by stooping from the saddle at full gallop, the beast would be started and thrown again, the riders all the time keeping up a fire of jeering epithets. Finally when he was worn out, another victim would be selected, and the same programme gone through with. We watched the game until it began to get monotonous. A suggestion to retire was somewhat accelerated by the interest a vicious black bullock began to take in our party. He had been lassoed until he was disgusted, but, having recovered from the rattling they had given him, he fancied he saw in our dismounted party an opportunity for getting even. With many pawings, and scrapings, and angry tossings of his head, he began to approach. We retired, judiciously, but with considerable celerity, a fortunate trend of the lassoing party in the direc-

tion of our bovine friend having made a diversion in our favor.

In the boat once more we were poled back to the point where the carriage had been left, at the little village of Yxtacalco, where Hawthorne had made arrangements for a Mexican breakfast.

The feeding at the restaurants is all French, and the dishes peculiar to the country are not to be had except on special order. While waiting for breakfast we strolled into a *pulque* shop, gaily bedizened with painted figures before which the gaudy coloring of the she Justices of the Peace in our own two-million court house would pale their ineffectual fires. Among the decorations was a gorgeously-dressed female in short dancing costume holding out a glass to a frisking goat, with the invitation: "*Tomo hijo tu pulquito?*" The goat seems to hold the same place in relation to Mexican *pulque* that he does with us in celebrating the peculiar properties of bock beer. A Mexican colonel, with some of the inferior officers, had selected this point for a Sunday picnic, and an advanced force of privates had been all morning busily engaged in decorating a neighboring shed with flowers and streamers for the fandango. By and by the procession came up the canal—two large flat-bottomed boats, with a brass band in active eruption. The colonel, black and burly, sat on a sort of raised platform, surrounded by his seraglio, and the other officers, each attended by their female partners, were near him. The band landed first, formed in two lines, and through the lane, under a triumphal arch dec-

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orated with flowers, the colonel and his invited guests passed. It was a gay party.

By and by our own breakfast was brought, and with keenly whetted appetites we sat down to it. There was rice in Mexican fashion; an omelet; wild ducks, with their broad bills and feet left on to prove it; tortillas enchilada, very hot; a capon with sauce of chile mulata, very black, and still hotter; bread of the country and fruit. The bread of the country is sweet but a little heavy—not nearly so good as the delicious French bread we get at the restaurants. Among the fruits were the avocado pear, a pear-shaped, marrowy substance, which makes not a bad substitute for butter.

It was two o'clock when we returned to the city, after a most delightful morning. Tlalnepantla, where the bull fight was to take place, is nine miles out. A train of twenty-eight street cars conveyed the people to the suburbs, where a steam engine took charge of the train. The cars were crowded, and a great many went in carriages, while thousands of the poorer classes walked. The admittance was one dollar on the shady side, fifty cents in the sun. I told the gate-keeper that I was an American, and as the fight was for the benefit of the American indemnity, I would just remit my portion of the indemnity and say no more about it if he would remit the entrance fee, but he said it wasn't visible to the Castilian eye. So I contributed my dollar to the American indemnity, and passed in, where a new and strange scene opened out before me. The amphitheater is ex-

actly like that of the old-fashioned Kentucky fair, except that a wooden wall protects the spectators from the onslaughts of the bull.

About five thousand people were inside. On the sunny side were gathered the riff-raff of Mexico, while on the more aristocratic side were to be seen many richly-dressed ladies with opera-glasses, and well-dressed gentlemen. Peddlers passed constantly through the rows of seats, selling plumes of colored paper, sweets, fruit, *pulque* and other refreshments. An old-fashioned fire balloon, about half inflated, was swaying to and fro in the arena. It was getting late, and the crowd was becoming impatient. Hoarse cries of "*El Toro!*" rent the air, while thousands of throats, which seemed as if ready to split with the tension, demanded that "*El Globo*" should be instantly taken out. They did not care a cent for the balloon ascension, but were impatient for the blood and entrails of the bull fight. The uproar became demoniac. Well-dressed gentlemen on the shady side of the amphitheater roared themselves hoarse. By and by the æronaut came out and inspected the balloon. If he had ever intended to make an ascension, it was now evident that the enterprise was a failure. He turned to seek cover again. Just at this point an orange, well-aimed and flying at a high velocity, smashed itself on his bullet head. He stood not on the order of his going, but went at once. The crowd roared with laughter. Then the attendants began to clear the balloon away. Oranges, bananas, pomegranates, bits of

sugar-cane and sweet turnips began to fly like hail. Then the little fragile earthen pitchers, used to peddle *pulque* began to follow, and by and by missiles of a more dangerous character. The boys engaged in clearing away the balloon and the furnace used to inflate it, took the storm of missiles good-humoredly. When anything hit them, they looked to see the nature of the projectile. If it was an orange, or anything eatable, they chased it and stowed it away. If something solider and more indigestible, they simply rubbed the sore place and went on with their work. By and by, some murderous wretch threw a heavy brandy bottle and hit a little boy on the shoulder. Had it hit him in the back of the head it would certainly have killed him. A *pulque* pitcher smashed itself on the head of a full-grown fellow, very black and with an evil countenance. His white teeth gleamed as he turned to the point from whence the projectile had come, and with features distorted with rage that seemed truly infernal, he broke out in a storm of obscene abuse. He was greeted with a roar of derisive laughter and a shower of missiles. Dodging the pots and bottles, he rammed his hand in his pocket as if to clench a pistol, and made believe he was going to shoot. The audience responded with more missiles, and he finally found it so hot that he had to bolt. At this point the trumpet sounded, and an instantaneous hush fell upon the turbulent assembly. There seemed to be some difficulty in getting the *rst bull out* of the chute, but he finally came with

a bound, stopped in the middle of the arena, and took an astonished survey of the situation.

He was a little brown fellow, and did not seem to be particularly vicious. But the sight of the multitude, the banderillos and picadors, began to tell on him, and he indicated his displeasure by a vigorous pawing of the earth. A banderillo approached him, and shook a banner in his face. He made a vicious lunge, which was easily dodged. A picador, mounted on a sixty-cent horse whose flanks were protected by leathern armor, now approached him. The bull made a lunge at the horse's flank, and was caught on the point of a pike. The sharp pain was more than he bargained for. He went tearing around the ring like mad, occasionally making a lunge at one of the banderillos. Then the darts were fastened in his shoulder. This is an operation requiring considerable courage, skill and presence of mind. A banderillo took a dart in each hand, the shaft being about two feet long, and covered with a network of bright-colored paper; he attracted the bull's attention, and, as he made his charge, adroitly reached over his horns, planted a dart in either side of his neck, and stepped aside in time to avoid the tips of the horns. Maddened with the pain, the bull tore madly about the ring, bellowing loudly. Finally he took position on the soft earth where the furnace for inflating the balloon had stood, and no amount of strategy or aggravation could dislodge him. In vain the picadors tempted him, and in vain the banderillos flaunted their banners in his face. If a tempt-

ing chance to insert a horn drew him a few feet from his place of refuge, he soon retreated. In the meantime the matador (a little cuss dressed up like a clown), whose duty it was to administer the final *coup de grace* to the bull with a sword, had been monkeying around the ring to no purpose. The audience became impatient, and a hoarse roar for "*Un Otro!*" went up from a thousand throats. The bull had funked, and must give way to another. He had done no harm and suffered little. Once or twice his horns had touched the flanks of the equine skeletons ridden by the picadors, but the protecting leather had saved their miserable lives. As for himself, the blood was streaming from a dozen pike wounds, yet he was not seriously hurt. But it is the rule to never permit a bull to leave the ring alive, unless he has killed a man. The trumpet sounded, and we waited to see the matador take his sword and kill the toro. But that official disdained to kill so tame a creature. So two caballeros, mounted on good horses, rode in. One lassoed the bull by the head and the other by the hind leg. He was thrown and stretched at full length in the dust.

While I was wondering what next, a fellow approached, drew a two-edged dirk, and deliberately proceeded to drive it into poor toro's spinal column, just behind the horn. My soul turned sick with horror at the assassination. The body was dragged out and No. 2 came in with a bound. This bull was a better specimen, and made it interesting for the performers. Once or twice he

nearly overturned the equine skeletons, and once he made a flying attempt to leap the barrier and get at the audience. One of the banderillos displayed considerable skill. He would hold his banner before the enraged creature and avoid a series of five or six successive lunges. You could hardly see how it was done. This one, too, finally had enough of the pikes, and took refuge in the soft earth and could not be coaxed out. Once he failed to take advantage of an opportunity to get even with one of his tormentors. A banderillo stepped on a round stick, which turned with him, and he fell flat in the dust, not more than ten feet from the bull. The party of the first part happened to be engaged in watching the motions of a picador just then, but he heard the fall, and turned to see what it was. He saw his opportunity, but a little too late. By the time he got there his agile enemy was on foot again. This bull was killed in the same horrible and atrocious manner as the first, the matador disdaining to stain his sword with the blood of a scrub. No. 3 was the best of the lot, and after a gallant fight the matador was called on to dispatch him, but declined. The animal wasn't quite up to his standard. One of the banderillos took the weapon, and, provoking the bull to several charges, made a number of thrusts at its heart, but failed to reach the vital spot. After which it was lassoed, stretched and butchered like the rest. No. 4 was but a repetition of the experiences. No. 5 was turned over to the rabble. They sprang over the barriers by scores, and soon the ring was full.

They shook their ragged blankets in the bull's face, and dodged his charges like the regular fighters had done. Finally one ragamuffin seized the bull's tail, and in less than a second you could not see that bull for the human flies that covered him. They held him by the nose, the neck, the tail, the horns, and a half dozen mounted his back. Finally the tail-hold was suddenly released, and the bull shook off his tormenters. There was another chase and another capture. At this point we left to secure a seat in the train. Alas! We were too late. There was not room for a grasshopper. Fortunately we found a coach, and after a two hours' drive over the road by which Cortez retreated, by the *arbor triste*, we reached the city.

CHAPTER IX.

THE standard "show places" about Mexico had to be visited, of course. But as many pens "more abler" than mine, as Uncle J——— would say, have described them, I will deal gently with the erring reader who follows me through these straggling "Notes." We did the great cathedral, and saw its immense railings of silver and gold; its beautiful pictures; its onyx basins for holy water; its gorgeous gilding; its massive architecture; its great bells, and its rude wooden doors which would disgrace a Pennsylvania barn. From its towers we

saw the loveliest panorama in the world—Popocatapetl and the "White Lady," Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, Guadalupe, Tacubaya, and the city itself—spread out before us like a map. From this altitude we got a glimpse of the housetop life of the Mexicans. Some of the flat terraces were converted into blooming gardens, while on others cooking, washing, clothes-drying, and other industrial pursuits were being carried on. We visited the museum and saw the Aztec weapons, idols, picture writing and the great Sacrificial Stone, on which sixty thousand human beings are said to have been offered up to appease the god of war. With the remembrance of Prescott's description fresh in my mind it seemed as if I could smell the stench of the sacrificial blood in the air. Through that trench cut in the face of the stone what a flood of human blood has flowed, as the priests tore the reeking heart from the breasts of the victims! But hold! The iconoclast is after the Sacrificial Stone. He says the trench cut from the center to its periphery, and supposed to have been used to convey the blood, was an after-thought, and he proves it, or thinks he proves it, by calling attention to the fact that it divides the hieroglyphical characters with which the entire surfaces of the stone are inscribed. But it is not my fight. We visited the Palace, the Monte de Piedad and the postoffice. We saw Guadalupe, the *via sacra* along which penitents used to crawl on their hands and knees to propitiate the Virgin; the blanket of Juan Diego upon which the Virgin imprinted her image, now framed as a

picture; the iron baths, the waters of which taste like those of Saratoga. Penon de los Banos was not neglected. It is a volcanic hill of almost solid iron ore, covered with a poisonous cactus burr, the sharp spines of which work their way through the stoutest leather into the flesh. In caves around the base of the hill dwell the ladrones, nominally employed in making saltpetre from the nitrous earth which abounds, but ready to engage in any nefarious work which promises pelf. The daylight visitor can get off with a moderate donation in the shape of *backsheesh*. One of them, a lusty, bare-legged and bare-footed fellow with the agility of a mountain goat, fastened himself on our party and insisted on showing us over the hill.

On being asked how he escaped getting his bare feet full of the cactus spines while our boots bristled like fretful porcupines, he answered, with a droll laugh, that he "kept his eyes open." It is said that when a fresh revolution is "on," three hundred rifles come out of Penon. Near by are the hot baths. An outlet from the internal fires of Popocatapetl boils up here, and the waters are in high repute for the cure of rheumatism and skin diseases. The buildings are old and massive, and the various chambers seem like caves. There are no accommodations for patients save coarse food. Occasionally one comes out for a week's treatment, bringing his bedding with him; but the solitude and the surroundings are enough to counteract the benefits of the waters. It is a wild, ugly place, and I should want to have an iron-clad throat to be

caught there after nightfall. There is a ruined chapel attached to the establishment, on the walls of which hang some really meritorious pictures, slit in numerous places by knife thrusts and bayonet stabs. Chapultepec was also visited, with its great spring, its giant cypress trees, under one of which was Montezuma's favorite loafing place, and other curiosities. Our guide was a former servant of Mr. Barron, and he took us through his place at Tacubaya. Barron is one of the English builders of the railroad. He spent near a million of dollars in converting a volcanic hill into an earthly paradise. The house is furnished like an emperor's palace, and many an art gallery has a poorer show of pictures. Some of them are genuine Murrillos, each one of which cost a prince's ransom. No visitor ever leaves Mexico without making a pilgrimage to the *Arbor Triste*. It is a great cypress tree, possibly a thousand years old, at the little village of Popotla, a few miles from the city. Here it was that the lion heart of Hernan Cortez gave way as he gathered the pitiful remnant of his command about him after the disastrous retreat of *La Noche Triste*. The causeway along which the Spaniards retreated, assailed on every side by hundreds of thousands of Indians, whose distorted faces were lighted up by the glare of the temple fires, is now one of the principal streets of Mexico, and the exact spot where Alvarado made his great leap, is pointed out to the tourist. Tradition says that having for the time baffled his pursuers, Cortez hitched his horse to a drooping limb of this gigan-

tic tree, and wept like a child. It is a sad wreck of its former self—a gnarled and twisted shell, the core of it having been eaten out by fire. There are two stories of its misfortune. One is that Indians built a fire to cook their tortillas, and another is that Maximilian and some friends were admiring it one day, and a malicious scoundrel fired it purposely, for no other reason than because the emperor derived pleasure from looking at it. Though a mere shell, the sap still circulates through its surface veins, and the leaves are green. Since the fire the government has built an iron railing about it—another instance of locking the stable after the horse is stolen.

While we were looking at the venerable tree, and trying to imagine the feelings of the little band of *conquistadores* who gathered under it on that disastrous night, a young Indian woman, with arms and legs that Venus would envy and a face of which the devil would be ashamed, came and offered us fresh *pulque*.

Modesty, as we understand it, is a plant that doesn't seem to thrive in the rarified atmosphere of Mexico. The lower classes discharge the functions, which Henry Ward Beecher says were imposed on man for his humiliation, without the least sense of shame, and in the most public places. Maximilian made a determined effort at reform in this particular, and succeeded to a great extent in rescuing the city from the most offensive forms of indecency; but a drive along any one of the great highways will reveal enough in a single morning to establish the

fact that modesty is not the crown jewel of Mexican character. It is the law of compensation. You see all around you the sublimest landscape in the world, its rugged features softened by a lavish display of flowers and vegetation. Perhaps the specimens of living statuary which line the roadside are needed to remind us that we are still human—that the trail of the serpent is over all. In their love-making Mexicans are equally innocent of any suspicion of the impropriety of public demonstrations. You see couples walking through the crowded plaza with their arms about each other's necks, totally oblivious of their surroundings. Except among foreigners, such exhibitions excite no comment. Driving along the Guadalupe road one afternoon, we came upon a strapping fellow seated by the roadside, with a young girl lying beside him, her head resting in his lap. As we passed, she turned her face up to his, reached upward, and with a shapely hand patted the impassive brute on his lantern jaw—he all the time gazing stolidly at the passing carriage. "You dog!" roared the exasperated colonel. But the dog maintained his equanimity all the same. At another time, while riding out to the iron baths on a street car, we encountered a young couple bedecked in gay holiday ribbons and clean clothes, walking down the broad roadway with their arms lovingly clasped about each other's necks. She was young and quite handsome, and he was young and carried in his unoccupied hand a pitcher of *pulque*, stray drops of which were sprinkled along the road. Evidently

a couple of lovers returning from a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, slightly the worse for their potations. Their arms were twined about each other's necks for mutual support as well as to demonstrate their affection.

They walked pretty steadily, however, though with that obliviousness of demeanor which we see in more civilized drunkards when they try to play it on the people and think they are succeeding. We watched our two lovers from the rear of the car, and saw their steps grow gradually unsteady until they began to totter and weave. After drinking a half dozen glasses of the effervescent water fresh from the bubbling spring we took another street car for the city. We had forgotten all about our two lovers until we came upon them, again lying prone upon the ground by the roadside, their arms still lovingly intertwined, and their cheeks together, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and a tortuous streak of moist earth showing where the *pulque* had meandered away. I may as well state once more, however, that helpless drunkenness is an uncommon sight in Mexico, notwithstanding the oceans of *pulque* consumed every day. Once I saw a half-naked Indian lying on his face in the street in front the plaza, dead drunk. The coachmen considerately drove around him, the herds of panniered asses stepped tenderly to one side, and no one seemed to think the sight worthy of comment. On another occasion an old gray-headed woman, bare-armed and bare-legged, with a petticoat of blue stuff about her body, tottered on the

sidewalk in front of me, gave a lurch and pitched headlong into the street. She had a few little trinkets wrapped up in a handkerchief, which were scattered in the fall. Rising upon her knees, she began groping blindly about to recover them. I have never seen a more pathetic sight, or one that left a deeper impression, unless it was that of a poor fellow whom I saw the morning after my arrival. He was thin of limb and face, and seemed less intelligent than the average "greaser." His entire wardrobe consisted of what looked like a piece of worn-out rag carpet tied around his trunk, and reinforced at the hips with a bit of old leather tied on with strings. Hat, shirt, coat, pantaloons and shoes he had none. He had a little bundle of sticks, scarcely more than you could grasp in one hand, tied up with a cord, and was kneeling on the pavement to readjust the fastenings. He looked so utterly and hopelessly miserable—he was so shamefully and squalidly poor—it made me sick at heart. The poor devil submitted stolidly to a critical inspection, and seemed stricken dumb when I gave him a quarter. By and by he recovered his tongue, and began an eloquent invocation of all the saints in my behalf, which lasted until I got out of ear-shot, and may be running yet for aught I know.

The Mexican women of the lower classes are exempt from the special diseases which embitter the lives of their more civilized sisters. None of them have "weak backs" and kindred ailments. The *modiste* who would attempt to fit a silk dress to one

of their forms, would have no use for cotton or other padding. In Mexico, canary seed is devoted to its legitimate use. Many a high-born dame would give her hopes of salvation for the development which is so lavishly displayed by the tortilla grinders of Mexico. Civilization, coupled with a slavish subservience to idiotic and murderous fashion, would doubtless soon reduce them to the helpless condition of our own hot-house flowers. But must civilization necessarily carry with it the curse of disease? One noticeable feature of Mexican life is the absence of little girls of the better class from the streets. The *ninas* seem to be all caged in schools, and are jealously guarded until they are grown to be young ladies and safely married. Now and then we pass a couple of dark-eyed senoritas in the plaza, guarded by a fat old *duenna*, with an eye that bores through you, and firm-set lips that bespeak a temper not to be trifled with. She is called *duenna* because she won't let the girls in her charge "duennathing" in the flirtation line unless she is well paid for it. The colonel, who has traveled in Spain, watches his opportunity, intercepts a glance from a pair of dark eyes when the old ogre happens to be off guard, and gallantly kisses his hand. The little lady looks mischievously pleased, and at the next turn gives him a cautious smile over her left shoulder.

CHAPTER X.

SUGAR is one of the staple products of Mexico. In the hot lands the cane matures much better than in Louisiana. The sugar we find in the city is hard loaf, whitish gray in color and broken into lumps. It is very pure and sweet, and better than the white loaf of the States. The people seem to be fond of sweets. The manufacture of *dulceria* is an important industry, and the peddlers of candies and confections are almost as numerous as the peddlers of lottery tickets. These peddlers of sweets are seen squatted all over the plaza, with their stores temptingly displayed before them.

As business is sometimes slack, the attention of the vender is often diverted from his wares for several moments.

The Mexican dog is very much like his brother in the barbaric North.

I bought no sweets in Mexico.

One day we went to visit a silk factory. We were introduced to a large room where some hundred or more of brown maidens, some of them handsome and all coquettish, were engaged in spooling coarse raw silk. A large wooden wheel revolving at the back part of the building attracted my attention. It seemed to furnish the motive power for the spindles, but I was puzzled to understand what turned the wheel. No sign of an en-

gine was visible. A clattering, as of some hoofed animal climbing a stairway until he reached the top, and then rolling to the bottom, added to the mystery. On approaching for a nearer view the mystery was explained. The wheel was hollow, and inside of it was confined a miserable mule, condemned to one eternal climb in which no progress could be made. We purchased some handkerchiefs of the coarse raw silk, gaudily colored, as specimens of Mexican industry. Here, as everywhere else, the foreigner is expected to pay two or three prices, but we found a protector in our guide. After chaffering for some time over the price of a half dozen handkerchiefs, and hearing the salesman's ultimatum, I was about to reach for my pocketbook. "Hold on," said Hawthorne. "Now when I tell you what he says he will take, you shake your 'ead and offer him a dollar less." I shook my 'ead as directed, and with a heart-broken look the abated price was accepted. I have no doubt that the price I paid was still considerably more than a native could have bought the same goods for.

Food is very cheap in Mexico. Likewise all articles of home manufacture, and some of the imported goods. An excellent quality of brandy is retailed at 12½ cents. Whisky is only drank by Americans and Englishmen. At the restaurants you get a meal for fifty cents that would cost $1.50 in the States. As the servants get no pay, depending entirely on what they receive from guests, it is customary to acknowledge faithful and intelligent

service by the donation of a trifle. One morning Appollonio came to me at the Comonfort with a grievance. He had seen me getting my boots blacked by Bonifacio, a servant on the ground floor. He wanted me to understand that all the lodgers on the third floor were his peculiar meat. To appease him I got him to sew a button on a refractory shirt, and paid him a quarter. The prices of some articles, however, seem rather exorbitant. It stimulates a fellow's appetite for ham to see a Westphalia specimen in a shop window labeled six reals ($1.50) a pound. Spirits of peppermint, however, seem to be the costliest article in the capital. One night Mr. P. was troubled with intestine strife, probably caused by excess of fruit, and thought a spoonful of that favorite domestic remedy would set him right. There was a venerable old apothecary—suave and oily—on the south side of the plaza, who had seduced us into the purchase of sundry glasses of soda on pretense of speaking English. Thither we repaired, and he put up an ounce of peppermint, for which he unblushingly demanded a dollar. Mr. P. is not the man to be swindled without kicking. If the old fraud had charged him fifty cents he would have contested the claim. But the enormity of the swindle overwhelmed him, and he paid it without a remonstrance. Then he walked over to the plaza, took a seat under a eucalyptus tree, and *pronounced*.

In Mexico every business house has a fanciful name. Instead of putting the name of the firm on the sign they put up its designation. For a shoe

store the "Blue Boot" seems to be a favorite name. Frequently a dry goods store is called "The Daughters of Eve." "El Borrego" (the sheep) seems to be a favorite sign for a cigar store. The *pulque* shops have the most fanciful names. "The Roses of Spring," and "The Three Graces" are common names, while other proprietors, with shocking candor, call their places "The Hell," "The Little Hell," "The Devil's Tail," "The Devil's School," etc.

The most beautiful suburb of Mexico is San Angel. It lies at the foot of the mountains, about ten miles out, and is the wildest little beauty spot I ever saw. One Sunday we took the horse cars, rode out there, and spent a few hours very pleasantly in loafing about its quaint little plaza, and strolling through its walled gardens, filled with apple, pear, apricot and peach trees, flowers and tropical fruits. In one of these gardens I saw a rose tree eight inches in diameter, and spreading over a large surface of ground. It looked as if it might have been three hundred years old, and I dare say it was. Around a *pulque* shop were gathered a dozen or more horsemen, in heavily silvered sombreros, gay velvet jackets, and bell-buttoned pantaloons, slashed to the knee. Horses and equipments all seemed of the finest. At first I supposed they represented the dandy element of the city, out on a lark, but after making merry for an hour or two, they all mounted and galloped off on the road leading up the mountain. They looked *like* ideal brigands. But as there was a garrison

of Porfirio's soldiers within a stone's throw, we felt no apprehensions.

The manifest shrinkage of our pocket-books warned us that we had better get out of Mexico. The colonel had left six days ahead of us with a view to visiting Puebla, and then hurrying on to Vera Cruz to catch the English steamer for Havana. So, bidding a regretful adieu to our kind friends, the Harrises, and others, whose acquaintance we had found very pleasant, we boarded the midnight train and turned our faces seaward. We were fortunate enough to secure an entire compartment of the English coach to ourselves, and putting the great ulster under my head, I laid down to pleasant dreams. How long I had slept I know not, but I awoke with a sensation of the most stinging cold. It seemed as if an icicle could not have been freer from caloric. I got into that ulster in short order, tucked its long skirts about me, rolled myself into a ball, and shivered until morning. Remembering the midsummer fierceness of the sun at noon of the previous day, I could not have believed such a temperature possible within fifty miles. But it was a frosty night. With the sun came a modification of the temperature, and by ten o'clock it was pleasantly warm, though Malinche was covered with snow until her summit was as white as Popocatapetl. Passing Boca del Monte, and hurrying down the rapid descent on the other side, the atmosphere became sultry and suffocating. A hot vapor steamed up from the earth in the low-

lands, and the rank vegetation seemed loaded with pestilential miasma.

We arrived at Vera Cruz a little after dark, and were greeted with its own peculiar agglomeration of stinks, each one of which seemed to have grown robust and aggressive in our absence. Arriving at the hotel we were overjoyed to find the colonel sitting at a little table in the public room, with his feet in the sawdust and an imposing tumbler of brandy and water before him. The colonel is a temperate man; with the exception of a bottle of claret at dinner, he could rarely be induced to imbibe. But he is an old traveler, and knows that there is no better prophylactic of the poison of yellow fever than a little brandy judiciously administered. He likewise knows that persistent use not only deprives it of its power to protect, but betrays the improvident drinker into the hands of the enemy. The colonel had stopped off a couple of days to visit the cataract of Orizaba, and this is how we happened to overtake him again. The next morning we put him on board the New York steamer which touches at Havana, and saw him off. It seemed like parting with a friend of long years' standing, instead of a chance acquaintance. His last words, as our boat receded from the steamer's side, was an admonition to "Beware of the hypercoon."

I had heard much in Mexico of the delicious oysters of Vera Cruz. Seeing a sign in the public room of the hotel—"Oysters 25 cents a dozen"—I concluded to try some. They brought me a plate of what at first I took for empty shells, but on close

scrutiny I detected in each shell a small, dark, jelly-like substance, about the size of a nickel, which, in the absence of anything better, does duty as an oyster. The shells are small and thin as wafers. I tried to get at the flavor of the oysters, but could not get enough of them together to make a taste. If I was real hungry I would rather glean the empty shells of a dozen Barrataria oysters than attempt to make a meal out of a bushel of the Vera Cruz article.

Vera Cruz, as I have said, is a lively place. As we sit in the public room a drunken sailor quarrels with the barkeeper, and at every movement of the latter puts his hand to his hip, where an ugly looking knife reposes in a greasy sheath. He is knocked down from behind and turned over to the police. An old man, bent nearly double, his thin face the color of old leather, is pleading at the bar for a drink. He has a fine, intellectual face, but insanity, caused by drink, has long since taken possession of him. He goes about constantly talking to himself, and drinking whenever he can get drink. He shows a silver piece, but the attendant tells him it is not his money he wants; he has had enough drink. His earnest pleading finally prevails; he swallow at a gulp the tumbler of brandy, and goes out into the night. We retire early and are put into a large corner room, with four windows and four beds. The heat has increased until it is almost suffocating. The windows swing back on hinges like doors, but only seem to admit stink, which increases rather than modifies the intense

heat. The stenches of three hundred years' accumulation seem to have all been stirred up on this horrid night for our especial benefit. I take one of the miserable little cots, with an insufficient mosquito bar which exasperates like a short shirt. Down below they are keeping up an infernal racket of card-playing and gabbling. The mosquitoes are abominably active. Sleep is out of the question. P. sits in one of the open windows and smokes incessantly. And so we gasp the long night away. Another night of this torture and our steamer comes into port. We board her immediately, and feel like new men when a mile of water intervenes between our nostrils and the smells of the City of the True Cross. Perhaps some may think I am prejudiced against Vera Cruz. Let them spend a couple of warm nights there, and they will regret the poverty of the English language. Even the buzzards have to fly a mile or so out twice a day, and spend an hour or two circling over the blue water, in order to escape the smells.

"BIG SAM."

I PRESUME he must have had another name, though if I ever knew it, it has escaped my memory. He was known in the regiment as "Big Sam." B. S. was not a graceful party, nor a pleasant fellow to look at. Though prepared to polish off anybody at a moment's notice, it was quite apparent that he lacked polish. He was long, loose-jointed, shambling in gait, ginger-haired, lantern-jawed, and had a stoop in his shoulders. Big Sam's temper was none of the sweetest, especially when he had liquor in him, which was always the case, if he could get it, and he generally could. I have noticed that men usually can get liquor, even when they can get nothing else. A fellow may be out of credit, out at the elbows, out all over, but, though he could not raise a breakfast to keep him from starving, he can always manage to keep drunk. No man ever yet kept sober for lack of money. But, as I was going to remark about Big Sam, he was an ugly chap—a rough customer—not to put too fine a point on it, a ruffian. Of his career before enter-

ing the service of his beloved "ked'ntry" I can not speak. Somehow there was a vague impression abroad that he had been a tanner, and he certainly did smell a little that way, now and then.

Military discipline sat uneasily upon the shoulders of Big Sam. He could not grasp the idea. Having always been accustomed to his own way, it was hard to resign his individuality, and subordinate himself to the will of shoulder straps. If the work of putting down the rebellion could have been effected with a "hurrah"—a fight in the morning and a frolic at night—each patriot going in voluntarily, staying as long as he wanted to and using his judgment about retiring when he had enough, Big Sam would have liked it. But he abominated the tomfoolery of dress parade, and the absurdity of guard mounting disgusted him.

Sam was insubordinate. He was amenable to reason when sober, but he would get drunk on an average twice a week, and then he was a source of vexation to the officers and a bad example to the men. He would fight, break guard, curse the officers and make himself disagreeable in a hundred ways. As the green rabble were transformed into soldiers, and the slouching, shambling gait was supplanted by the martial tread of the soldier, discipline tightened on Big Sam; but he did not mind it. He could get as tight as discipline could. He cared not for guard house, or any of the thousand and one ingenious punishments devised to reduce his obstinate spirit, and he snapped his fingers at court martial. One thing about the brute. He

had indomitable courage. He was an exception to the rule that a bully is always a coward. I have seen him heap the foulest epithets on an officer with a cocked revolver in one hand and a watch in the other, waiting for the allotted five minutes to expire before being shot for gross insubordination. By every vile abuse his ingenuity could devise, Big Sam invited death, but the natural repugnance which every one feels to shedding the blood of an unarmed man prevailed over a sense of duty, and Big Sam was spared, "to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." Matters finally became critical with the regimental elephant. It was quite apparent that *something* must be done with him. If he had taken it into his jackass head to desert it would have relieved the colonel of a load of responsibility. No reward would have been offered for him, and no attempt would have been made to hunt him up or down. The colonel pondered over him. Several courses of treatment suggested themselves. He might be shot almost any day in the week with good effect on the regimental *morale*, or he might be drummed out with a full regimental band playing the Rogue's March; but the colonel was loth to accept either of these alternatives. So he tried an experiment. He made him a corporal. Big Sam went into the colonel's tent wearing his usual sullen look, and came out bewildered and foolish. He could not understand it. He pondered the matter, and the more he turned it over, the more inextricably confused he became. However, from that moment

there was a change, or rather a succession of changes, in Big Sam.

The first change was that of his shirt, and as he appeared at guard-mounting with his face washed, his coat brushed, and the new chevrons on his sleeves, he appeared quite a different man. His opinions on various mooted military points underwent a radical change. The adjutant's way of putting it—"You have no right to think, sir. The Government pays men to think for you!"—no longer struck him as being a monstrous infringement of individual rights. Circumstances alter cases, and from his corporal standpoint, the old East Indian's rude enunciation of a great military idea no longer appeared so monstrously arbitrary. Big Sam felt that he now was paid by the Government to think for others. Unlike many, Big Sam did not become a tyrant as soon as he was promoted. The dignity of the position was duly appreciated, but he was not inflated by its importance. He was as stern a corporal in all matters of duty as ever posted a sentinel, but he was impartial and just in the exercise of his authority. From the worst man and the most insubordinate soldier in the regiment he became orderly, well-behaved and trustworthy. His drunks became few and far between, and even in his cups he never forgot that he was an officer in the service of the republic, and that his name was at stake.

Big Sam died ingloriously. It was all about a little matter of honey. He had discovered a beehive near the camp, and had told a comrade of it

in confidence. One day when far gone under the influence of his ancient enemy, he concluded he would go out and harvest his honey. Unluckily he encountered his perfidious comrade, apparently bent on the same errand, on the ground. The sergeant was quite as drunk as the big corporal. There were hot words, and mutual recriminations. The sergeant, a small, slightly built man, wanted to fight, but Big Sam scorned to fight so small a man. He proposed ten paces, and a settlement with revolvers, and his proposition was accepted. The ground was stepped, the word given, and the pistols cracked simultaneously. A navy ball passed through the sergeant's hair, and Big Sam lay stretched upon the grass, spitting blood. The bullet had passed through his lungs. He was on his feet in a moment, and "reckoned" it didn't amount to much. The sergeant, pale as a sheet and sobered by the termination of the affair, was at his side in a moment, anxiously inquiring where he was hit, and the night-capped head of the rightful owner of the honey, who had been a horror-stricken witness of the affair, was hastily withdrawn from the upper window out of which it had been protruded.

"Sergeant, you'll have to help me to camp," said Big Sam. "I feel kind o' squeamish like, and I'm afraid you've cooked my goose for me. We're a couple o' d—d fools anyhow. But I'm d—d glad I didn't hit you."

Big Sam lay on his cot in the hospital, which was located on an old wharf boat. It was on the

night of the tenth day since the moonlight duel over the beehive. He had steadily and obstinately refused at first to tell how he had received his wound, but the sergeant, a prey to unavailing regrets, had told the whole story, and the owner of the honey had corroborated it. Big Sam's iron constitution had held out manfully, and hopes of his recovery were entertained. A paymaster was in camp, and the rolls had been brought down for Big Sam to sign. Partially raising himself on one elbow, he grasped the pen, wrote his name in great sprawling letters, and fell back exhausted. Then he slept, for a short time, awaking with a start. "Lieutenant," he called, with something of alarm in his voice, "Come to me. D—d if I aint dying! Yes I am! I feel it. I'll be dead in ten minutes. Lieutenant, I've been a hard case. I never had no raisin', and growed up among thieves and drunkards, but by G—d I've tried to make a man of myself an' do my duty by the boys. Tell Jake not to fret about it. I was more to blame than him. You draw my money to-morrow and send it to ——. Pay Stigall a dollar out of it. What the h—ll did you put the light out for? No? Good God! I'm blind! Good bye, Lieutenant! I'm going. Christ have mercy on me."

His eyes closed, and his breathing was that of a dying man. After a few moments of silence, broken only by the labored respiration, he muttered in broken tones, "Fool! All for—a little—stolen honey!" And then Big Sam turned half

way over, a convulsive shiver ran through his giant frame, his legs stiffened out, and he was dead.

I have given the death-bed scene of Big Sam as I remember it, in all its horrible profanity, without apology. The Sergeant was court-martialed, but nothing was done with him. The death of Big Sam, however, has always lain heavily on his conscience. Since that awful night he has eaten no honey nor drank any liquor.

JIM BALES' DOG FIGHT.

WE could not be mistaken. We knew him by his long, loose-jointed legs, his shambling gait, and the peculiar manner in which he slung his ape-like arms about him. His face was scored like pork, and patched up with bits of sticking plaster. One ear had been "chawed off," and both eyes were terribly bunged. Some accomplished artist had evidently undertaken the job of polishing him off. When we say *him*, we wish to be understood as alluding to our osseous friend, Mr. James Bales, Esq., a long, lean, gaunt and hungry patriot who lives over the river, and earns his bread by fishing and hunting, with brief variations in the way of manual labor. Jim isn't on good terms with our Spanish friend, Manual, and generally picks a quarrel with him the first week, relapsing into vagabondism. His standard amusements are tobacco chewing, whisky drinking, fiddling and fighting. He has abundance of pluck and a fair knowledge of the manly art; and hence —a felicitous expression, for which we acknowledge our indebtedness to a well-known educator—

we were somewhat surprised to see him so badly used up.

"Hullo! Jim! been fightin'?"

The long, shambling legs came to a dead halt, the windmill arms ceased to vibrate, and he regarded us with a half-puzzled, half-defiant glare.

"W'y George, I didn't see yer. Ha'nt seen much o' anything for the last ten days. Look at them eyes, George. D'ye think ye could git along with sech a pair o' optics yerself? Ef ye do, I can tell ye jest whar to git 'em. And I don't charge nothin' for the information, nuther. Been fightin'? You're mighty right. Glad to see ye! Blast my eyes (wot's left of 'em) ef I aint! Give us a chaw."

He twisted off about two ounces of cavendish and thrust it into his cavernous jaws.

"Well, George, that's about the meanest terbacker I ever knowed a white man to carry. Not white enough to spile the hide, though, are ye, George? Haw! haw! If I was in your ——"

"But about the fight, Jim."

"Yes, I'm a comin' to that. But, George, I'm dry as a lime-kiln. Got any stamps? Yes? Well, jest lend me a dollar—that'll make it an even five, you know—an' I'll set 'em up. Less go in h'yar to the S' Nickelus, and arter I've lubricated with about forty drops o' instant death, I'll tell ye the whole story. Don't drink? Tell that to marines, Georgey, but it won't go down wi' me. You see I know ye—know'd ye in the army. Ef you'd ever been cashiered, it wouldn't a bin on account o' not

punishin' your share o' commissary. Hey, Georgey?"

The amount of fluid with which Mr. Bales proposed to "lubricate" was certainly the most astonishing "forty drops" that ever came within the observation of that barkeeper. He stared in open mouthed wonder, and muttered some incoherent nonsense about doing a wholesale business.

Having enveloped his benzine, which he did at a single gulp, finishing the performance with a relishing smack of the lips, we pressed Jim for the story of his fight.

"Well, you see," began Mr. Bales, first polishing his worst eye with the remains of a red silk handkerchief, "I had bin workin' purty steady at the pork'us, and had got sort o' tired o' spar ribs an' sich. They kind o' turned agin me, you know, an' I hankered arter wild game—a brile squirrel, or a couple o' nice patridges. So thought I'd jest take my gun an' try the fields round. Lize said I had better a durned sight go to work an' git money enough to buy myself a pair o' boots. I had a sort o' sneakin' notion that Lize's head was level; but you know, George, these women han't much idee o' field sports, anyhow, an' as I'd bin a workin' purty study for more'n a week, I thought I'd go jest once, an' trust to luck fur the boots. So givin' Jule, the bitch, a preliminnerry thrashin', to subdue the exuberance of her animal sperits, I started out. Lize was mad as a hornet, an' her little black eyes was a snappin' like coals o' fire. I know'd I wasn't doin' the

clean thing by Lize, who is a good woman, George, only she has the allfiredest temper in the world; but I was mighty tired o' work, an' needed a little recreation. Well, as I was sayin', we started out, an' beat over a dozen fields without raisin' anything bigger'n a grasshopper. Jule worked mighty industrious, (she was afraid of another lickin') but there wasn't a feather in a rajus o' ten mild. The infernal town hunters had skeered the blasted birds clean outen the county. A big disgust come over me, an' I started fur Stringtown. I gravitated into a pizen shop, and thar I found a feller with a fiddle. You know my weakness, George. I kin no more git away from a fiddle, speshally ef there's any rum about, than a hoss kin git away from a burnin' stable. Consequence was that midnight found me a fiddlin' an' dancin', drunker nor a biled owl. I'll never tell ye how I gut home, but when I did sneak in I found Lize ready fur me, bilin' over with madness, cocked an' primed with a big, curting lecture. I've had many a curting lecture, George, but blamed ef that wasn't the completest one I ever heerd tell on. Lize astonished me, an' I da' say she astonished herself. I didn't think it was in her. There's nothin' equal to a woman's tongue when it gits a goin' rightly, an' ef that blessed female didn't keep it up, without intermission for refreshments, the livelong night, then may I never taste sperits agin. She jawed and jawed till I thought the hinges would a wore out, an' the more I said nothin' the harder she jawed. Ef I per-

tended to snore she'd punch me in the ribs. I thought of a tough ramrod I had in the corner, an' was orfully tempted to try it on her; but that would a' been too durned mean. Or'nary an' triflin' as I am I never yet licked a woman, George, but a feller that drinks Stringtown whisky is never safe, even from that. But I banished the ramrod from my mind, an' told Satan to git him behind me, an' he got. Finally, about daylight, Lize got kind o' hystericky, an' I dropped into a oneasy sleep, durin' which I could hear Lize's tongue still a goin' it, an' sech words as 'brute,' 'beast,' an' 'hog,' comin' an allfired sight thicker an' faster than bullets did in the whisky charge at Port Hudson. That died out in time, an' I slept like a log. Ever drink any Stringtown whisky, George? No? Well, then, there's a new sensation a waitin' for you."

At this point Mr. Bales' throat became husky, and the barkeeper was again astonished to the extent of forty drops, after which the historian proceeded:

"I don't think I had slept more'n fifteen minutes when I was waked up by the orfullest howl you ever heerd. I riz up sort o' galvanic like, jest in time to see the bitch a scootin' out o' the door in a mist o' steam, and Lize standin' in the middle o' the floor, with the tea-kettle in her hand. You orter see that animile's back, George; not a sign o' har from the shoulders to the tail, no more'n there is in the palm o' my hand. At first I thought it was a accident, but when I seed Lize (durn 'er)

reach for my fiddle, I know'd she done it a purpose. Blamed ef she didn't smash it into a thousand pieces. Then she made a dive for my gun—the one I won at a raffle, George. I jumped out, but a leetle too late—jest in time to ketch her after she'd broke it off at britch. I thought of the ramrod agin, but blamed ef she didn't soon take that outen me. She made a swipe at me with the gun barrels, an' I swindled ole Allred outen a job by a clever dodge. Things was a gettin' serous, an' I lit out. It was a right sharp mornin', an' my costume was rather airy for the season; so, arter hangin' around the chimley for ten minutes, and shiverin' until my teeth chattered like a skeered monkey, I concluded I would look in. Lize was a settin' in the corner, with her face to the wall. I smoke in, got into my duds in somethin' of a hurry, bid Mrs. Bales an affectionate good mornin', and left fur the river. You're right agin, old hoss! I wasn't in the sweetest humor. There was a swarm o' bees buzzin' in my head, which seemed 'bout the size of a kit of No. 1 mackerel, an' I felt savage as a wild Injun. Well, I got down to the pork'us, an' was standin' around, waitin', when along come a big red-headed lummux, who makes his wharabouts in the Broad Riffle settlement. He wer a haulin' hogs, and had with him one of the sneakinest brindle dogs that you ever see—jest the kind o' dog as any jury of his countrymen would convict of sheep-killin' and aig-suckin' on a shadder o' suckemstanshul evidence. I'd seen the ornery cuss and his dog many a time before hangin' around the

Stringtown groceries, and durned ef I liked either of 'em; but I kept my fly-trap shet, 'cause you see, Georgey, he was mighty wide out between the shoulders, an' I wasn't altogether clear in my own mind that he wouldn't git away with me. This mornin', howsever, I was so mad I could a' fit McCoole hisself, an' when the blasted cur come a smellin' around me, to see whether I was one o' his sort, I s'pose, I jest handed him a kick under the ear, which landed him all of a heap in the fence corner, a howlin' until you might a' heerd him at the lunatic asylum. In a minute Red Head was off his wagon and a comin' at me, lookin' mighty vicious. Says'e, "'Jim Bales, what did you kick my dog fur? I'd ruther you'd kick me than to have you kick Scrunch." I knew there was goin' to be a fight, an' it was jest in my line. 'Well,' said I, 'I'd jest as leave kick you as yer blasted, suck-aig hound. Wot are you goin' to do about it?' I knew it was a comin', but it come a little sooner than I expected. There was something like the bustin' of a ten inch shell atwixt the eyes, an' I see a million o' stars. I think I turned as purty a summerset as ever you see outside the circus. I got up an' went at him again, when I caught a reglar rib-roaster. I could feel 'em crack jest z'if you'd hit 'em with a maul. 'Taint wuth while to give each round separate, George. For the fust ten minutes I got the wust of it, and was beginnin' to feel sorry I had undertaken the job, when I found his wind was a failin' him. That's where old Bales gits 'em all George. He outwinds 'em. The tide had

turned, and he was flat of his back, and the subscriber was gittin' his money back with neatness and dispatch. He was jest gittin' ready to blate when the blasted dog come up and bit me——,"

"Where?" we inquired,

"None 'o your durned business," said Jim, with more heat than the nature of the question called for; "but it was an orful bite, and I hain't sot down with no sort 'o satisfaction sence. But as I was a sayin' when you put in with your fool question—durn a fool, anyhow—when the dog bit me I gin' a most onearthly yell, an' jumped up to fight the enemy in the rear. The other feller took a fresh start while I was lookin' arter the dog, and he gimme a sockdologer under the ear which sent me to grass. He wasn't long a gittin' astraddle of me, and the way he put in the licks was truly astonishin'. I've had more'n a hundred fights, George, but he's the nastiest customer I ever run afoul of. It was wuss than your fight with the Grand Army. Let's liquor."

"But how did it end, Jim?"

"Well, you see, he's a heftier man than me, anyhow, an' it was nip an' tuck, but I b'lieve ef—"

"But which licked?"

"Well, George, it wer hardly a far fight. You see I'd had no breakfast, and the infernal Stringtown whisky—"

"Yes. But the result. How did you come out?"

"Well, you see, ef it hadn't a' been for the dog—"

"Oh, blow the dog! Did you clean him out?"

"Well, ef you must know, I HOLLERED, durn ye, an' I reckon you'd a hollered too, ef you'd a had Goliar astraddle of ye, shettin' off yer wind with one hand while he gouged the eyes outen ye with the other. I'm done fightin' an' fiddlin' George, and am goin' to work ef I kin find somethin' light and genteel. I'd ruther tend bar, but ef you see H. tell him I'd take a sit to curry hosses ruther'n remain idle. Lize is right arter all, ef she could only hold her blasted tongue. Goin' George? Couldn't lend me a dollar till I see Tom Hardin', could ye? No? Well, good bye."

We had got to the corner when Mr. Bales called us back.

"Look 'e h'yar, George, I've quit fightin', but ef you print anything about this fight, durned ef I don't break every bone in your black hide."

MAN,

CONSIDERED AS A CANDLE.

WHAT is man? The old conundrum which has never been satisfactorily answered. A limited acquaintance with anatomical and physiological science teaches us that man is made of blood, bones, muscle, cartilages, integuments, intestines, hair, horns, sheep's wool, leather, stove-pipe hats, and other miscellaneous ingredients; but these, though essential, are not all of man. Plato's definition—a two-legged animal without feathers—was good enough, until a captious student plucked a Cochin China cock, and held up the denuded fowl before the puzzled philosopher with the admonition, "Behold your man!" "The animal that laughs," provided a ready solution to the problem, until it was discovered that the hyena also laughs. Job probably came as near meeting the question as any one else has ever done, when he said, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." Still the answer is a little lame in some particulars, which it would be

neither pleasant nor profitable to consider just at present. Suppose, for instance, we consider man in the light of a candle, not by candle-light. It will not do to trace these resemblances too closely, of course, and due license must be accorded, with the usual privilege of ignoring such facts as do not suit us, gently distorting where it is necessary, and dwelling strongly on the available features of the case.

Man's life is, in many respects, like the burning of a candle. If the candle is properly made, and the burning is not interrupted by swaying to and fro, or by gusts of wind, the combustion goes steadily on, emitting an even light; but at the expense of the material. The end comes in due time, and the candle is burnt out. There is a flickering in the socket, a convulsive leaping up of the flame, and the candle goes out in utter darkness. "Out brief candle," is the manner in which Shakespeare puts it. The candle of man's existence, to run its natural course, will finally expire in darkness. But this event may be hastened by extraneous influences. As a puff of wind will extinguish the tallow dip, a trifling interference with the natural course of combustion—a tap on the head with a bludgeon, a mince pie or a lobster salad late at night, the breathing of a sufficient amount of slaughter-house effluvia, to inaugurate typhoid fever—a fall from a horse, a cramp in the water, or any one of a thousand trifling incidents—may extinguish the flame of a human candle. This thing we call life is held, or

holds itself, by a frail and uncertain tenure which, as Carlyle remarks, the splutter of a pistol-shot, or the prick of a bare bodkin will destroy. Hence, the slang phrase for killing a man comes by the easy analogy of reasoning to be known as "snuffing out his light."

Different men burn differently. Here is one whose life is a steady, even flame, emitting a clear light, and when rudely jostled only spilling a trifle of grease, and again resuming the even tenor of his combustion. This is the human stearine. And again, we have the autocratic wax taper, emitting a perfumed light, but expiring when the end comes with as hopeless a flutter as that which characterizes the vulgar dip. The tallow candle, which requires frequent trimming, guttering and wasting its substance without affording much light, and burning with a nauseous smell, is typical of the lives of some men. And there are others who remind us of that fire-work known as the Roman candle, by the fizzing rapidity of their consumption, relieved by periodical explosions, projecting meteor-like balls of fire into surrounding space.

The flame of the candle suggests the intelligence, vital principle and soul of man. A puff of breath, or a nip with the snuffers, and the flame is gone. The candle may be relighted, but it is not the same flame which was extinguished. *That* is gone beyond reach. It is out of existence. The elements that constituted it are still in existence, and a new flame may be raised, but it is not the flame which we saw extinguished, snuffed out a

moment since. It is but a little thing to puzzle one's brain about, and yet it is enough to start the most painful train of thoughts. What if man's life once extinguished is like the snuffed-out flame of the candle? What if the impalpable atoms which constitute the soul should follow the laws of inanimate matter, and eternally perish and be eternally reproduced, but never in the same combinations? We understand that nothing material perishes or is created. There is constant change, but no new creation of the elements which in certain combinations make up the flesh, hair, fingernails, blood and bones of an earthly tabernacle. Men die and worms do eat them. The soil absorbs them, and gives them out again in new combinations; but never again in the endless cycles of time can the man who has once lived and died be reproduced by an accidental reunion of the identical atoms of which he was composed, or if he is, he will never know it, which amounts to the same thing. The fearful thought obtrudes itself that possibly the same laws may govern the life and death of the soul—that when snuffed out like the flame of the candle, its identity is eternally lost; that the atoms of intelligence constituting the soul may enter into other souls; but never by any possibility can they be re-united in the same proportions. It is a sad muddle at best, and nothing can be gained by vain endeavors to unravel the hopeless tangle. The instincts of human nature revolt at the horrible thought of annihilation, and even the lowest races of men entertain crude ideas of life

beyond the grave. It is better to accept this hope of immortality as a matter of course than become a prey to self-tormenting doubts, and become insane in the hopeless efforts to comprehend the incomprehensible. But if man dying shall live again, what of the beasts? Is there any difference in the phenomena which attend the birth, life and death of a dog and those which mark the exit and entrance of man? Do they not each gasp the same, and are not the writhings and convulsions of the supreme moment the same, to all human appearances, in either case? The dog has a certain amount of intelligence in life. It is less than that of a complete man and greater than that of an idiotic man. But this is getting near to dangerous ground again — ground which has quaked and yawned beneath the tread of others; in whose fateful furrows stand the dread danger-posts warning the fool-hardy from nearer approach. "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Ay, where is he?

THE FEMALE SPIDER.

"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!"—*Pope.*

Of all the extensive family of *Arachnida*, the spider under consideration is the most interesting, while its habits are least understood. The female spider spins, but it is not every *spinster* who is a spider. Indeed, the sex generally are the flies that tangle themselves in webs of others' weaving, and are devoured—while the female spider is an anomaly—the avenging Nemesis of her sex—spinning and weaving meshes for the ensnarement of the common enemy. She is an innocent looking creature, and the threads with which she binds her victims are of the finest gossamer, though they have the strength of bars of steel. The more we study the habits of this creature, the more we are lost in amazement. We can trace her origin to no distinct source, and she is not amenable to the laws of production. At some time in her life she has probably been a fly herself, and struggled to shake of the thraldom of some disgusting male spider's web, only succeeded by doffing the characteristics of the fly species, and becoming a spider. And in support of this theory we quote Holy Writ, for is it not

written, that they shall hatch cockatrice's eggs, and whatever is crushed turneth to a spider?

There is one peculiarity about the female spider's mode of capturing her prey which is worthy of special mention. Ordinarily the entanglement of a fly in the web is the work of accident or fate. Gaily buzzing around, careless of anything, save the pursuit of pleasure, and with a blind confidence in her supposed ability to take care of herself, the fly dashes into the web artfully spread in some favorite haunt, and in a moment her wings are bound. She may buzz piteously and struggle desperately, but to no avail. She is devoured by the hairy, hideous monster, or only escapes terribly lacerated, unable to compete with her more fortunate fellow flies in the mad whirl, and an object of pity, if not of contempt.

The female spider's web, however, is plainly visible, and the victim buzzes into it with his eyes open. But he labors under a singular delusion. Judging only from outside appearances, he makes the fatal mistake of believing this spider to be no more than a common fly, all the time fancying *he* is the spider that is going to devour her. The meshes are woven around him, and still he fails to comprehend the situation. He whets his appetite by gloating over this spider so like a fly in her make-up, as to deceive the very elect of spiders, and more hopelessly entangles himself in the effort to approach nearer. Finally, the critical moment draws near, and with an appetite sharpened by pursuit, he attempts a dinner. He makes a dis-

covery which leaves him utterly bewildered. The fly is not a fly after all, but a spider, infinitely more subtle than *his* kind. After a desperate struggle he accepts the situation, and becomes a helpless fly, still retaining all the savage instincts of the spider. He suffers the horrors of Tantalus, "in sight of heaven, enduring hell." Dead Sea fruit is his only diet. His spider instincts rage within him, and his fangs whet themselves in impotent rage. This is the female spider's diet. She does not devour him bodily, after the manner of ordinary spiders, but she feeds on his sighs and groans, and his complaining buzzings are music to her ears. He becomes enamored of the thousand delicate little filaments which bind him; but at times there comes a revulsion, and he makes a fierce struggle for freedom. With a syren song, she again rouses his spider instincts to the pursuit, and weaves a stronger web about him.

She welcomes to her net those foolish, noisy flies. Here is a great blundering booby of a blue-bottle; with a pompous strut and a sonorous song, he dashes in the midst of the silken threads, and, like an insect Samson, is straightway taken in the toils. There is something ludicrous in the consternation with which he meets his defeat, and something contemptible in the craven submission with which he suffers himself to be bound, wing and foot, without another effort to accomplish his original purpose. And then comes the rapacious dragon fly, with a noise like the blare of a trumpet. It takes longer to settle him, and he is ever

restive in the meshes. And then there is the gad-fly, and the horsefly, and the shoo-fly, all finding comfortable entanglement in the web, with an occasional mosquito, and now and then a gaudy butterfly, odorous with balm of a thousand flowers. It is curious as well as instructive to watch the vindictiveness with which the spoiler grabs her prey. There is no "will you walk into my parlor air" about her now; no shy, timid glances as when she lurked in the far corner of her silken den, waiting, watching for the poor, foolish one now writhing beneath her sharp stiletto. All pretense of virtue has vanished. She is only a wrathful, greedy spider, feeding on her helpless victim in gloating silence and with hideous mien. Soon she will have rent those gauzy wings that so lately floated on the ambient air, or have borne away the delicate remains of the feast to her secret larder; then, with swift and silent shuttle, she will repair the meshes now torn or tangled by the late struggle, and set her wiles again.

DIED.

AT THE residence of her father, Miss Flora K. Harding, daughter of George C. Harding, aged 19 years.

A noble life, full of promise, has gone out in shame. She loved much and she suffered much. Her sorrowful soul, released from earth-burdens, has gone to meet its God, to lay before Him the cruel wrongs for which earth has no redress. Poor, fond heart! ill-starred from birth, your tempestuous beatings are stilled, your restless longings will trouble no more! Her's was a joyless childhood, warped and distorted by relentless circumstances. Her womanhood is blasted in the bud. Despite unfortunate traits and unhappy moods, in which she seemed to move and act as if under some wierd spell, her underlying nature was noble, generous, unselfish, self-sacrificing, with an honest pride which would scorn to do a mean action. The unhappy circumstances attending her childhood had impressed her nature with an ineffaceable tinge of melancholy. She was despondent always, rather than sanguine. "Papa," she said to me once, when a cherished desire was thwarted, and I was endeavoring to console her;

"don't distress yourself about me. My entire life has been a disappointment." Notwithstanding the sombre tints in her nature, she was at times almost unnaturally vivacious. But even in her most cheery moments an apparent consciousness of the falseness and hollowness of earthly things could be noted. Her deepest and profoundest feeling, the one which was ever present and was never overshadowed by doubts, or obscured by less worthy sentiments, was love for her unhappy father. This love had taken root in her infantile mind, at an age when impressions are easily effaced, but it grew without nurture, and seemed to strike deeper its roots, and grow more luxuriant in leaf and bloom, the more it was deprived of light and air. It survived absence, apparent neglect, hostile influences; and so soon as she was of age she came to the father whose love she had never doubted.

In her religious nature she was peculiar. She had the profoundest veneration for Deity, and a sublime confidence in his justness, but she had no sympathy with creeds, or the forms of religion. She believed in the law of compensation, and having known but little save unhappiness, she believed that the future, either on earth or in Heaven, had recompense in store for her. She often jested on the subject of suicide, and on one occasion being reproved, and told that God frowned upon self-murder, she said, "Papa, I am not afraid of God."

There are fewer brighter intellects than Flora's,

and her future was full of promise. She had a remarkably felicitous command of language, and was exceedingly versatile. While she knew nothing of politics, her familiarity with recondite subjects was wonderful. In reasoning she was subtle and in thought she was powerful and searching. She had determined on literature as a profession, and had she lived, would have made her mark in the world of letters.

The cruelest reflection in this hour of bitterest agony is that her father might have been less stern and more sympathetic in his intercourse with her, though he could not have loved her more. With two such natures an estrangement is apt to raise up an invisible but impassable barrier, and while there may be no spoken word of unkindness, the reserve is infinitely more cruel and cutting than words could be. The unhappy secret—the first withholding of confidence—caused such a feeling, and this was only broken down the night before her death, when, on her father's breast, with her arms about his neck, in heart-broken sobs she told him the dreadful story, and pleaded for his forgiveness, not so much for her sin as for the want of confidence in him. All was forgiven, and father and daughter once more reconciled. Even then she had determined on suicide, and that last, heart-breaking interview, so sweet to remember and yet so sad, must be invested with all the sanctity of a death-bed revelation.

Through that long last day of suffering I watched with her, alternately cheered by hope and torn with

the anguish of despair, and with the last gasp, as the suffering soul took its tremulous flight, two great tears came from the filmy eyes and rolled over the face, across which was stealing the shadow of the Death Angel. She has gone to her God, who will judge her not by the iron rule which brings all natures to a common measurement, but according to her deserts. God could not be God without being just, and with him I leave my daughter. But it does seem as if he should have some thunderbolt, red with uncommon wrath, to strike the wretch who pursues his victim, with foul and venomous tongue, into the grave itself.

Oh loving heart—daughter—soul-scarred with suffering—sinful yet pure and white—Farewell!

BALES, HIMSELF.

"BALES, you're drunk!"

He was sitting on the bridge, his long legs dangling loosely in the air, while he occasionally squirted tobacco juice into the muddy water of the canal.

"That's about the size of it, Georgey. You accidentally stumbled on the truth that time. As it's the fust offense, though, I won't lay it up agin ye. Yes, I am drunk, moderately. Ef I had a biled owl, I'd get drunker nor one."

"Why don't you go home?"

Mr. Bales chuckled silently.

"I reckon, Georgey, you ain't been down about the grocery lately or you'd 'a heerd of it. Fact is, I das'nt go home. Been a layin' out for three nights. Betse an' Lize 'ud make it extremely onhealthy for me jest now. What's the matter? Well, you jest brush the seat o' them striped breeches, an' hang them candle sticks o' your'n over this catarict alongside o' me, an' I'll tell ye. None o' your sniggerin', you durned Arab. I'll do all the laughin' that's neccssary. Gi' me a chaw."

Rolling up a ball of fine cut about the size of a

bantam egg, Mr. Bales thrust it into his western jaw, and continued.

"Did I tell you 'bout Betse an' Lize gettin' fashionable? Yes? Well, you see, it has allus gone agin the grain with me, this tomfoolery o' hair an' hoops, an' bustles, but ef you know anything about women, George, an' I reckon you do, you know a man might jest as well give in fust as last, fur they will have their own way, durn 'em. An' by the way, did it ever strike you that they're gittin' to be bigger fools every year? It ain't only the grown up women as makes skeerkrows of themselves, but the little gals, who should be makin' dirt pies, or ridin' a see-saw a-straddle, has got at it, an' are jest as big fools as their sisters. Every brat ten years old must have her shinnion, an' her high-heeled shoes, an' her flubdubberies. And what's wuss, the old uns encourages 'em in it. Every little chit must carry herself like a lady, as they call it, an' they even go so fur as to counterfeit natur', to make 'em appear older'n they are. D'ye notice, George, what a percocious d'velopment there is 'bout the bosom o' these little critters? Cotton? Of course it's cotton, or rags, or bran, or somethin' of the kind. We all know it ain't natur', for natur never makes any show o' that kind until there's some use for it, and in this here temprit zone the sex is hardly calc'lated for the juties o' maternity at the age o' ten years. But w'at's the use o' this sham? Now, w'en a full grown woman finds herself lackin' in this matter o' shape, I can't say as I kin blame her for flyin' to curled hair, Spanish

moss, or cotton. There is some excuse fur her. Leastways there's a motive in it.

"I tell you, George, the female portion o' the great North American race ripens soon enough fur any use, an' it don't need any hot-house fur 'em. About Betse? Well, I'm comin' to that. You see Lize has been going to school, an' soshiatin' with grown-up gals until her durned tow-head is full o' fashion an' fellers, an' gittin' married. But that's not the worst of it. George, would you b'leeve it? Betse has got it worse than Lize. She's got to runnin' with that old catamaran, Mrs. Flounce, the milliner, an' she's been adding to her fooleries, little by little, until she comes out in what she calls full dress. She's a regular show. She keeps the house stunk up with all sorts o' perfumes, an' puts powder an' some sort o' chalky stuff they call "Sweet Sixteen" on her face. An' then she concluded she must give a party to a lot o' old hens and their broods which she has got acquainted with in the neighborhood. She kept it devilish sly from me, only I saw there was a heap o' fixin' up an' bakin' goin' on. Last Tuesday night I went home an' found Lize in an awful splutter. She hed on a new white dress made with low neck an' short sleeves, an' on the table was lyin' one o' them monstrous hair fixins which they call Shetlin braids. You know what I mean, George—one o' them things made o' rolls o' dead people's hair over a frame-work of somethin' cheaper, an' three tails o' curled hair a-hangin' alone. It was a trifle *less*'n a hay-cock in size, but it made an awful

pile. An' then Lize told me about the party, an' you kin bet your bottom entrail I was hoppin' mad. I d—d around right lively for a while, but Lize took it cool, an' told me to keep my shirt on. An' then I said, sort o' sourkastic like, says I:

"Lize, you'd better keep your own shirt on. Leastways you'd better put on one that's a little longer at the top."

You see Lize ain't no use fur any o' that cotton or curled hair we was talkin' about, and she's fool enough to be proud o' her white skin. When I told her that she didn't blush a durned bit. She only laughed, an' told me to "Honey swot kee Molly Pouse!" Now what'n hell d'ye s'pose the wench meant by that lingo, George? I don't know Molly Pouse, an' what's she got to do with it, anyhow? Reckon she's one o' them whisk-y, frisky, teeterin', gigglin' heifers at the seminary where Lize is gettin' polished. But I ain't a-goin' to be "honey swotted" at by any one o' my own kids. I tell you I was madder'n a bull fur a little while, an' I got out a green cowhide which I keep to lick the dogs with, an' I had a devil uv a notion to give Lize about twenty-five, and Betse a hundred, but I thought better of it. You see, George, I've allus been a drunken, hell-raisin', trifling, or'nary cuss; but I never yit lifted a hand agin the wife of my bosom, an' never felt like it till she got to be sech a durned fool. I b'leeve with the play actors, that the man who raises a hand agin a woman, 'cept when she deserves it, is a coward whom it were base flattery to call an insect. So, instead o'

lammin' Lize, I sot down in a corner an' sulked. Bimeby she went down stairs to consult with Betse, an' I went to the mantle board to light a seegyar, when I seen a bottle o' medicine. Jest about that time, George, an idee struck me, an' I laid down on the floor an' laughed until I nearly busted a blood-vessel. I must tell you about the medicine. It was for Betse. Sick? Bless you, no! She never was sick a day in her life, 'cept on occasions when, 'cordin' to my idees, it's no disgrace to be sick, an' then she made mighty short work o' it. But you see sence she got to runnin' with that old catamaran, she hed heerd her tellin' about her durned nerves, until Betse come to think a woman couldn't be respectable 'thout she was nervous. Just think o' Betse with nerves! It's the most ree-dicklus idee ever heerd of. But anyway she sent fur old Bolus, an' he perscribed fur her nerves. George, d'ye know anything 'bout drugs? Yes? Well, then, you know there's nothin' in the entire Mattera Medico as stinks worse'n the valerianate of ammonia. It ain't a good square stink like assyfitity, which you can wash off, or throw into the alley, but it is the awfulest, pukinest smell in the world, more stinkin' 'n limburg cheese, an' when you once git it on you it hangs on like the seven year each. Well, this medicine 't old Bolus give Betse for 'er nerves"—(Here Mr. Bales laughed inwardly and quietly for fifty seconds) "was mainly composed of valerianate of ammonia. Long as you kep' it corked tight it didn't matter, but the idee which I heve

heretofore mentioned as havin' struck me, didn't comprise the keepin' of it corked tight. So I jest emptied the entire bottle in Lize's Shetlin braid, an' then jumped into a biled shirt, put on my velvet close, an' notified Mrs. Bales that I'd make one o' that festive gatherin' myself, ef she had no objections. Betse didn't like it, but she couldn't make any reasonable objection. So I tuk root in the parlor, an' waited for the company.

That old Jezebel Flounce was the fust arrival, of course, an' then came, one arter another, Wash Simpkins with his gal, an' Bill Porter with his gal, an' a lot o' counterhoppers with their gals, an' a whole lot o' others dropped in sort o' permiscuous, an' finally Charley Shannon, who's disposed to be sweet on Lize, sneaked in, lookin' mighty oneasy in a new suit an' a pair o' green kids. Lize was a little late in gettin' down, but she finally sailed in, lookin' mighty nice, I must say. I must tell you, George, somethin' about Lize, which you probably never knew, though you've known her sence she was knee high to a duck. She can't smell a durned bit. She's mightily ashamed of it, an' is always smellin' flowers, an' sayin', "how nice!" when at the same time she might go right through Si Keck's soap factory, an' never know the difference, 'thout somebody told her. Well, when Lize cum into the room a bowin' and simperin, and puttin' on an immense amount of style, thar was sumthin' of a kermotion among the crowd. Old Flounce held her nose, an' Betse's face got redder'n a beat, while the young men looked at each

other, an' kind o' snickered. Lize went around among her company makin' herself agreeable, but somehow the young men didn't seem to hanker arter her ez they used to, and would make some excuse to sidle off. Then the gals begun to turn pale 'bout the gills, an' bimeby one arter another they slid out, a-holdin thar noses on the sly. All this time I was a-settin' in the corner, looking mighty demure. Betse finally whispered sumthin' in Lize's ear, an' she blushed scarlet, and then bolted up stairs. Then when I seed Betse a workin' over towards my corner, I gathered my hat and cut. I begun to conclude it wasn't healthy fur me about thar. Ez I was lumberin' up the street, chucklin' all over, I found Charley Shannon, with his arm around a lamp post, a pukin' in the gutter. He's a mighty finnicky sort o' a young man anyhow, an' I really thought he'd turn inside out. Says I: "Mr. Shannon, I'm ashamed o' you. Who'd a thought as nice a young man as you'd git bilin' drunk when he was goin' into serciety?" Says he: "Bales, I aint drunk. I am only sick." Says I: "What made ye sick, Charley?" The young man didn't know, but said he s'pected he'd swallered a fly!

And that's how I come to be layin' out for the past three days, Georgey. I was around perspectin' this mornin' to see ef it'd be safe to venture back, and from sum remarks I overheard Betse an' Lize makin' techin' the undersigned, I concluded it won't be wholesome. They was a diggin' a hole in the back yard to bury the shinnion in, and Betse

declared she'd hev a divorce, ef she hed to move back to Injanny to get it. But she jest wanted to lay hands on me. Wouldn't she give me hankins! I tell ye, George, I never saw her so worked up, an' I'm gettin' kind o' oneasy 'bout it. Couldn't you step round an' mollify the old lady? Tell her ef I'd knowed it was goin' to stink so, I wouldn't a' done it. In the meantime, let's go down to the S'Nichelus an' get some isters.

MOON-STRUCK.

I WONDER if any of my readers ever had a moon-stroke. Of course I do not mean the kind of stroke to which masculine humanity is peculiarly liable between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, the effects of which are loss of appetite, the purchase of a rhyming dictionary, and lavish expenditure for perfumed hair oil, a cultivation of shirt collars and a disposition to moonlight promenades, and furnace-like sighs. Such a stroke as that comes from a pair of bright eyes, rather than the full-orbed moon, and, I take it, every man who has something more than mere muscle thumping against the ribs of his left side, has had it at least once in his life. When I speak of a moon-stroke, I mean the mysterious and inexplicable influence which that white, deceitful, and lovely orb exercises on the human organism under certain circumstances—an influence which baffles the surgeon's skill, and drives men to madness and death.

Perhaps some skeptical reader may doubt the existence of such a thing as a moon-stroke. I know such things have been. And why not?

The moon exercises an influence—a palpable and powerful, but incomprehensible influence—on the tides—on vegetation—on the weather—on the temper and temperament of individuals, Ask your Dutch gardener. He will tell you that the moon exercises a decided influence on vegetation; that certain crops which bear their fruit beneath the earth must be planted in the "dark" of the moon, and that other crops, which bear fruit above ground, must be planted in the "light" of the moon. A farmer will also tell you that rails made of a tree cut in the dark of the moon will rot quicker than those cut when the moon is full. These things may be sneered at, but experience is often in advance of science. I, for one, believe in the moon. I believe that it meddles to an unwarrantable extent with sub-lunar affairs. I believe that it also exercises a baneful influence on people under certain circumstances. I have seen sailors off the Florida coast, lying down to sleep beneath a brilliant tropical moon, take as much pains to shield themselves from its beams as they would to protect them from the fierce rays of the tropical sun. Sailors are naturally superstitious, and those of whom I speak firmly believed that it was almost certain death to fall asleep in the glare of a full moon. A grain of truth is found at the bottom of most popular superstitions, and so it proved with regard to this. At the time I was skeptical. Afterwards I came to believe fully in the superstitions of the sailors on the Florida coast.

I was moon-struck myself. This is how it came

about. I was in the army, a ferocious, rebel-eating defender of my country. The regiment to which I was attached went to New Orleans with the cock-eyed warrior nicknamed "the Beast," and was among the first to land at the wharf, its splendid brass band, with a grim humor worthy of Suwarrow, striking up—

"Picayune Butler's coming, coming—
Picayune Butler's coming to town,"

as the cable was made fast, for the delectation of the rebel riff-raff which thronged the wharf to witness the landing of the Goths and Vandals. After performing "prodigies of valor" for a month, in the way of picking up stray steamboats from their hiding places in the neighboring rivers and bayous, exhuming brass cannons buried in the swamps and sacking an interior town in revenge for the murder of two of our men, we were ordered to Baton Rouge, and encamped in a beautiful magnolia grove about a mile from the river, with a cheerful grave-yard in front and another on the left flank. By one of those happy oversights which occur in rapid movements, we left our tents behind at Algiers, and didn't get them for a fortnight. The grove in which we pitched our camp-kettles was one of the loveliest spots in the entire South. The stately magnolias, in full bloom, loaded the atmostphere with their delicious fragrance, while smaller trees, matted with a luxuriant overgrowth of muscadines and wild grape vines, formed natural arbors, impervious to rain or dew. Hundreds of wild mocking birds fluttered among the fol-

iage, while little chameleon lizards, now bright green, and then a dull bark color, hung by their heels, head downward, and curiously ogled, with their bright, twinkling eyes, the sun-browned and dirty intruders, who lolled beneath the trees, and with boisterous shouts disturbed the solitude. It was just on the outskirts of the town, with neat residences, rose-embowered and hedged in with the lovely white jessamine, then in full flower, on one hand, and near by corn fields, with fences overgrown with the Cherokee rose, a luxuriant vining shrub, bearing a profusion of white flowers. It was near the full moon, in the lovely month of June, and, lulled by the drowsy hum of myriad insects, the men would lie down after tattoo beneath the grape arbors or around the gnarled roots of the magnolias, in the glorious light of a Southern moon, sifted through the green enameled leaves, or poured in floods of radiance through the open spaces, the glare being strong enough to render ordinary newspaper print readable. The regiment was in high health, and so long as it did not rain, no one cared for tents in this delightful weather and with such surroundings.

A few nights of this life, however, were enough to put a large number of men on the sick list. They did not know what was the matter with them, and, strange enough, neither did the surgeons. They complained of no particular pain, but a strange and oppressive feeling, in which the blood in the veins seemed like molten lead, and brain and heart struggled beneath the weight of some in-

tolerable burthen. Many took to the hospital and soon got well, while others, with that horror of hospital life which every good soldier feels, clung to the camp and grew rapidly worse. Soon it got whispered around that it was the moon, and the more prudent of the men took care to shield themselves from its baneful influence.

I was moon-struck with the rest.

I had been sleeping at the root of a large magnolia with a favorite sergeant, and soon began to feel some weird influence unsettling and disorganizing my nervous system. I often awoke in the night with a start, a nameless terror lying upon me, and found the moonlight falling full upon my face, while the dismal owls hooted and chattered in the branches overhead. My comrade was affected similarly, only more severely. He was taken to the hospital, and, without any apparent physical cause, died raving mad. Finally, I bethought me of the superstition of the Florida sailors, and henceforth shunned the moonlight. In a short time my symptoms disappeared, and I recovered from my moon-stroke. But I have never been on good terms with that deceitful planet since.

If any one is disposed to doubt this supposed influence of the moon, let me call his attention to the phenomena of sun-stroke. What is it that causes men to drop and die in the streets of our crowded cities in July and August? Not the mere matter of heat, certainly; for men who work in engine rooms and about furnaces can bear many more degrees of heat, with little or no inconve-

nience, than that which kills people by a sun-stroke. A puddler in a rolling mill is literally roasted every day of his life, and men have been known to go into an oven with a roast of beef and remain until the meat was thoroughly cooked. It is some chemical action of the sun's rays which produces death. And is it not possible that there is a pernicious and fatal chemistry in a tropical moonlight?

DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

ALL my life I have been an admirer of dogs—so much so, that I never meet one in the street, if he be at all presentable, without an inclination to stop and exchange compliments of the day—to tell him the political news and business prospects, and receive in exchange an account of his chase of the neighbor's cat last night; his tremendous fight with the rural dog under wood-hauler's wagon, and his luck or ill luck in foraging for bones. There is so much human nature in dogs, that I can not find it in my heart to deny them the possession of souls to lose or save, were it not for one peculiarity so utterly out of character as to overset the human hypothesis, and reduce my four-legged friends to the level of brutish beasts. To begin with the human characteristics of the dog. What is more human than the conduct of a dog in a dog fight? I don't mean *his* fight—the fight which he originates, and in which he is immediately concerned—the fight in which he gets his ears lacerated and his legs "chawed" off. I speak of fights in which he ought to be a disinterested spectator, were he not

possessed of human weaknesses. Look at Crunch asleep on the doorstep. Drays and omnibusses thunder over the stony street—children play around him, and there he lies, "dreaming of chase or fray." Touch him with your foot and he lazily uncloses one eye, sees that it is only a silly joke, and relapses into the arms of the canine Morpheus, perhaps with a muttered anathema, in dog latin, on your inconsiderate interference with his post-prandial *siesta*. But let a dog fight be inaugurated anywhere within a radius of two squares, and witness the marvelous transformation. In an instant he is quivering with excitement. Taking the bearings of the sound, he rushes off at headlong speed, falling in with other dogs bent on the same errand. He runs cheek by jowl with his bitterest enemy—the dog across the way—without stopping to snarl at him. Arriving at the ground, he and all the other spectators pitch in without knowing anything of the merits of the dispute, invariably fastening on the *under dog*. In this way I have seen some poor fiste attacked by a larger dog, literally lifted off the ground by the arrival of reinforcements—a dozen canine muzzles fastened upon him, each pulling in a contrary direction.

This is eminently human.

When a fellow-creature gets a start down hill, everybody hastens to give an accelerating kick.

The parallel is a little short, however, and the dog is beneath the human in this, that he respects sex. No dog, however dissipated or depraved, is

mean enough to attack a female. With human creatures, sex is a matter of no account.

Again; notice your dog when he comes suddenly upon a female of the species. What a sudden and complete transformation, and how positively handsome he makes himself, all at once. [Charles Reade has alluded to this in one of his novels, but it is true, nevertheless.] How we are reminded of certain two-legged puppies by the sudden friskiness which has overtaken our four-legged friend.

Now we come to the evidence for the defense.

The dog is unlike the human in this, that there is no dross of selfishness in his friendships. The dog is not mercenary. He is a faithful friend until death. In the language of the pathetic little ballad of "Old Dog Tray," which some of my friends may have heard some years since—

"Beef can not coax him away."

No odds how poor you are, or how insufficiently your larder may be supplied, the dog you have raised from a pup is constant in his love. He will cheerfully endure cold, hunger and cruel treatment, rather than give you up. He does not desert you in misfortune, but is constant through life, and in this is either more or less than human.

But this generalization will never do. I started out to tell of individual dogs—not to write a dogmatic essay on dogs in the abstract.

The first dog of any character I remember was "Old Bounce." O. B. was a "yaller" brindle, more mastiff than anything else, and had lived long in this cruel world, during which time he had

established a character for honesty, truth and veracity which was the envy and admiration of every dog in the neighborhood. Old Bounce could be trusted with untold meat, and could sleep with a sheep without developing a "hankering" for mutton. He never lied by barking up an empty tree in squirrel hunting, and was reliable as a watch-dog. When I first knew Old Bounce he was a pensioner on full pay, being kept in affluence on account of the good he had done. Strange as it may seem, having passed through the dangers of puppyhood and doghood with honor untarnished, Bounce became demoralized in his old age. One day some hams were put out to sun, and one of them was missing when it came to a count. There was consternation in the household. Circumstantial evidence pointed to Old Bounce, but they were loth to suspect him. Patram, one of the colored people, volunteered to solve the problem with a little black fiste belonging to him. The fiste was brought up to the scene of the theft, and being a shrewd dog, was made to understand what was required of him. He circled around the locality, and finally struck a trail leading off through the fields in the direction of a willow swamp about a quarter of mile from the house. Old Bounce was lying half asleep in the sun, lazily looking on, but when the fiste took the trail, he manifested unusual interest for an old dog in the proceedings. He followed the crowd, overtook the little dog, and, with erect bristles, remonstrated against his meddling in the ham business. It is possible that he

even offered to bribe him with a liberal dividend of the meat, but the faithful detective scorned his anger and his promises. As the party neared the swamp, Old B. got more uneasy—his bristles stiffened like spikes of iron, and his growling, as he planted himself in front of the little dog, became fiercer and more threatening. Finally the little dog stopped at a point where there were signs of the earth having been freshly stirred, and began to dig. Then Old Bounce bounced on him and began to "eat him up," but was beaten off. Patram took a stick and soon exhumed the missing ham, whereupon Bounce tucked his tail between his legs and sneaked off. He could never look one of the family in the face after that. Remorse, like a vulture, gnawed at his vitals, and he went into a rapid decline.

The recollection of another dog lingers pleasantly in the memory of early boyhood. He was a nondescript, apparently made up of half a dozen different breeds—short and corpulent, with little legs looking like sticks driven into his absurd body. "Ring's" best hold was rabbit hunting—not that he ever caught a rabbit, for he couldn't catch a terrapin in a square race—but he was beastly fond of the sport. I am wrong, however, in saying he never caught a rabbit. He did catch one. It was chased by other dogs, and jumped through a crack in a worm fence. Ring, who was watching the chase through the fence, caught the hare "on the fly." He always accompanied us on our rabbit hunting excursions, and fre-

quently had to be carried home, either "giving out" on account of his corpulency, or running sideways against a tree and breaking his back. He moved best in straight lines, and was a poor dog on a curve or sharp turn. Ring was one of those dogs who are constantly overestimating their powers. With a word of encouragement he would fly at the largest bull dog, running at the top of his speed until he arrived within a couple of rods of the enemy, when his gait would gradually slacken until, just previous to the moment of impact, he would come to a dead halt, and the threatened fight would end in inglorious smelling, and scratching the earth with hind feet. At the start and for the first fifty yards, Ring would be fully impressed with the idea that he was going to eat the big dog, body and bones, but his courage oozed as the distance diminished, until, when it came to actual contact, he was the meekest and most conciliatory of dogs. Ring came to his death in a horrible manner. One day while hunting rabbits with a mixed pack of curs, bull dogs and bull terriers, we "treed" a 'coon in a brush pile. Ring's education went no farther than rabbits, but he was a meddlesome and inquisitive animal, and worked himself into the heap until he came upon the 'coon in front, and quietly began to smell it. Cooney fastened on his nose with a death grip, and Ring set up a dreadful "yowl."

At this critical moment a white bull terrier, noted for his prowess in fights, and for the smooth dexterity with which he could bite off a pig's tail close

to the root, worked his way through the heap on the opposite side, and seized the coon in the rear. "Bob" held to the coon, and the coon held to Ring, so that both were dragged through the heap and out in the open air. By one of those awkward mistakes which will happen with the best regulated dogs, in the hurry of business, the other dogs fastened on poor Ring instead of the coon, and he was literally torn to pieces, while the coon escaped. They felt badly about it, after it was all over, but as Ring looked as much like a coon as a dog, the mistake was quite natural.

"Music" was another remarkable dog with which I enjoyed an intimate acquaintance. He was a hound, coal black and tan, with long, pendant ears, and the most magnificent voice I ever heard. He could fill the entire woods with it. It was deep, sonorous, capable of extraordinary modulation, and full of melody. I do not remember anything finer than the cry of this dog, reverberating through the hills and valleys, and it was one of his characteristics to give tongue as readily in pursuit of a weasel as he would have done in a bear chase. Music was designed for foxes, but never having had any education in that line, his genius was expended on rabbits, squirrels, coons, and other small game. He belonged to a relation in the country whom I used to visit, and was passionately fond of the chase. He would go out by himself, strike a coon trail, follow it to the coon's harbor, in some hollow tree, and then take the "back track." Thus he would go back and forth

for hours, making the forest resound with his melodious yells. Music was not devoid of personal courage. Indeed, when pressed to the wall, he would fight savagely, and always to win. But in his intercourse with man or boy he was the most abject coward I ever saw. Make a motion to strike him, and he would whop over on his back, and lie there shivering in pitiful terror, emitting a fresh howl with every motion of the threatening arm. With true boyish malignity I used to terrify poor Music in this manner, until one day an occurrence, as horrible as it was ridiculous, and altogether too painful to relate, put an end to this persecution on my part. Music finally got into bad odor with the neighbors, on account of certain transactions in mutton, and was given away to a mover. The last I ever saw of him he was tied to the rear axle of the wagon, where they hang the tar bucket, and was mournfully trotting westward ho!

A Newfoundland, with which I was on excellent terms, once conducted himself in a manner excessively human. Some spoiled hams had been thrown out, and Major took one of them and buried it behind the Methodist church. Just as he was shoveling the dirt over his commissary stores, his master came out, and started up town. Major left the job unfinished, and followed his master. A little, half-starved mongrel, who had been watching the proceedings, went to the hole as soon as Major was out of sight, and began to unearth the treasure. It happened that Major's master did not stay long up town, and in passing the church on the return trip

the dog remembered the ham, and thought he might as well finish the job. He came upon the scene of action just as the little thief was tugging at the shank, in the effort to drag the ham away. Maje came down on him like an avalanche, with an explosion of fierce barks, an angry mouthing, and an energetic "wooling," which augured speedy death to the little culprit, who was howling dismally in hopeless terror. It was soon evident, however, that Maje scorned to hurt so small a dog, and that he was only teaching him a lesson through the medium of salutary fright. After shaking and wallowing him in the dirt, he stood astride of him, and, looking down upon the little wretch, who was lying still as death, growled fiercely. After standing over him for a couple of minutes, Maje slowly withdrew, looking backward as he went. At the slightest movement of the little dog towards getting up, Maje would return and give him another shaking. Finally, after getting away a dozen yards, and finding the little rascal made no attempt to get up, Maje gave him a parting growl, and trotted off, leaving both ham and dog. As soon as the little dog found his oppressor had really gone, he got up with alacrity, and made remarkable time in getting away, without even taking a farewell smell of the ham which had seduced him from the path of rectitude.

I once knew a dog—a low breed, "yaller," long-bodied fiste, with short and very crooked legs—that would go on the opposite side of a tree and shake a bush, to frighten the squirrel around so that

you could get a shot at it. I don't ask anybody to believe this story. I shouldn't believe it myself, if I had not seen it, time and again.

In the town of C———n, Illinois, is, or was, a dog whose facial expression inevitably reminded you of a merchant in the same town. The likeness was startling, and attracted the attention of even strangers. This dog was positively the ugliest and most ill-favored animal I ever saw, and yet he was a general favorite with everybody. A kindly, genial expression shone through the crust of his horrid ugliness of countenance, and he had a deprecatory, apologetic air, which seemed to say, "Good people, I know it; but I can't help it—really I mean no harm by it." So striking was the likeness between the dog and M———, that he was called by the merchant's name. The latter was annoyed to the verge of distraction by it, and offered a fabulous price for the dog, with a view to expatriation; but the owner, who disliked the merchant, refused to sell at any price.

A peculiarity about dogs in general is the manner in which they reflect the characteristics of their masters. I can tell any lady's peculiarities of temper much more satisfactorily by cultivating and studying her lap-dog than any phrenologist can by feeling her head. The dog naturally acquires much of the disposition of his master.

I could fill columns with anecdotes of dogs that I have known, but with one more example I will leave the subject. I once had a dog—a large, lumbering, corn-colored whelp—whose antipathy

was cats. Pomp was an inveterate cat hunter. He hunted them in the gray light of the early morning, at noon, by moonlight—at all times; and would snake a cat out of a door-step or window, and slay it with admirable dexterity. Our own cat he would not exactly kill, but he would take her out and bury her in the snow, and worry her until she was on the point of giving up the ghost. Pomp was a quarrelsome dog, and constantly engaged in fights with his neighbors. He had a curious system of defense which was entirely original with him. He would deliver his attack, and when his antagonist turned upon him, instead of presenting his front, like other dogs, he would present his rear. Other dogs could never fathom the depth of this strategy, and Pomp generally came off victor. I am inclined to think that this system of defense originated in Pomp's personal vanity. He thought too much of the beauty of his face to imperil it by meeting an attack in the usual way. When it rained, Pomp became a different dog. He would lie for a week at a time growling at everybody and everything, but never moving unless punched up with a pole. He finally fell a victim to hydrophobia.

DUCK SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA.

In the fall and winter of 1862, the writer played for a short time an unimportant engagement as prisoner of war. Unlike thousands who dragged out a miserable existence for one or two years in the crowded prison pens of Georgia or North Carolina, his lot was cast in a section of country which had, as yet, but few prisoners, and where the few they did have were generally well treated, and furnished with abundance of food, not such as an epicure would select from an ample bill of fare, but wholesome in quality. The period of my confinement was most refreshingly brief, being only two months, inclusive of fourteen days at the Washington Hotel in Vicksburg. In company with a small number of Western men, the writer was sent down with a detachment of the 8th Vermont, which had been gobbled at Bayou des Allemands, under circumstances not particularly creditable to the officers in command, having surrendered a partially fortified position, defended by cannon, without firing a shot. To signify his disapprobation of the surrender, Old Strabismus ordered the whole de-

tachment to Ship Island, to await exchange. Now, the writer knew something of Ship Island—a bleak, desolate patch of barrenness, with its infernal winds, and drifting sands, and its scarcity of edibles—and whatever views Gen. Butler might entertain of its salubrity, he determined he would not go there, at least not without a struggle. Court-martial lost its terrors when the recollection of Ship Island returned in all its horrid freshness. So the writer bolted—ran away—not to put too fine a point on it, deserted. And that is how he came to know so much about duck shooting in Louisiana.

My regiment was lying mostly at Brashear City, some companies detailed for naval service on the gunboats, and the balance sloshing round miscellaneously. Our sutler, John McMillan, was making up a sugar crop on Osgood's plantation, about fifteen miles above the city of New Orleans—Mr. Osgood's negroes having run away and left the old gentleman in the lurch with a fine crop of cane, and no means of converting it into sugar. Ed. Parsley and John Bodfish were trying their hands at "overseeing," and, being a particular friend of Ed.'s, the Osgood plantation offered extraordinary inducements to a prisoner on parole, with the delights Ship Island held *in terrorem* over his head. Plantation life in the sugar season is exhilarating and interesting. The busy hands hauling and stripping cane, and clearing away "bagasse"—the immense steaming kettles, with their queer names—the excitement of making "a strike," and the wild barbaric chant of the dusky, perspiring sugar

boilers—are all interesting to the stranger. The sugar boilers are *improvisatores* on a grand scale, and will continue for hours, weaving the most commonplace incidents as well as the wildest fancies of Obeah and Voudoo superstition into their chants, and the effect sometimes is wierd, and unearthly to an almost painful degree. At these times the savage element in the African seems to reassert itself, and the civilization he has absorbed is, for the nonce, overshadowed by his barbaric nature. I had taken notes of some of these wild improvisations, but regret to say they have been lost, and treacherous memory fails to recall their burden. The favorite, however, was the chorus of—

"Old Stormy, storm, storm along,"

roared out in a grand combination of powerful voices, with a running commentary of such incidents and fancies as occurred to the leader and composer, who was known to the white folks only as "Old Stormy."

Getting a little tired of plantation life, I cast about me for something more exciting than grinding cane and studying African character. Borrowing a gun, I began a series of explorations on the verge of the swamp back of the plantation, occasionally bagging a few snipe, a rail, heron or a brace of black, worthless ducks, and making havoc among the great flocks of crows which infested the plantation. In one of these excursions I wandered down to the neighboring plantation below, belonging to a fat and jolly Creole Frenchman named Cavalier.

A couple of green-winged teal, passing by, fell to a double shot, which I flattered myself was rather neat, and while examining the beautiful birds and congratulating myself that my right arm had not forgotten its cunning, old Cavalier, mounted on a trifle of a mule, wearing a broad-brimmed, ginger-colored felt chapeau, which he had converted into an impromptu cocked hat, giving him something of the appearance of the Third Reader pictures of the great Napoleon, rode up and congratulated me on the shot. It was easy to see that the old man was something of a sportsman, and his eyes glistened as he told me in his broken English about the good shooting down the bayou and out at the lake. He volunteered to lend me a pirogue and a negro to paddle it, so that I might enjoy a good day's duck shooting. I was not slow to avail myself of his kind offer, and accompanying him to the house, he called "Justin"—a bright-looking young fellow, black as Erebus and dressed in clean corduroy coat and breeches, white shirt and big leather boots, the tops of which came above his knees. Justin emerged from a squad of shady laborers, who were engaged in winnowing rice, and grinning good humoredly, politely asked what was wanted. I was not very well up in French, but knowing beforehand the purport of the conversation, I readily followed the Jolly Cavalier and the dusky Justin in their rapid talk, consisting of three parts of nasal pronunciation and one of shoulder shrugging. One thing, however, puzzled me. The old man was

particular to know if Justin could swim. I didn't understand his anxiety at the time.

I saw the point a few days after, when I learned that the art of swimming had saved old Cavalier a negro.

Justin took me to the boat-house, where he selected one of the largest of the pirogues and launched it in the little canal. A pirogue, simple reader, is an invention of the evil one. It is a light, shallow canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of the cottonwood, sycamore, or sweet gum, and capable of bearing one or two persons, according to its size—always provided that discretion is exercised. The seats are close to the bottom. You can no more stand up in, or sit on the gunwales of a pirogue without capsizing, than you can climb the steepest curve of a greased rainbow. The pirogue won't stand any nonsense, and is a perfect trap for lubbers. You see a pirogue lying at the bank, and think you will step in and take a ride. You do step in, and the treacherous thing shoots from under you quicker than lightning, and the first thing you know you are turning a back somersault into the water, while the little thing is riding a half-dozen rods out in the stream. Properly managed however, a pirogue is graceful as a fawn and tractable as the woman who loves you.

We boarded the pirogue, and Justin shot it swiftly down the little canal and into the bayou, a deep, sluggish stream, varying from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet in width, the water of a dark, inky hue, and full of garr fish, with hundreds of loath-

some alligators sunning themselves on its banks. Along this little stream flocks of a bird which the creoles call *poulet d'eau*, or water hen, but which I believe to be the coot, were constantly flying, passing recklessly to and fro within easy shot of the pirogue. The *poulet d'eau* is dark blue in color, with a pink beak. They rise with difficulty from the water, their legs and web feet, which are set farther back than those of a duck, paddling the water like the buckets of a stern-wheel steamer, for several rods before they get clearly afloat in the air. The flesh of the *poulet d'eau* is very dark, but sweet and juicy, with a strong gamy flavor like that of the snipe, but less delicate. They are little esteemed among the creoles, probably on account of their great abundance and the ease with which they are bagged, but I preferred them for the table to anything except the green-winged teal. Along with the multitudes of these silly creatures were occasional flocks of teal, mallards, grey ducks, spoon bills, and a duck the exact counterpart of the famous canvas-back, but lacking the exquisite flavor that bird derives from the wild celery on which it feeds. On either side was a region of interminable swamp, overgrown with heavy weeds, or tall, coarse grass, and infested with the filthy moccasin snake and other poisonous reptiles. It also abounded in varieties of the rail, some of which were brilliant in plumage.

Down this bayou Justin swiftly paddled our pirogue. He was an adept in the sport. Stealing swiftly and noiselessly around some point in the

bayou, and shooting from behind the inevitable clump of willows, he would bring me right into the midst of a party of mallards, quacking and grubbing in the floating moss, or foraging among the reeds along the bank. It was late in the day when we entered the bayou, but by sun-down I had bagged a dozen or more fat, juicy quacks.

On several occasions we repeated our visits to the bayou. Justin was always eager to go, and in payment for his services received ammunition, preferring it to money. Once he obtained a furlough for the entire day, and proposed we should have a grand hunt, agreeing to take me into the lake and around to another bayou less frequented, where game was even more abundant. We got an early start. The air was crisp, with a thick fog hanging over the bayou. During some six winters' residence in Louisiana I had never known one so fine as this. The roses and other sweet scented flowers bloomed uninterruptedly. But to resume.

We pushed along the bayou in the fog, unable to distinguish anything two rods in front of us. We would constantly hear the ducks rising ahead of us, and by watching until they rose above the belt of fog, could get good shots. Justin had brought his gun along, and joined in the sport. He was positively the most entertaining negro I ever met, and was a *lusus naturæ* in one particular. He would not touch liquor of any kind, alleging that it made him sick. He was not troubled with scruples, for he would sometimes beg my flask for

some of his friends whom we occasionally met on the water. He spoke English fluently, with a French accent, and had the drollest way of biting off English words in the middle.

We paddled along the bayou, at first shooting everything that came within shot, but finally becoming more fastidious, and only accepting choice ducks. The sun had dispelled the fog, and we came out into the lake, a broad sheet of blue water, covered for half a mile out with myriads of *poulet d'eaux* and ducks of every variety, while stinking cormorants and lazy herons flew hither and yon. Here Justin showed me one of his tricks to "fool 'em." Cutting off two or three reeds close to the water, he selected some fine ducks from those we had killed, and fastened their bills to the cut reeds so that they would sit easily and naturally in the water. Then running the pirogue into the reeds he masked it effectually, and began an imitation of duck-talk so natural as to deceive the wariest old mallard that ever lived. Troops of mallards began circling around, craning their long necks about in all directions, looking sharply out for traps, while flocks of the foolish *poulet d'eaux* swam lazily toward the decoys. Finally a flock of twelve or fifteen swooped down and alighted on the water within a dozen rods of our "Forneys." Others followed, and soon at least thirty fine ducks, closely massed, were swimming toward us. They were already within easy shot, but anxious to study their habits I motioned the impatient Justin to hold his fire. Unsuspiciously they approached until the de-

coys were surrounded with ducks and coots. Finally an old, weather-beaten mallard, who seemed to be the leader, swam up to the decoys and politely made his morning salutation. Just about that time old green crest made a discovery. Rapidly backing off, he took a frightened look, and with a startled "qu-a-a-a-a-ck , quack, quack!" expressive of the most abject terror, he rose from the water. There was a splashing and spluttering, and the whole flock of birds were in the air. Bang, bang, went all of our barrels in quick succession, and there was a rapid decline in feathers. We picked up seventeen ducks and coots, and Justin was highly delighted with the success of his attempt at fooling them.

We paddled around to the other bayou, where we found game abundant. Large flocks of teal would rise out of the reeds immediately in front of us, or fly right into our faces. We killed until we were satiated with slaughter, and then started to return. Paddling lazily along, I heard a flapping in the reeds. Something red gleamed among the fading green of the cane leaves, and a large scarlet flamingo rose lazily above their tops and was making off. If it had been an elephant, or flying dragon, I could not have been more unsettled. I fired nervously and quickly with my right, and, of course, missed. Taking deliberate aim with the left, resolved this time to make a sure thing of it, I pulled trigger, and for the first time the gun failed. I could have plunged into the oozy bed of the bayou and drowned myself with sheer vexation, when

the cheerful crack of Justin's gun sounded in my ear, and the flamingo tied himself into a knot and tumbled headlong among the reeds. Justin waded in and brought the beautiful bird to the pirogue. He was as fine a specimen as I ever saw, nearly as large as a sand-hill crane, and with every feather as clean and bright as it was possible to be. I took him home, got some arsenic and attempted to make a specimen of my prize. I failed, however, through want of skill, and the noble bird spoiled on my hands.

Returning up the first bayou, I learned the secret of old Cavalier's anxiety to know whether Justin could swim or not. The appetite for slaughter came back as we left the game region, and we began popping over ducks and *poulet d' eaux* indiscriminately. As I before remarked, a pirogue isn't a good thing to stand up in, but loading the gun while sitting was very awkward business. In many places the bayou was covered with a carpet of thick, rope-like moss, forming in some places a perfect matting, through which it was almost impossible to force the pirogue. By running the prow on to one of these moss banks, it was possible to stand up and load. Justin had often cautioned me against this, but I thought I was something of an expert in pirogue tactics, and scorned his timid fears. I had just shot a large gray duck, and was loading on one of these moss banks. A negro in a pirogue further down the bayou attracted my attention, and while intently watching him, I felt our vessel careening over. Justin gave a warning

shout, and threw his weight on the other side. It was too late, however, and feeling that a catastrophe was inevitable, and preferring to enter the water feet foremost, I jumped out, gun in hand. Relieved of my superior weight, the treacherous little shell whopped over on the other side, and turned bottom upward, spilling Justin, our load of game, lunch-basket, and such clothing as we had laid aside on account of the heat, into the water. Still holding to my gun, I sank through the bed of moss and plumbed the bottom, about eight feet. I shot upward again, still holding the gun, and spouted a column of dirty water, like a whale. I had no fear of drowning, being a good swimmer, and bearing in mind a proverb about certain persons destined to a dryer death, but soon found I had not fully comprehended the situation. In struggling to keep my head above water, the infernal moss wound around my legs, arms and neck, until I was as helpless as a swathed mummy, while every kick or stroke of the arm only fixed me more firmly in the devilish toils.

I began to be alarmed, and felt myself turning pale. At such times men think rapidly, and in less than ten seconds I had retrospected my entire life—the mean things of which I had been guilty being especially prominent in the picture. I thought it was rather rough that I should have escaped the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, to be finally drowned in a stinking bayou, like a blind puppy or superfluous kitten, and I remember that the absurd story of the French soldier who had

followed Napoleon through a hundred battles without a scratch, and was finally kicked to death by a camp mule, presented itself with ludicrous force. I saw the ravenous garr and slimy cat-fish fighting over my bones, and above all I wished was well out of it. Then I heard Justin's voice shouting to me to let go the gun and hold on to the moss. I did so, and soon found that a watery grave was not near so imminent as I had feared. By simply keeping still, a very slight motion was sufficient to stay my head above water, and so I remained until the faithful African took the pirogue ashore, righted it, and came to the rescue. Tearing the moss from my neck and arms, he soon extricated me. I felt disposed to make for the shore, as it was impossible to get into the shell while it was in the water. But both guns were overboard, and Justin wanted to recover them. He proposed to dive for them, but remembering that the water was not deep, and reflecting that the muzzle of the gun was heaviest, it occurred to me that they might be found standing perpendicularly with the wooden breech uppermost. Holding to the side of the pirogue, I began exploring with my feet, and soon had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling what I was looking for. Grasping the breech with my feet, I raised it until I could reach it with my hands. The other gun I recovered in the same manner. Then, gathering up our game, which amounted to a boat-load, we went ashore, where I drained the water out of my [redacted] and the whisky out of the flask. The air

was balmy enough, but it was January, nevertheless, and the water chilly. I was soon shivering and chattering like a monkey, despite the heavy draft of "commissary." I got into the pirogue, and taking the extra paddle, we made the little shell fairly dance through the water. Arrived at the boat house, I gave Justin as much of the game as he could carry, and walked briskly to the plantation, where Ed. furnished me with dry clothing, and sent down a cart for the game. I never took the trouble to count it, but there was enough for the whole plantation.

This was my last day's duck-shooting in Louisiana. A few day's later I received the joyful (?) intelligence that I was exchanged, with an intimation from the colonel that he would be pleased to see me at headquarters.

SHIFTING SCENES

FROM THE

DRAMA OF THE LATE WAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE Twenty-first Regiment Indiana Volunteers, Col. J. W. McMillan, having completed its organization and equipment, left Camp Vajen, Indianapolis, in the latter part of July, 1861, via Dayton, for the East. This regiment was generally conceded to be among the finest, if not the finest, that had left that State. Col. McMillan, by his untiring energy and assiduous attention to business in organizing it, won golden opinions from all. Starting several weeks behind the others, he had the proud satisfaction of being the first of the new regiments in the field. The regiment was entirely full—101 in each company, with an excellent band —1,050 in all.

At Dayton, at which place we arrived about eleven o'clock at night, the citizens had prepared a collation tor the troops, which was very good in

its way, only there was not enough of it. The first division fared well, but the second made a very light repast.

All the way from Columbus, via Steubenville, our journey was a continuous ovation. Throngs of people lined the way at each stopping place, cheering and waving handkerchiefs, while fair ladies passed up and down the long trains, distributing refreshments to the grateful troops. Quartermaster Hinkley, Adjutant Latham, and Captain Roy, were particularly susceptible to the attraction of the bright eyes that flashed glances of welcome and encouragement from the roadside. Capt. Hinkley, who was a handsome man, and rather impressible, was a source of unceasing trouble to the regiment. At every station he was held until the train was in motion, by the attractions of a conversation with some little witch in crinoline and curls, and would have to make a flying leap to the platform. By the time we reached Frazerville, our quartermaster became entirely unmanageable. At Coshocton it was found necessary to chain him.

While all along the route through Ohio, the citizens manifested the utmost good feeling, the kind people of Coshocton and Steubenville were worthy of especial mention. At the former place, in addition to the usual refreshments, citizens passed along the line distributing quarters and half dollars to the men.

When we left Indianapolis, it was the understanding that our destination was Washington, but on arriving at Baltimore we were ordered into camp

at Locust Point, a little point of land, nice, clean and grassy, in the rear of Fort McHenry, with the salt water on either side of us

Our reception on the march through Baltimore was "a little mixed." From many windows small editions of the American flag, and handkerchiefs, were waved; while from others, and from the doorways of doggeries, the scowling faces of secessionists shot forth black looks of mingled hate and fear.

In camp the heat was great, but we had a glorious sea breeze. We also had a few mosquitoes, but they were beneath contempt—no more to be compared to the fierce, remorseless insect of the South and West, than was a kitten to a tiger, or a minnow to a whale. They were miserable, feeble, attenuated insects, without power to injure or exasperate, and our boys laughed at their puerile attempts to draw blood.

Toward the middle of August our regiment was considerably thinned out, by detaching companies and squads for various duties. The companies of Captains Skelton and McLaflin went to Fort McHenry, to take a course of instruction in artillery practice, from Captain Hazard. Captain Roy's company—the "crack" one of the regiment, by the by—guarded the long bridge over the Patapsco, about a mile and a half from camp. In addition to these, details of seventy men were sent out every day or two, in charge of steamboats loaded with stores. The boys who had been to Washington and back, had wonderful tales to tell of the magni-

tude of the preparations there for the next forward movement.

An increased activity was perceptible in the work of preparing Fort McHenry for reception of visitors, after the designs of the rebels with regard to an invasion of Maryland was developed. The fort itself was an open one, without casemates, but was considered impregnable, so far as storming is concerned; but there was a handsome spot of ground just over the water, on the east or southeast, from which the place could have been shelled effectively, provided a battery could have been established there, which was hardly probable, unless it could have been done between dark and daylight. The armament of the fort was considered heavy. Tier upon tier of large guns rose above each other on the parapets—columbiads, howitzers, carronades, mortars, etc.—while shot, shell, grape and canister lay around loose in convenient piles. There were several furnaces for heating shot. Three of those terrible ten-inch columbiads, and several mortars commanded the city of Baltimore. Fort McHenry, when the war commenced, was in very poor condition, and would have fallen an easy prey to a vigorous attack, but shortly after that event it was swiftly put in order and the defenses greatly strengthened. But two companies of regulars were quartered there. The Third New York—a fine-looking, well-drilled regiment, of two years' men—was encamped on the beach within the outer wall, and south of the fort.

Squads of prisoners were brought up every day or

two, and treated to an indefinite seclusion within the hospitable walls of McHenry. Thomas and Alexander were sent there, two heroes of the St. Nicholas steamer affair—the former on that occasion having personated, with great success, the *role* of the "French Lady."

Thomas was a small, rather slender fellow, with a fresh, light complexion, and the round oval face and bullet head, which seemed to be the prevailing type among native Baltimoreans of the *beau monde*. He and his pirate comrade were dressed in neat and jaunty zouave costume, scrupulously clean, and spruce almost to foppishness. They carried themselves bravely, without swagger or bravado, and conversed freely with those around them.

In contrast to the appearance of Thomas and Alexander was that of Captain Wellmore, another noted character in the purlieus of Baltimore. He was arrested, put on parole, and swaggered about the streets in rebel uniform, bloviating to such crowds as he could collect in grogshops. His hair was red, profusely greased or soaped, and curled like a woman's. His general appearance was that of a cross between a spooney and a petty thief.

The view down the bay was one of quiet beauty. Some six or seven miles off were seen the gray walls of Fort Carroll—an unfinished work—rising out of the water. The bay was white with the sails of ships bound out and in, coasting vessels and "pungey" boats crept lazily along under the faintest suspicion of a breeze. At evening the band of the New Yorkers over at the fort played the

tar-Spangled Banner" in fine style. It was te a treat to hear the glorious old air, whose ry note quickens the blood and awakens respon- e echoes in the American heart—played by a d band, within a few hundred yards of the spot which it was composed. The ship from which ncis Key, himself a prisoner, in heart-sicken- suspense, witnessed the bombardment of Fort Henry, and amid the roar of bursting shells, rocket's red glare, and the screaming shot, nposed the "Star-Spangled Banner," was an- red just around the point, about a mile south- t of the fort. What a whirling phantasm of nges since then, but the old flag is still seen y the dawn's early light," and by the purple ms of the setting sun, waving proudly over the stling ramparts of McHenry. So may it ever ve.

Not the least part of the philosophy which sus- ns the soldier in privation and hardship is the lity to extract material for a laugh out of the ty miseries and annoyances of camp life, and ke the most out of such ludicrous scenes as oc- sionally transpire. If there is any thing in the age "laugh and grow fat," the regiment was lebted to a negro dress parade for many a layer adipose matter over its weather-beaten ribs. nong the herd of followers and hangers-on about camp, we had an unnumbered squad of colored ntry, the most of them identified with the culin- department, with a number whose position s not very well defined. These contrabands

had become enthused with military ardor, and their dress parade, which usually came off between twilight and dark in the rear of the sutler's shanty, was a "big thing" in its way. The negro is an imitative creature, and the way in which our field officers were "taken off" was really laughable. Our colonel, who was a large, portly, fine-looking man, occasionally, under the influence of strong exasperation, broke out in a torrent of impolite words, swearing with a vehemence and fluency that was rather astonishing. Adjutant Latham had a peculiar way of stringing out the word "h-a-l-t" in cutting short a badly executed evolution; the prolongation was indicative of rage, astonishment and disgust. These and other peculiarities of the field officers were reproduced in the negro dress parade with just a shade of exaggeration. Some of the commands were rich. "Awdah—arms!" "Come to an awdah, men." "Report—arms!" "Percure—arms!" "Charge—baynets!" "Put yosef on a charge, sahgent. Why de h—ll don't you come to a charge?" These parades were a little on the sly, and to disperse one it was only necessary to hint that the adjutant was coming that way, when a panic, equal to that of the "teamsters" at Bull's Run, swept away the black cloud.

CHAPTER II.

THE Baltimore secessionists were exceedingly restive under the state of affairs that existed after the Government thrust its meddlesome fingers into the pie of Marshal Kane and his Confederate scoundrels. The pressure of Colonel Dix's rule was just heavy enough to chafe and gall, without being sufficiently stringent to keep them still. If any one doubted the existence of free speech in Baltimore, he should have gone there, put on a Federal uniform, and walked through some of the principal streets, when—if he had eyes and ears—he would soon have been convinced that, by many of the good citizens of that goodly city, "freedom of speech" was abused even to the uttermost limits of licentiousness, and should have been held in check by a liberal administration of Franklin's antidote, "Freedom of cudgel." It required a fair proportion of German phlegm, considerable "cheek," and a skin as thick as that of a rhinoseros to enable a Federal soldier, officer or private, to walk the streets of Baltimore, and pass through the ordeal with whole bones and an unruffled temper. Contemptuous looks, insulting epithets, ribald jests, and vulgar impertinences, were showered upon him in a profusion bordering upon prodigality, while shouts for "Jeff" were frequent and loud. And for those insults there

was no redress, and they could not be resented, as that might bring on a "collision." When a soldier had occasion to visit the city, if he obeyed the orders of Gen. Dix, he trusted himself unarmed to the tender mercies of Baltimore ruffians—themselves armed to the teeth with the most approved implements of throat-cutting and skull-splitting.

The ladies of Baltimore, like those of Washington, devoted heart and soul to the interest of Secessia. Protected by their petticoats as well as by the policy of General Dix—a policy which bore about it a pungent flavor of the powerful chemical compound known as the hydrate of milk—they were even more openly and brazenly insulting than the men. Many of them who, from their appearance, seemed to be the *creme de la creme* of the Baltimore *beau monde*, appeared to be totally lost to all the impulses of womanly modesty, or even common decency, which attributes seemed to have given place to a fierce, blind, vindictive hatred, which would have reveled in blood if it had only dared. The sight of a blue uniform had the same effect upon them that scarlet has upon a bull or turkey-cock, and they gathered up their rustling skirts as if fearful of contamination, cocked their pretty noses in the air, tossed their heads superciliously, and with a show of inexpressible disdain, passed on, some dropping expressions, which, however suitable to the fish-market, did not fall with good grace from the lips of a lady. What was a man to do under such circumstances? Whip

the first "secesher" he met, and been arrested by General Dix's police, or should he have "grinned and borne it?" If the ladies had been ugly it would not have been so bad, but, as the devil would have it, the ladies of Baltimore are handsome, and the best looking seemed to be the most inveterate haters of the government. The secessionists of Maryland were evidently in expectation of something turning up shortly to favor their schemes, as they had been daily growing more insufferably insolent in their demeanor. What particular deviltry they had on foot at that time, and whether their anticipations were ever realized, we were never fated to learn.

The arrival of a detachment of prisoners from Western Virginia, on their way to Old Point, from there to be sent to Norfolk, was made the occasion of a sort of ovation by the Baltimore secessionists. The prisoners were quartered at the Gilmor House, where they were visited by large numbers of their friends, who presented them with new clothes and money, and escorted them to the boat, followed by a miscellaneous rabble, which shouted for Jeff Davis, and hooted and groaned at the government. I happened to be in the city at the time, and the scene gave me some faint idea of a Baltimore mob. The prisoners were mostly Georgians, and one of them had lost a leg, and another an arm at the battle of Rich Mountain, I believe. The one who had lost an arm was a fine-looking, handsome fellow, apparently not more than 18 years old, proud-spirited and haughty. He passed near where

I was standing, with some others of the Twenty-first, and recognizing the grey uniform, turned and said: "Indiana, I have seen *you* fellows before."

I do not wish these denunciations of Baltimore people to be considered as embracing all the population. On the contrary, the Union men were generally as courteous, affable and hospitable as any I had ever met. The city, in more than one characteristic, resembled that of Louisville, in which there are some of the best, as well as some of the meanest people in the world. The Government was not idle in view of the designs of the Confederates upon Maryland, and the signs of a probable eruption of the secession volcano in Baltimore. Fort McHenry had been put in the best possible condition. Fort Carroll, in which at that period there were no guns, soon received a heavy armament. Federal Hill—the spot upon which the constitution was ratified—where the first Federal flag was unfurled—was strongly fortified, and a heavy battery was erected in McKim's wood, back of that part of the city called "Limerick."

The Twenty-first Indiana was then tolerably well drilled, and the boys growled vehemently because they were not marched at once into Virginia. They said they did not enlist to guard steamboats and bridges, but to fight. The health of the regiment was good. Not a death occurred, (save the occasional demise of a vagrant goose), and we had at no time more than nine in hospital.

The regiment bore a fine reputation among the people on the Point, for civility, morality, and the

observance of the principles of *meum* and *teum*, as compared with our predecessors in that locality, the Pennsylvania regiment, of Colonel Miles. Mr. Brakeman, our chaplain, endeared himself to us by his genial manner and kindly care for the temporal as well as the spiritual wants of all. He was a minister of the old-fashioned Methodist persuasion, and preached sound, practical sermons, without any bias of sectarianism, every Sunday morning, with semi-weekly rations of prayer-meeting. Captain Rose was also a Methodist preacher, and had an effective hand in keeping up the interest of the meetings. Quite a number of the regiment were professing Christians. I do not think there was a man of any intelligence in the regiment, however wicked he might have been himself, but said God-speed to the efforts of Chaplain Brakeman.

One Sunday, as the sergeant major, O. P. Hervey, formerly editor of a Noble county paper, was returning from a visit to Captain Roy's encampment, he was greeted with a faint and tremulous shout for Jeff Davis. The major, although unarmed, captured the rebel, and, under threats of taking him to the fort, made him swear to support the Constitution of the United States and of Indiana.

We had been at Camp Dix a full month before we could command suitable hospital accommodations. And it was only after two good and brave men (Thomas Benham and J. W. Dyke), who had left the comforts, the peace and plenty of

home, for hardships and privations in defense of their country's flag, had been sacrificed, that the necessary arrangements could be effected with the circumlocution office. We at last secured rooms in the St. Charles Hotel—a large, unoccupied building on Locust Point, near the Broadway ferry-landing, where other lives were probably saved, though it was too late for Dyke and Benham.

The famous cigar-ship, built by Ross Winans, laid over the way, about a mile from camp. In company with a number of our officers, I had the pleasure of going all over and through it. It was built entirely of iron, the plates about an inch in thickness, and was, in fact, a hollow iron tube, three hundred feet in length, sixteen in its greatest diameter, and pointed very sharp at both ends. It was built in two sections, with a wheel, twenty-six feet in diameter, revolving entirely around the hull at the junction of the two sections, which was a little forward of the center. The wheel worked upon the screw principle, and somewhat resembled that of a wind-mill. The vessel had two rudders, forward and aft, something like a spade in shape, only more so. The appearance of the boat inside was by no means inviting. It was dirty and hot, and going into it was a good deal like crawling into a hollow log. The gentleman who had charge of the nondescript, informed us that it could be turned completely around in a length and a half, and propelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It might be capable of mischief in running down ves-

sels, but could carry no guns of any consequence. I understood that Mr. Winans had a model for another steamer of the same kind, eight hundred feet long, with which he proposed to cross the Atlantic in five days.

I made a visit to Captain Roy's camp, at the Long Bridge over the Patapsco. Captain R., with half of his company, was stationed at the Long Bridge, and the remainder at the Switzer bridge, three miles above. These two bridges had been for a long time used as thoroughfares for the conveyance of arms and ammunition from Baltimore to the secessionists of Anne Arundel county, but the game was blocked so far as they were concerned, as Captain Roy's men took special pains to see that nothing contraband went that way. For the purpose of conveyance, I mounted a famous grey horse belonging to the regiment—a clever cross between a camelopard and a rhinoceros—and, sometimes trotting with our fore-feet and galloping with those in the rear, and then again enjoying the luxury of a graceful, undulating, sidewise shamble, we got over the two intervening miles with no broken bones, but not without terrible abrasions of the part in contact with the saddle. Captain Roy's tents were pitched on a beautiful narrow strip of ground ornamented with shade trees. On one side was the sheet of water, into which the Patapsco emptied, and on the other a lovely lake, almost circular in form, called Spring Garden Neck.

The Patapsco at Switzer Bridge degenerates

into an insignificant creek, and I considered myself miserably swindled in having been led to think it a river, by reason of its spread at the mouth. On each side, the streamlet was lined with beautiful, well-cultivated farms, with handsome dwellings, tall corn, worthy of an Indiana prairie, and immense peach orchards, loaded with large, luscious fruit. The most of the people were theoretical secessionists, but not at all vicious. They readily confessed they were secessionists in principle, but at the same time were social and hospitable, perfectly satisfied to keep out of the fight, and follow their avocations in peace.

There were probably some six or eight thousand troops in and around Baltimore. They came and went so fast that it was impossible to make a closer estimate.

CHAPTER III.

But little ever occurs to relieve the daily routine of life in camp, the monotony of which, notwithstanding the fact of being well housed and fed, soon became intolerable. Our food was of excellent quality, and abundant in quantity, but there was not a man in the regiment, from colonel down to the last private, who would not rather have slept on the grass and fed on sheet-iron crackers, if he could have exchanged the monotonous drudgery of Locust Point for active

service, where there was a chance of burning "villainous saltpetre" in sport more exciting than popping blank cartridges in the air, or firing at a barrel in the water. Trudging up and down in front of rickety wooden bridges, and inspecting market wagons, or sweltering between the greasy and by no means fragrant decks of a bay steamer, keeping watch and ward over bales and hogsheads and barrels, might have been serving one's country in some sense, but it did not meet the preconceived notions of war entertained by our rough and ready Hoosier boys, who, naturally restive, under a stringency of discipline for which they were but illy prepared by previous unrestrained indulgence in the pleasant fiction that this was a "free country," grumbled and growled and swore profusely. In a word, it was not remunerative. In short it did not pay. Even ————'s regiment, which, without intending the least disparagement, was not quite up to the mark of the Twenty-first, had the luck to escape Locust Point, and was favored with a fleeting and transitory glimpse of the elephant. But we consoled ourselves with dismal lookings-forward to the good time coming, and the hope that when there was real fighting to do, the Twenty-first would not be overlooked when the tickets of invitation were issued.

At this time Baltimore was in a state of ferment under the new and somewhat vigorous exertions of Governor Dix to throttle the seditious spirit in that rebellious city. The number of arrests made —some of them reaching persons of high stand-

ing in public and private life—and the boldness and promptness of the measures taken, rendered the rebels qualmish, and a long and loud whine went up from the persecuted innocents because of the enormity of suppressing secession badges, cheering Jeff Davis, and kindred harmless manifestations of opinion. They who roared louder than all the bulls of Bashan, and vapored like turkey-cocks, soon cooed as gently as a sucking dove. Rebeldom was vociferous for peace. Red-handed, and with the steam of the murders of the 19th of April rising from their smoking garments, they prated of "peace." But they were not isolated in their efforts to restore peace. Throughout the broad prairies of the West, and amid the rocky hills of staid old New England, the piping cry of peace, and the sophistry and cant accompanying it was the same that arose from the peace-enamored scoundrels of blood-stained Baltimore. The similarity between the peace talk of Vallandigham, and others of that ilk, and the secessionists of Maryland, was peculiarly suggestive.

A portion of the Maine regiment that was moved down to Potter's Hill, just north of us, across the right arm of the Patapsco neck, threw up extensive earth-works there, forming a portion of the very complete fortifications that surrounded Baltimore, and made it appear so threatening to J. Davis and Co., when they looked longingly towards that fair city of down-trodden Maryland.

Heavy firing was heard for several days somewhere to the southward, and we were annoyed

with all sorts of vexatious rumors of impossible engagements at Munson's Hill and other points, sanguinary beyond all precedent in character, and involving mortality lists of enormous length; but our boys from being remarkably credulous had passed through the various stages of skepticism until they had gone into a chronic state of hopeless unbelief in everything which did not transpire beneath their own immediate observation.

In conformity with General McClellan's orders, our troops shed the greasy, dingy, shabby suit of Indiana grey, and donned the regulation blue. It was a parting that entailed no regret, for we were heartly disgusted with, and ashamed of, it. It was always being washed and always dirty and greasy.

General Dix, anxious to know the facts in the case of the terrible affray at Port Deposit, sent Major Hayes down there to investigate the matter, and I accompanied him.

We left Baltimore at half past eight in the morning, and arrived in Havre, twenty-eight miles distant, about half past ten. The road passed through a poor agricultural country, much resembling, were it not for the visible admixture of pine, cedar and chestnut, with the scrub oaks, the "barren" regions of Indiana and South Illinois.

Havre de Grace is a quaint old town situated at the mouth of the Susquehanna, forcibly reminding one of the sleepy Dutch burgs so felicitously described by Washington Irving. Its slumberous appearance was somewhat relieved by the fact of

a part of the Fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers, being stationed there.

Going down to the water to take the boat for Port Deposit, we passed a member of the Fourth New York (Scott Life Guards), afflicted with a chronic mania for desertion, in an uncomfortable position. He was lying with his face in the sand, his arms thrown around a pillar supporting the bridge, and heavily manacled. He was enjoying a profound slumber, embellished with prolonged and sonorous snores.

The Fairy, a little side-wheel steamer, pointed sharp at both ends, was waiting for us. First a detatchment of the guard went aboard, then the prisoners filed in, then followed the rest of the guard, officers of the Scott Life Guards, Mr. Meade Addison, U. S. District Attorney, Major Hayes and myself, with a sprinkling of civilians bringing up the rear. All aboard, and comfortably smoking under an awning on the upper deck, a bell, large enough for the Great Eastern, rang furiously, and the Fairy steamed away for Port Deposit, five miles above, on the Susquehanna.

Port Deposit was an old town then, consisting of one long and crooked street built in the narrow space between the river and the bluff. Many of the houses were large, heavy stone buildings, strong enough for forts, and built of a beautiful, hard, grey granite, with which the quarries in the neighboring bluffs abounded. Others were built of wood, and plastered on the outside in a quaint, old-fashioned style. There was a good deal of

wealth, and the town formerly did a heavy business in grain, stone, lime, lumber and liquor. It was then the head of navigation on the Susquehanna, and a great forwarding point, but some public work—the building of a road or the cutting of a canal, I don't remember which—nipped the shoot of its rising greatness; since which time it has with difficulty "held its own." The citizens were about equally divided between "Union" and "Peace" (*Anglice* "Secesh"), and each party was equally enthusiastic. A fine company of Home Guards was armed with rifled muskets, and prepared at any moment to use them.

From a laborious examination before the jury of inquest, the following particulars were gleaned of the collision: A "peace meeting" was being held in the barber shop of a hotel, a number of soldiers of the Scott Life Guard were in Port Deposit, and some eight or ten of them went into the bar-room —a secession house—and drank at the bar. Learning that a peace meeting was being held in the barber shop, the door of which was open, two of them entered, and one of them waved a small flag over the table where the votes were being counted, denounced the meeting as a secession one, and declared his intention of breaking it up. There were about fifty persons in the room, and they rose, roughly expelled the soldiers, and followed them into the bar-room, where a bloody and general fight ensued, in which fists, clubs, chairs, spittoons and knives were freely used. After a time the fighting was adjourned to the street, where the sol-

diers were chased with stones about fifty yards, when they rallied, and in turn chased their pursuers. Two men were killed instantly in the bar-room. They were both stabbed in the neck. Two citizens were also stabbed, one in the face and arm, the other in the neck. Two or three soldiers were stabbed, but not fatally, and others severely beaten, one having the temporal bone on the left side of the face broken from a blow with a spittoon. The scene in the bar-room was described as being horrible in the extreme. The floor was literally drenched in blood. Men lying dead, and soldiers scattered around, knocked senseless from blows.

The evidence on the part of secession witnesses was so conflicting as to destroy its credibility. Nothing was elicited to show that the soldiers made a preconcerted attack on the meeting, or that there was a knife among them. The presumption was that, after being beaten with chairs and bludgeons, and some of them stabbed, one of them wrenched a knife from a citizen's hand and used it with deadly effect. The two men killed were both violent secessionists, one of them an estimable man, but hasty in temper and frantic on the secession question. The other was a man of violent habits, and had been frequently engaged in stabbing affrays. A witness of undoubted veracity, who viewed the fight through a broken pane in a window, and who gave his evidence in a clear and circumstantial manner, testified that he saw the latter with a soldier's head jammed down over the counter and repeatedly striking him with a club.

All the witnesses testified to the quiet and gentlemanly deportment of the soldiers up to the time of their interruption of the meeting. The jury returned a verdict which did not implicate the soldiers any more than the citizens.

At Perryville, opposite Havre de Grace, a great mule and wagon depot had been established. The American flag at that point waved in triumph over six thousand mules and three thousand wagons, with fresh arrivals every day. A thick, heavy cloud of dust hovered over the region round about, and the air was resonant with multitudinous brays, intermingled with the hoarse cries of the mule-breaker.

Returning down from Port Deposit by the river road, we came upon a vast *corral* of United States wagons, inclosing a space of five or six acres. Inside the inclosure a perfect forest of long ears, and a compact mass of black hides were working and surging to and fro. There were quite a number of these pens near Perryville, each containing fifteen hundred or two thousand mules, collected from all parts of the country, and stored in those pens to await the process of breaking.

Some distance from the pen we found the breaking-ground, where about a hundred lusty darkies were engaged in the work of taking the mules through a rudimentary course of instruction preparatory to fitting them for duty in harness. The process of breaking was exciting and interesting, and not unattended with danger. The mule was driven into a "chute" just the width of his body,

with strong wooden bars on each side, which prevented his kicking out laterally, and at the same time admitted of his being handled through the cracks. A rope was then fastened to his jaw, and another tied as a girth around his barrel; after which one was attached to his fore-feet and passed under the girth and out at the rear, in which condition he was turned out for the preliminary exercises, consisting of a series of frantic plunges, with some ludicrous ground and lofty tumbling and vicious attempts to bite and strike with his fore-feet. This exercise continued for a longer or shorter period of time, according to the intelligence and obstinacy of the subject. But your mule is not altogether such a fool as he looks, and after coming to grief a matter of a dozen times by means of the check rope, he wisely concluded that plunging and rearing was not remunerative, and lay still, either reflecting or groaning piteously. If unusually obstinate through the first lesson, he was trotted around the course at a double quick and his hide copiously anointed with a stout cudgel.

After the first course, the mule being supposed to have absorbed something of the rudiments of his education, was reconducted to the "chute," where he was invested with harness and again led forth, and another series of gymnastic exercises took place.

After becoming somewhat accustomed to the harness, they were hitched up to the large wagons and driven around the course. The operation of hitching up was a delicate one, requiring great

care. The negro approached cautiously and gingerly, with his eye fixed on the mule's ears. If a suspicious movement of the auricular appendages was seen, the startled African sprang backward quick as lightning, just in time to escape a flashing pair of heels. Again he approached, and finally succeeded in hitching up. A brace of broken mules were usually put in the rear, with a team of wild ones in front.

When the mule is shod, a broad leather belt is passed around his body and he is hoisted clear, then his feet are drawn back and fastened, when he helplessly submits to the operation of shoeing, emitting sundry protests in the way of snorts and groans.

When curried, it is an operation which hardly pays for the danger incurred. The mule is altogether too handy with his heels to render it desirable employment. Sometimes a curry comb is fastened to an eight-foot pole, when the groom stands out of range and rakes him down from "long taw."

Negroes were exclusively employed in the breaking and training of mules at Perryville. I asked one of the men superintending the matter why this was so. "Well," said he, "a negro is the next thing to a mule, anyhow. They understand each other better, and there is a natural affinity of character between them. The negroes like it, and d—d if I don't believe the mules like it too. At any rate, a negro can break a mule twice as quickly as a white man, and can get more out of him after

he is broken. We tried white men, but it wouldn't do. The mules have no confidence in them."

A great many people wondered why General McClellan did not make a forward movement. If they had gone to Perryville and seen the vast pens of mule flesh, the wagons, the stores of forage, forges, harness and equipments, they would have known what he was waiting for.

CHAPTER IV.

We moved our camp from Locust Point up to the neighborhood of Druid Hill Park, a beautiful location, with a fine shade of oak and sweet gum trees, high and rolling, and excellent spring water. Our camp was now called Camp Murray. We anticipated a great deal of benefit, in the sanitary way, from the change. Notwithstanding the opinion of some, I do not believe that dirt is the cause of the greater part of camp sickness. At Locust Point, our boys were regularly driven to the water and washed, like sheep, and yet intermittent, typhoid, and vile, low-grade fevers, for which there is no name, but resembling the Southern "dengue" or "break-bone," prevailed.

September 26th, 1861, was pretty generally observed by the citizens of Baltimore as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer—the Baltimoreans fasted on oysters and cocktails, preyed promiscu-

ously upon each other, and "humiliated" themselves by pious pilgrimages behind 2:40 horses to Druid Hill Park, or sailed leisurely down the Bay, and drew miniature leviathans from the "vasty deep" with a hook. Business houses, Union and Secession, were alike closed, and the city had a sort of holiday appearance. The churches were crowded, and the Throne of Grace besieged, with petitions and counter petitions, from different members of the same church, praying to the same God, that events widely apart might come to pass.

Throngs of citizens visited the various military encampments about the city; our own (which at Locust Point was rarely brightened with visitors of the female persuasion, apple women and negroes excepted,) came in for a full share. The Maryland regiment, at Camp Carroll, and the Sixth Michigan, in camp at Prospect Hill, on the York road, had flag presentations, at which the usual ceremonies were observed and the usual patriotic speeches, abounding in valorous war-talk, couched in prettily-worded, smoothly-turned sentences, were made. This was a thing we were heartily tired of. We had seen enough of the flummery of war, and now wanted the reality. Speeches were well enough to amuse women, children and "sweet young men" whose business interests were such that they could not leave home, but we wanted to hear the cannon's roar.

Our boys were highly pleased with their new camp and we indignant that they should have been kept so long at Locust Point, when this beautiful

spot was unoccupied. We had been so long on the barren sand of Camp Dix that the very sight of a tree was exhilarating. The site of our camp was covered with fine old oaks and sweet gums. One venerable fellow, which had probably outlived more tempests than there were acorns on its branches, struck its gnarled roots into the earth just in front of our tent, and spread its protecting arms in a patronizing way over us. A swarm of insects of the *cicada* tribe rendezvoused in its branches; the cheerful music of their prattling gossip proclaimed some naughty things which Katy-did.

We formed a much better opinion of the sociability of Baltimore people after we came to Camp Murray. Throngs of them came to see our dress parades, on foot and in carriages, and handsomely dressed lady equestrians, who rode and looked charmingly, favored us with their presence. Our colonel was the recipient of so many testimonials of good will from the female portion of our visitors, in the shape of tastefully arranged bouquets, that there was danger of his becoming a little vain.

Our camp was named after the gentleman who owned the ground, to whom we were indebted for many favors.

Every day rumors of terrible fighting along the Potomac reached the city, and finally floated out to camp, magnified and distorted in all possible shapes of absurdity, but they failed to excite attention. The fact was, we had made up our minds to go into winter quarters in Baltimore, and had turned our attention to base-ball—the enjoy-

ments of the creature comforts, and the cultivation of female society, neither knowing nor caring whether Beauregard was to winter in Philadelphia, or McClellan in Richmond. We had waited and watched and prayed for active service through the various stages of sanguine hope to despair, which was finally ended in indifference, until we were prepared to fall in with any fly-blown policy the government might choose to pursue. If we must go into winter quarters in the North, I did not know any better place than Baltimore, where we were well fed and comfortably housed. The colonel, however, was resolved to make one last effort to get in the field before the winter set in.

Our regiment had cast its greasy shell of Indiana grey and bloomed in regulation blue. The change for the better in the appearance of the men was almost incredible. They looked like different men altogether, and compared favorably in personal appearance and proficiency with anybody's regiment. Indeed, I think I might hazard the assertion that we had the best drilled, best equipped, best fed and best looking regiment that had yet left the State. We had exchanged the old muskets received at Indianapolis for German rifles—*chef d' œuvres* of Dutch ingenuity in the way of clumsiness of exterior, but of exquisite finish of the interior, and good range. The two flank companies kept their Enfield rifles, which after all were the deadliest weapons in the hands of men who knew how to use them. The nipping cold of the nights was a disagreeable hint of the near approach of winter.

The woods were glorious with the gorgeous hues of the dying autumn—the green and golden of the maple, the crimson of the gum and sumach, and the sombre brown of the oak. The dropping nuts, the leaden sky, the wailing breeze crooning a requiem among the branches of the oaks for the departed glories of the summer, all reminded us that the "melancholy days had come," and engendered lugubrious cogitations on the budding hope and blasted fruits of man's ambition.

Almost a year had elapsed since this rebellion, so long brewing, had broken out with the secession of South Carolina. Armies, vaster in proportion and more terrible in equipment than any the world had seen since the days of the great Napoleon, had sprung full-armed into existence, while a mighty government convulsed the world with its struggles to maintain itself, and the tread of armed men resounded from Maine to California. How well did we remember the jests and sneers of the arrogant and self-sufficient North at the rebellion when it first broke out. We roared and shook our sides with merriment, and fired broadsides of epigrams at the rebels while they worked, drilled, stole guns and built batteries. The joke was too good—we must humor it. Then Sumter fell, and the North exploded in an unaccountable rage. That which was known must finally take place—that which had been calmly and quietly contemplated for months—set the entire North in a blaze. Then all the talk was for "crushing out" the rebellion—for sweeping the last vestige of treason from the land, and

hanging the arch-traitors; but gradually and surely the ugly fact dawned upon us that treason was not to be crushed out with words; that the misguided traitors were terribly in earnest, and had avoided the error which had so nearly proved fatal to us—of under-rating the magnitude of the task before them. Bull Run was a gentle reminder that undisciplined masses, however brave, could not march uninterruptedly "on to Richmond;" that self-confidence was not a match for superior generalship, nor a substitute for discipline; that to despise an enemy was not to conquer him. But still we found a general disposition among the people at large of the North to under-rate the strength and energy of the rebels. People whose "business" would not permit them to enlist, continued to talk in a loose, rambling way of "crushing out" the rebellion, while the God's truth was that from the first the rebellion had steadily and persistently gained ground and was more formidable than it ever had been.

I had not the slightest doubt of the ultimate triumph of the Government, but that triumph must be the result of earnest work and hard fighting, and not the frothing talk of fools and bigots. I know the temper of these Southerners too well to flatter myself, that even the defeat and utter destruction of their army in Virginia, would end the war. Rumor had it that we were to leave here immediately. As for myself, I was prepared to hybernate for the winter. Our household con-

sisted of myself and comrade, a bench-leg dog, and a cat of great blackness.

The health of the regiment was good; most all the cases in the hospital when we left Locust Point, had got out, and no new ones had been sent from Druid Hill.

CHAPTER V.

We again removed our camp, and were located just outside of the fortifications on Murray Hill, Snake Hill, or Potter's Hill, as the place was variously designated, on the ground just vacated by the Tenth Maine, which left for the Potomac the day we came down. Murray Hill was in the immediate vicinity of Canton. Canton was a bad-smelling suburb of Baltimore, consisting principally of ragged cuts and holes in the ground, fringed around the edges with dingy houses, sheltering a mingled population of Dutch, Irish and negroes, the most of them identified with beer and laundry interests. Flocks of straggling geese and herds of savory goats lent to the place a pastoral appearance, and mangy, ill-looking, half-starved curs sniffed suspiciously at the heels of the pedestrian.

Discharges had been made out and forwarded to the war department for fifty or sixty of our men. A great many of those were cases which a rigid inspection at the time of enlistment would have rejected. The necessity for a closer inspection of

recruits should have been impressed upon colonels who were raising new regiments. The enlistment of weak lungs and rheumatic temperaments was a dead loss, and, in some sense, a fraud upon the government; besides, a good deal of trouble in filling up might have been avoided by selecting good men in the start. We were not likely to have any trouble in keeping the regiment full, as new recruits came on from Indiana almost as fast as there were vacancies.

The work on the fort was pushed on with vigor. The earth-works were completed in a few days, and the guns mounted. The armament consisted of thirty-eight guns, some of them of the heaviest calibre. The position was a beautiful one, commanding the city, the harbor, and Fort McHenry. The elevation was much above that of Fort McHenry, and greater than that of Federal Hill. With these three powerful fortifications, Baltimore was made rather hot to serve as winter quarters for Beauregard's army.

The general impression was that as soon as the works on Murray Hill were completed, we would go into winter quarters inside the walls. There had been loud and continued growling from the men at the policy of keeping us here, while regiment after regiment of raw recruits, in a very embryotic condition as regarded drill, and almost guiltless of discipline, were forwarded to the theater of war; and the colonel, who, having got his regiment into excellent fighting condition, was anxious to give it an airing in the field, fumed and

fretted as much as any of them. It was very gratifying to be in high favor at headquarters, and we were very much obliged to Gen. Dix for his excellent opinion of us, but we could dispense with a portion of it, for the consideration of being taken into service.

The weary monotony of camp life was right sharply relieved by a variety of "moving incidents, by flood and field"—mostly flood. For twenty-four hours the wind blew a terrible gale, and the rain fell in torrents, spiced with occasional "spurts" of sleet and hail. Flies were carried away, guy-ropes snapped, and in some instances, tents were lifted bodily from the ground, and the shivering inmates exposed to a "pitiless pelting." Our camp was left in an interesting condition. A hundred little torrents, thick with red earth washed from the walls of the fort, poured through the streets and into the tents, forming little ponds in all the basins and drowning out the camp-fires. The earth was tramped into a thin, slushy mortar, in which geese paddled and squawked around, and the only two pigs I had seen since leaving Ohio, were rooting.

The soldiers took advantage of a transitory gleam of sunshine, and blankets, clothing, and other fixings were hung out in every available spot. The boys came out strong under their trials, and were jolly as even Mark Tapley could have wished under the only real hardships to which they had been exposed, showing that however much they might growl and grumble at trifles, when anything

was to be endured, the responsibility of which could not be consistently saddled upon the quartermaster, or their company officers, they had in them the stuff to make soldiers. Men who would growl terribly at the slightest symptom of acidity in bread, or the faintest suspicion of rustiness in bacon, whom nothing less than "iced water and milk" in summer, and hot rolls and butter in winter, would have contented—wet, cold, and hungry, sang songs in the mud, and greeted each fresh mishap with roars of laughter. Not a few ludicrous scenes might be recorded of the progress of the gale. About four o'clock one Saturday morning the gallant captain of company A might have been seen bracing his brawny shoulders resolutely against his tent poles, with a brief shirt-tail flapping furiously in the breeze, and yelling lustily for a somnolent Ethiope to come to the rescue. The captain was in a quandary, the cold rain was beating in upon him, and if he let go of the pole, his tent would be carried off bodily; if he held on to it, he could not get to kill the negro. The captain was the prey for some moments of conflicting passions—solicitude for his quarters, and rage at the profound slumber of his contraband—but was finally relieved, and escaped with an involuntary shower-bath.

The greatest solicitude was felt for the safety of the great fleet. It was known that many of the vessels were not sea-worthy, and, heavily laden as they were, if the gale was as severe on the coast as it was with us, it was scarcely possible

they could have escaped without serious disaster. Troops continued to pass through almost daily, it was said, to Annapolis. The number in and about Baltimore continued at about the same figures, in the neighborhood of 10,000. The Fourth Michigan Regiment remained at McKim's Wood, the Tenth Maine at Patterson's Park, and the Duryea Zouaves at Federal Hill. The Zoo-Zoos were brilliant with new red breeches of increased capacity in the rear, and had lost none of their accustomed sauciness of swagger.

The harbor was crowded with vessels which should be plying between Baltimore and Washington. I was becoming more and more enamored of the distinguished foresight and vigor with which the war was prosecuted. We were scientific—intensely so. We had balloons, and all the latest improvements in rifled arms—companies of sharpshooters, carrying forty pound telescopic rifles, with which a man might be "corpsed" at a greater distance than he could be distinguished with the naked eye—rocket batteries and Sawyer guns, to amuse scientific generals with interesting sport "at the Rip-Raps," while the Potomac was blockaded, and the food for our grand army was transported in wagons. That was a good joke on science.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in November a portion of the Twenty-first succeeded in getting away from Baltimore, and into a region where there was at least a prospect of a fight. For several days it had been noised around the camp that an expedition of some sort was on foot, and on the morning of the 12th we marched from our encampment, five hundred strong, down to one of the Canton wharves, to await the movements of the steamer which was to carry us off. About half-past 4 P. M., the Star came along, and we went aboard. Presently the Pocahontas came up with five hundred Zouaves on board, from Federal Hill, and in company we steamed off for the Bay, the Pocahontas in the lead. On board the Star we passed a very uncomfortable night. The boat was very much crowded, and without accommodations of any kind for officer or private. It was really distressing to see the frantic efforts of the poor fellows, who were tired out with the preparations for the march, to get a little sleep. Some of them coiled up in the most ridiculous positions imaginable. As for myself, I was walked over some three or four hundred times, and my ribs were sore from frequent punches from the feet of unconscious sleepers—said feet being spasmodically shot out at intervals, in an involun-

tary effort of the tired muscles to secure a little respite from their unnatural tension.

About daylight we reached the mouth of the Potomac. After having passed the light-house on Watts Island, and when in the neighborhood of Tangier Sound, the Pocahontas ran aground, hard and fast.

We spent several hours in fruitless endeavors to haul her off, and then steamed away for Pocomoke Sound, leaving the red breeches rueful and disconsolate. But we had spent too much time with the Pocahontas. The tide was out, and when near the mouth of Pocomoke river the Star grounded on the mud bar, where we were compelled to lie until high tide. We would have been in a very critical position provided the enemy had had any artillery in the neighborhood. For nine hours we lay perfectly helpless, within point-blank range of a portion of the sacred soil, with the rebels reported in force within a short distance. Fortunately we were not molested, and a little after 9 o'clock, crossed the bar and entered the mouth of the Pocomoke, where there was plenty of water for the largest vessels.

The Pocomoke must be seen to be appreciated. No description could do justice to its beauties. It is a narrow, crooked stream—not wider than a creek—with low, marshy banks, and water as black as ink. There was apparently no current in it, except that caused by the ebb and flow of the tide. There was some dry land between the mouth and Newtown, a distance of twenty miles,

but the most of the country immediately adjacent to the river was cypress swamp. The person who has never seen a cypress swamp has one nameless horror yet to experience. The dismal cypress trees, festooned with poisonous vines—the queer-looking cypress "knees" shooting up in myriads around the roots of the trees; the filthy marsh, "where the serpent feeds," and the stagnant water, with its load of miasma—formed a picture not easily forgotten.

We had been led to expect trouble in ascending the Pocomoke, as it was reported that batteries had been built along its bank, between the mouth and Newtown. In expectation of being fired upon, Colonel McMillan formed his men on the upper and lower decks of the boat, in the best manner possible, and we cautiously steamed up. One after another we passed the points at which the batteries had been appointed, without interruption, and reached Newtown in due season. We ran up to a little dirty wharf, alongside of which a few shabby lumber schooners were moored. The banks were lined with a crowd of negroes of all sizes, ages and sexes, whose staring eyes were almost popping out of their heads with amazement, and their teeth chattering with terror. The boat having been moored, the vanguard of the Grand Army of the Potomac marched ashore, and bivouacked in an open lot, close to a little snuff-colored Catholic church, with a funny cupola and steeple, and a graveyard in the rear. With exception of the negroes, and an occasional glimpse of a pair of bright

eyes, and part of a figure all in white peeping out from behind the window curtains, we saw no signs of life about Newtown at that time. It was a little place, of about 800 inhabitants. They called it Newtown because it was so old. The population seemed to be mainly composed of colored people and women—the presumption being that most of the men are skulking in the woods, or in the rebel army.

The day after we arrived there, Colonel Payne's Wisconsin regiment came down from Snow Hill, and encamped alongside of us. Our Zouave friends also came in on the Star. Nem's battery of Massachusets flying artillery, Captain Richard's Pennsylvania dragoons, and a detachment of Delaware men, also came in.

General Lockwood was in command of the troops. He was a Delaware man, of whom I knew nothing. His force was about 3,500, including the troops I have mentioned. The Purnell Legion of Maryland troops encamped over the river near there, with some Eastern Shore men, whose position or strength I was unable to ascertain.

It rained constantly all night, and as we were encamped on low ground and not particularly well provided for, it may be imagined that our position was not a pleasant one, but I never saw any troops more eager for a fight than those of the Twenty-first. We were commanded by Colonel McMillan in person, who proved himself a thorough officer, and fully equal to any position in which he might be

placed. Our excellent adjutant, Mat. Latham, was also with us. On the map is a narrow peninsula, about ninty miles in length, lying between the bay and the ocean, which was geographically a part of Maryland, but had always belonged to Virginia. Of this peninsula was formed the two counties of Accomac and Northampton. It was reported that General Magruder had entrenched himself in Accomac county, with 4,000 or 5,000 men, a short distance from us, and our expedition was to "clean out" the two Virginia counties entirely. Everything indicated that an engagement was expected, and probably a bloody one; for myself I did not anticipate any fight. And when the magnificent bubble of the peninsula war was pricked, very little survived the collapse. We came out from Baltimore prepared for a vigorous and effective campaign, with infantry, cavalry, artillery, ambulances, surgeons and lint. The most exaggerated stories of the force and formidable preparations of the rebels were circulated, and many thought it possible that there might be a fight, in view of the extensive preparations made.

The entire force under the command of Gen. Lockwood, amounted to near five thousand men. That of the enemy, as near as it could be ascertained, was about seven hundred! When our boys learned that all this preparation was made to attack seven hundred undisciplined men, armed with shot-guns and squirrel rifles, their rage and disgust was unutterable. All we did was to devour our chagrin and leave Newtown. We took up our line

of march southward. The troops that left New town, were nine hundred Wisconsin, five hundred Zouaves, five hundred Michigan, and five hundred Twenty-first Indiana, together with Nim's Flying Artillery and Capt. Richards' Pennsylvania cavalry, each one hundred and fifty strong. We crossed the Maryland line about six miles from Newtown, and for the first time set foot on the sacred soil of Virginia. It was the first time our men had had an opportunity of trying the realities of a march, and the most of them thought there was no fun in trudging along a muddy road, with a forty pound knapsack slung over the shoulder, nothing to eat but sheet-iron crackers and raw bacon, with a handful of persimmons for dessert. After several miles in Virginia, we came upon rebel "sign" in the shape of large numbers of trees cut across the road. In the innocence of their hearts they supposed we would turn back when we came to this fallen timber; but not a bit of it! A few miles further on we arrived at the rebel fort—a rude breastwork, forming a half-circle, with a deep ditch around it, and embrasures for mounting three or four guns. It was so poorly constructed, that even if properly manned, it would have been worse than useless. There was not room in the embrasures to work the guns, and nothing to prevent its being stormed in the rear. The rebels had evacuated, and had left in hot haste for the South.

We passed this fort, which our adjutant chris-

tened the "Rebel's Folly," and came on to Oak Hill, two or three miles further, and encamped.

Our commissariat had been very poorly provided. We had had nothing to eat since leaving Baltimore but bacon and hard bread; and the worst feature was, there was not enough of that. Our colonel made most vigorous efforts to keep the men from stealing; but it could not be expected that soldiers would starve, or even go very hungry in the enemy's country, and the tents had scarcely been pitched an hour before chickens were squawking and pigs squealing in every direction. There was miserable mismanagement somewhere. Capt. Richards' cavalry had had no tents since leaving Baltimore, and nothing whatever to eat except a little hard bread they had brought in their haversacks. The country was much better than I expected to see, taking Newtown as a specimen. It was a pine country, with light, sandy soil, which produced tolerably fair wheat and corn, with the aid of guano. The persimmon grew exuberantly; and, as a consequence, the oppossum flourished and waxed fat. Everything that came into camp was "possum," but I never before knew the animal wore feathers and hoofs!

The negro also abounded to a considerable extent. Their ivories glistened on every side, and their broad, greasy faces were radiant with good-humored smiles. Indeed, they were much more pleased to see us than were the white inhabitants. The latter were a slow set. A newspaper never found its way there, unless by accident, and the

people were almost wholly ignorant of what transpired in the outside world. I found few who had heard of the sailing of the great fleet, and some who had just heard of Bull Run. They were not at all curious. They asked no questions. They knew nothing and did not want to know anything. Such of them as pretended to know what was going on, had heard only the secession version of the various incidents of the war.

Their country had made enough bread and meat to live on, but there was no money there, and no commerce of any kind. The people had been so situated they could get nothing from either the North or South. The only port of entry on the peninsula had been abolished, and the Confederates had established none.

We found an old 32-pounder of French or Spanish manufacture there, said to have been dug up in one of the marshes on the sea coast. They need not have gone to the trouble of spiking it, as it was so eaten with rust as to be worthless.

A horrible accident occurred in the Sixth Michigan encampment. A soldier, carelessly handling a gun, discharged it and blew off a comrade's head.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Twenty-first and the Zouaves reached Eastville, Northampton county, Virginia, on the 23d of November, having marched through the entire peninsula without so much as seeing even the tail

of a foe in arms. We saw plenty of "sign" in the shape of rudely-constructed breastworks, fallen timber, cut across the roads to embarrass our march, and the sites of rebel encampments, abandoned in hot haste; but the expedition was perfectly barren of actual fighting, and its only trophies were eight or ten field pieces, well mounted, and several hundred assorted muskets—flint locks, percussion locks, and without locks—knapsacks, cartridge boxes, and outlandish old sabers.

Adjutant Latham, with a squad of Richards' cavalry, were quite successful in hunting up secreted arms, besides they made several important arrests —among others, those of Colonel and Captain West and Lieutenant Bull. Colonel West was the commander-in-chief of the rebel militia in the counties of Accomac and Northampton, while the regular confederates were commanded by General Charley Smith, a young man about twenty-three of age, and a relative of "Extra Billy."

The rebels had all dispersed or escaped from the country. It was astonishing to see the number of good Union men. Nearly everybody was for the Union—just then—and those who could not deny having been in the rebel ranks, were "pressed" into the service. It was a little singular how, with so many Union men in the peninsula, they could have allowed themselves to be forced into a service repugnant to them; but, perhaps, it was one of the anomalies of war.

Eastville was a town of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants—four miles from any steamboat

landing, and eight miles from Cherry-Stone wharf, the old Norfolk boat landing. It was only forty miles from there to Norfolk. The peninsula is very narrow there, and one could go but a short distance from the town on either side, without encountering some of the numerous inlets from the bay or sea. The finest oysters were found on both the bay and seaside. The country about there presented the same appearance as at all other points along the road—flat and level, with light, sandy soil, and forests of pine, with oak and holly intermixed. About our encampment, which was in a thick pine wood, northwest of the town, I found thin specimens of the Spanish moss hanging from some of the trees, and several specimens of a variety of the magnolia—indications of a southern latitude.

In the clerk's office at Eastville, I found judicial records showing a county organization as far back as 1632. This is the country where they ordered a witch to be publicly ducked three times in fifteen minutes.

Nothing particularly exciting occurred on the march from Oak Hill to this place. The men had given up all hopes of a fight, and after having, to some extent, recovered from their rage at being so completely fooled—their exasperation in some instances amounting to that highest degree of indignation known as "bull mad"—turned their attention to extracting as much fun from the incidents of their wearisome march as was practicable. They took particular delight in devilling the dar-

kies along the route. These persons appeared to be as well posted as their masters, with regard to our coming, and were very much crest-fallen when they found we did not set them free, as they had been led to expect. Some of them had their bundles ready packed, expecting to be taken along. At one place, while coming through a wood this side of Drummond Town, the column was startled by the sudden apparition of an old white-headed negress by the road-side, throwing up her hands, and thanking God vehemently that we had come at last. She said she had prayed for our coming long, and her prayers were at length answered. The boys gave a deafening cheer, and marched on, leaving the poor creature mystified and forlorn.

At Modest Town and Whitestown we found small editions of the American flag, which were greeted with hearty cheers. These flags had only been displayed the morning we came along, and probably were run up to save their property from the pillage, which the ignorant inhabitants had been taught to expect. At Whitestown we found a supply of tobacco, the scarcity of which had been the cause of much distress. The entire stock of the shopkeeper was purchased by those who had money and divided among their comrades, the boys declaring that their knapsacks felt much lighter, and the blisters on their feet did not hurt half so badly with a quid of the weed between their jaws.

They classified farmers among the poorer classes of the peninsula according to the number of horses they worked. There was the one-horse farmer,

the two and the three-horse farmer, and a man who worked five horses was a "right-smart" farmer. They planted their corn—one stalk in the hill—and it grew close to the ground, with one ear to the stalk. They knew nothing about acres, but any one could tell you how many thousand hills of corn he had raised.

The oxen of the peninsula were miserably small and mean looking. They worked them singly in shafts, the load being pushed along by the head. One of them, if properly fattened, might make a meal for a hungry Hoosier, but I would not give a "claco" for the fragments.

We left Oak Hill in the evening and marched some six or eight miles before camping. The Zouaves were in the lead, and having marched in pretty quick time, they took up an idea they were "putting the Hoosiers through"—an idea that seemed to tickle them amazingly. The next day, however, we were in the lead, and concluded to give our red brethren a taste of Hoosier traveling. We marched fifteen miles in five hours, through sand shoe-mouth deep, and stopped for dinner a short distance this side of Drummond Town. The Zouaves were strung along the road for two miles back, and came straggling in, crestfallen and disgusted, for half an hour after. On the afternoon's march their surgeon rode up and begged Col. McMillan for God's sake to halt; saying that his men could not possibly stand it.

The peninsula, cut off from commerce in a great measure, with both the North and South,

had suffered for many articles of domestic comfort. Sugar, coffee, stationery, and even the necessaries of peninsular life—rum and tobacco—were remarkably scarce, the two latter being parted with reluctantly at exorbitant prices.

No want was more seriously felt by our little army than that of a regular communication with the outside world. We saw nothing and heard nothing except at rare intervals. One day, by a singular streak of good luck, I got hold of a Philadelphia paper only five days old. What a scramble then ensued for the second, third, and as high as the fortieth reading. Our little expedition was made to cut a big figure in the papers. We could appreciate the story of three hundred rebels laying down their arms at Drummond Town, when we knew that we had not seen an armed rebel on our march, and that at no time had there been more than a thousand militia in all, in the two counties.

One could not but admire the sublime audacity of those peninsular rebels. One day one of them came to our colonel with the modest request for a squad of men to assist him in reclaiming a couple of dusky chattels who had taken to the bush on the approach of our troops. In order to understand the sublimity of his impudence, it is necessary to state that these same chattels we were expected to hunt up were engaged in working upon one of those unique fortifications at Pongateague, and in felling timber across the roads. It is matter of history, that the petitioner left with a tickling in his ear, having received a piece of the colonel's

mind, involving a pretty plain statement of the case, embellished with some expressions more energetic than polite.

The hearts of the hungry Twenty-first were gladdened by the arrival of a provision train from Pongateague. It did not reach us any too soon, as we had been for some days living on sweet potatoes, and tea made of sassafras, dittany, spicewood, and such other fragrant roots and herbs as we could gather in the woods. The sweet potato was an excellent thing to have. The boys liked them, and for sixty or seventy consecutive meals they made a good substitute for bread; but when it got to be a regular thing, there were some unreasonable enough to growl. Those esculent, but rather flatulent tubers grew in the greatest abundance on the peninsula, and attained enormous size. They were cheap, too, retailing at twenty-five cents a bushel.

The utmost carelessness characterized the management of our expedition from the first. We left Newtown on very short allowance of provisions—crackers and bacon, and no coffee. Our progress through the country was slow enough to give the rebels ample time to secrete their arms and escape—so that we captured comparatively few munitions, and still fewer prisoners. Then the supply steamer was sent to Pongateague Inlet, th rty-five miles from where we encamped, and our food had to be hauled from there in wagons, when it might have been landed at Cherrystone, twenty-seven miles nearer. To add to the catalogue of blun-

ders, we were for days without soap, and the men were alive with vermin. A man may think he knows all about the hardships of a soldier's life, but he can have no conception of it until he becomes food for smaller insects than himself. The sickening disgust which creeps over a man who has been raised a gentleman, causes him to loathe himself and his fellow man. Luckily, soap came at last, and an energetic boiling and scrubbing was soon put in progress.

In speaking of these matters I must exonerate our regimental officers from blame. They did all that was in their power to render us comfortable. "The king of France, with forty thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again!" I am not sure it *was* the king of France, or being the king of France, *which* king it was! But, at any rate, the somewhat notable manœuvre hinted at in the lines quoted, were cleverly imitated by the performances of General Henry H. Lockwood. Our expedition was perfectly fruitless, so far as we could see, with the exception of having been instrumental in scattering, temporarily, those terrible seven hundred rebels, with their aforesaid dilapidated muskets and shot-guns, and suspending for a time the completion of those wonderful batteries we passed at various points on the route. Another good accomplished, possibly, was the scattering of a little money among the scaly rebels of the region, of which, God knows, they were sadly in need.

Just before leaving for Baltimore, the camp of

the Twenty-first Indiana was thrown into a state of terrible excitement by a report that quite a number of men belonging to Captain Richard Campbell's company, from Clay county, had been poisoned. One of the "messes" of Capt. C's company purchased a "pone" of corn bread from some one of the negro hucksters who thronged the camp with pies, cakes, chickens, and other articles of country produce for sale. They ate a small portion of the bread, but being called out for dress parade, the remainder of the loaf was laid aside for future reference. While on parade two of them were taken sick, and immediately after, several others, with nausea and cramps in the stomach. All who ate of the bread, seven in number, were similarly affected. Emetics were promptly administered, and they were soon out of danger.

It did not seem that any mineral or other active poison was in the bread, but certainly something got into it, whether by design or accident, that made the boys sick for a time.

Quite a ludicrous scene transpired in the camp of the Michigan Sixth at this time, in which our brigadier general played a prominent part. The general was treating himself to an airing in his carriage, when he met a soldier on the road with a decapitated turkey in his hand. The general stopped him, inquired where he belonged, and was particularly anxious to know all about the turkey. The soldier told him he had purchased it, and the general drove off apparently satisfied; but the turkey lay heavily on his mind. He could not im-

agine how a private could honestly possess a turkey; and if a soldier could so far forget himself as to "purvey" a fowl of such magnificent dimensions, especially while being furnished by the government with so rich a diet as sweet potatoes, he ought to be made an example of. So the general drove to the camp of the Michigan boys, having in the meantime worked himself up into a furious rage, swearing that if found, the soldier should be shot, and ordered an investigation. The companies were all paraded, and the search began, the general making the rounds with the company officers. The Michigan boys were stupefied with astonishment at first, but finally the general was startled by the gobbling of a turkey in his rear. He turned his head to look for the offender, when another clever imitation of a turkey-cock was heard in front, and then a perfect storm of turkey calls, cock-adoodle-doos, the hissing of geese, and other specimen of barn-yard vocalism, broke out all over the camp. The general beat a retreat, and on going out the gate, found a pole erected, on which was conspicuously placed fifteen or twenty turkey, chicken and geese heads.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY in December, the Twenty-first Indiana returned from the Eastern Shore expedition to Baltimore, having passed through the many dangers and vicissitudes of that bloodless campaign without

the loss of a single man! We marched sixteen miles on the Pongateague road, then encamped in a pine wood with our brethren of the gay and voluminous trowsers—otherwise known as Zouaves. Fuel was plenty, and by scraping together the fallen leaves, we made beds, which for convenience were as good as any feathers that ever grew on a grey goose's back. A slight fall of snow covered the ground in the morning, giving things a winterish appearance. After breakfast on the impossible cracker and the inevitable hog, we struck tents once more, resumed our march for eight or ten miles, when we reached Pongateague inlet. There the "Star" was waiting, but having tasted her comforts on the march out, we magnanimously allowed our Zouave brethren to march aboard, and concluded to wait for the next steamer. After two long and dreary days, we boarded the "Wilson Small," where soon the disgusting fact became apparent that the accommodations of the "Small" were worse than those of the "Star." I know nothing from actual experience of the "horrors of the middle passage," but I shall never forget the long agony of the voyage from Pongateague on the "Wilson Small." There was nothing to eat, and neither room to lie down nor stand up, with tobacco ejections an inch and a half deep all over the decks. To add to the comforts of the trip, about one-third of the boys got sea-sick, and were "heaving" right and left, without so much as taking time to cry "stand from under."

Gen. Lockwood and staff, whether deservedly

or not, were very unpopular with the troops. The general's personal appearance was not prepossessing. He stuttered, wore spectacles, and looked like a cross between a Presbyterian minister and a Jewish pawnbroker. He was prolific in the matter of general orders, and his "policy" appeared to have been shaped almost exclusively for the protection of the rebels. Horses, known to have been employed in the rebel cavalry, were released, after being seized, on the quibble that they did not belong to the Confederate Government, but were merely hired at so much a day. No seizure of arms could be made without first obtaining a special order from the general, by which time they would be removed to some new hiding-place. Most awful punishments impended over the heads of those who, impelled by hunger or a longing for a change of diet, dared to disturb the tranquility of secession poultry-yards, and it was reported that a private of the Sixth Michigan was sent back to Fort McHenry in irons for stealing a turnip. Secession owners, on whose ground the troops camped, were paid good prices for fodder and corn, and liberal damages for fuel burned. Some of them even asked to be paid for the dead pine leaves the soldiers used for bedding.

The winter quarters of the Twenty-first Indiana were commodious and comfortable. Four hundred were quartered inside the fort and six hundred outside. Notwithstanding the unexampled mildness of the weather, our boys suffered somewhat for the want of comfortable quarters, and it was a

matter for congratulation when they were at last housed, as the winter had begun in earnest. And they could now speak out their defiance of cold, rain and mud, in the words of a song which was immensely popular in the army, the burden of which is that it is a matter of perfect indifference how the wide world wags, for they are firmly resolved to be "gay and happy still."

A movement was at this time on foot to equip the entire regiment with new guns—the Merrill breech-loading rifle—the soldiers buying the guns themselves, with the expectation of being ultimately reimbursed by the Government. As it then stood, we had in the regiment two hundred and fifty Enfield rifles, about two hundred heavy Belgian rifles, nearly as good as the Enfield, and the remainder of the guns were miserable things—infinitely worse than the old altered smooth-bore muskets. Of these latter we had two kinds, one a clumsy-looking affair, with a stationary sight, and a wide and uncertain range in firing, which looked as if it had been roughly cast in some country foundry; and the other a long gun with a thin barrel, a calibre one or two sizes larger than the cartridge, a graduating sight, ranging from fifty to one thousand four hundred yards, and a bayonet about a yard in length. A good marksman, if in luck, might have occasionally hit a good-sized barn at one hundred yards, provided he could have found one of the guns with sufficient strength in the lock to explode the cap. Some of these guns, from inscriptions on the stocks, we found belonged to a

regiment which had a pretty fair taste of the Bull Run fight. Armed with *such* weapons, no fault could be found with them for running away. The only reprehensible feature in it was that they did not leave their guns behind.

Captain Hess's company contracted for and received the Merrill gun, a breech-loader, with sabre bayonet, and universally admitted to be superior to Sharpe's, or any other breech-loading gun. Simple in construction—not liable to get out of order—it could be fired with great rapidity and extraordinary accuracy at a range of six hundred yards. The piece was also not so liable to become foul in firing as muzzle-loading rifles. We fired them as often as eighty times without cleaning.

CHAPTER IX.

Our inglorious march to the peninsula and back again, with its attendant failures, provoked an universal growl all along the line. Ordinarily, a man in military life is not allowed to growl, if he growls aloud; but even a court-martial seems preferable to spontaneous combustion.

Prominent among the subjects provocative of growls at that time, were the fantastic tricks of that great convention of donkeys, our National Congress. What flashing scintillations of genius, what precious pearls of wisdom fell from the lips of the

grave and reverend seignors composing that august body, and were cast by the oracular telegraph and the clanking steam-press before the millions of lesser donkeys who peopled this great and glorious, and so forth! Sagacious, provident, far-seeing Congress became alarmed at the inroads upon our venerable Uncle's strong box, and turned with ferocious and virtuous zeal from the pastime of investigating the conduct or misconduct of the war to the work of retrenchment and reform, and to the tightening of the purse-strings. Congress desired to economize, and bills cutting down the pay of army officers were introduced, saving a miserable pittance, while scoundrel contractors swindled the Nation by the million. Congress cobbled with suttler bills and chaplain bills, while our Grand Army of the Potomac rotted in foul winter quarters at a cost of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars each day. The trickling drops of the spigot were gathered and preserved, while the great stream flowed steadily from the bung-hole. The somewhat novel question of the disposition of rebel slaves also received its share of attention—a question peculiarly puzzling when considered in conjunction with the fact, that we had not then nor were likely to have soon, possession of any considerable amount of rebel territory containing slaves. The scholarly Sumner, his one idea revivified and invigorated by the application of the French *moxa*—the pestilent and bellowing Lovejoy—the brawling cobbler of Natick—raved about the confiscation of rebel slaves, between whom and Fed-

eral deliverance bristled long lines of rebel bayonets. The negro! *tojour* the negro! In the midst of torrents of abolition eloquence and floods of emancipation petitions, Congress frittered away its precious time in idle vaporing.

"General McClellan had the enemy in a trap," we were told. While we admired the charming simplicity, and envied the delicious self-confidence of the devout believers in the "trap" theory, many of us had greater faith in hard, solid fighting, than in science. It looked, to our untutored minds, very much like the "trap" in which the lamented John Phœnix caught the judge, during the progress of the famous Sacramento fight, when, lying upon his back, he inserted his nose between the judge's teeth *for the purpose of holding him down!* Admitting the trap, was it not time, in all conscience, that our "youthful commander" should seriously consider the propriety of springing it and bagging his game? Some of us whose buttons were of the basest brass, guiltless of gilt—upon whose shoulders were no insignia of rank, and whose chapeaux were unadorned with golden bugles—whose periodical drafts upon the treasury would not have kept a contractor in cigars and champagne forty-eight hours, but who had wives and friends at home whom we loved, and whose society we sadly missed—who had no particular fancy for military restraint, and the necessary brute-life of the camp—were anxious that the infernal war should be brought to a speedy close. If the sense of the entire army could have been

taken, its united voice would have been ONWARD. Fight to-day, and if defeated, fight to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after. If McClellan was not ready, he ought to have been. The miserable mongrels of Mexico fought a superior race, and were defeated on two successive days, at Palo Alto and Resaca de le Palma, and we thought it a burning shame that an immense army, made up of the bravest, freest, most intelligent men in the world, fighting for the perpetuation of the fairest fabric of human government the sun ever shone upon, should, six months after a defeat, not have recovered suffiicient strength and confidence to have hazarded another battle. Oh! for a Napoleon; but our Napoleon died when the brilliant Douglas yielded up his life and seemed to leave no hero spirit behind him.

If we had had fewer smooth-bore muskets, no balloons, and less new-fangled inventions for destroying our enemies without exposing ourselves, it would have been better for the country. Long-range guns make long wars. Encourage a soldier to believe that he can "pink" a rebel at a thousand yards, and you will have difficulty to bring him close enough to use the bayonet, or to become inspired with the genuine battle frenzy. Among other nostrums of military quacks was that of the Greek fire-shell, experimented with at Washington, which, fired from a safe and convenient distance, was to explode over the camp of the sons of Belial, covering them with a flood of fire, brimstone, naphtha and other combustible ingredients.

Without profanity, that might be termed a h—ll of an invention.

While the war was thus being prosecuted with a most masterly in activity, unblushing treason stalked in the broad light of day throughout the West; increased its power and extended its influence day by day. Davis remained unhung, and Vallandigham distilled his venom in the very halls of Congress. Of all the traitors, rank and pestilent as they were, that had been arrested by the authorities, could any have been pointed at then as having received punishment, beyond a little temporary confinement? Treason deliberated in open conclave at Indianapolis, and a strong and powerful organization was at work to hamper and embarrass the government in its efforts to subdue the rebellion. I tremble with indignant rage at the reflection that those men prostituted the name Democrat—consecrated by the wisdom of a Jefferson and a Douglas—to their vile purposes.

CHAPTER X.

For four months there was an alternation of rains, snows, sleets, hails, freezes and thaws. The depth of the mud was almost incredible, and everything about the camp wore a nasty, humid look. The Providence which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb brought us through, however, with the

aid of such philosophy as could be brought to bear upon ills of camp life in the rainy season.

February 9, Captain Grimsley came in from the West with forty-three fine, healthy-looking recruits for the Twenty-first, picked up by Major Hayes and Lieutenant Elkins. Some few of them had seen service in the three-months regiments, and in Fremont's body guard, but the most were perfectly "raw," and fresh from the rural districts of Indiana. They spent the day in looking about, staring at the new and strange scenes of camp life, and listening in open-mouthed wonder to the whopping lies with which they were industriously plied by their acquaintances, who had had the advantages of our seven months' experience of military life. In posting up the recruits as to the duties of camp life, and the rigor with which any dereliction of duty was punished, our practical jokers made a perfect raw-head-and-bloody-bones of the adjutant, gravely telling them that the most of the men from our regiment reported as having died were shot by the adjutant for failing to appear on dress parade with clean white gloves and blackened boots.

It was at this period we fed ourselves with the idea that the services of our regiment would soon be required in Kentucky. There was a rumor, based on what foundation no one could say, that the Government had concluded that Washington was safe enough, and that a large body of the troops then eating the bread of idleness, might be safely withdrawn from the East and judiciously

employed in the West. It was said that the railroads had been notified to hold themselves in readiness to transport sixty thousand troops at a moment's notice.

But instead of being ordered to the West, we left our quarters at Fort Marshall, on the afternoon of February 19, 1862, and were shipped aboard the "Georgia" and "Georgiana" for Fortress Monroe. All along the route, from our camp to the wharf, we were greeted with rapturous testimonials of good will by the citizens. The sidewalks were thronged with women and children wishing us God speed! and waving flags. In this respect our departure was in charming contrast to our arrival the previous July.

We arrived at the Fortress on the afternoon of the 20th, remained over night, then went down to Newport News, and into camp.

The scene about the Fortress was peculiarly interesting. Throngs of officers and soldiers were about the wharf, the ragged sides of the "Rip Raps" rose out of the water—Sewall's Point was in the distance—little smoky tugs and gunboats darted about the harbor in the most frantic manner, and the grim port-holes of many noble war vessels lent additional interest to the picture. As we steamed down to the News, a flag of truce, on its way to Craney Island, crept lazily around Sewall's Point and the stars and bars of rebellion fluttered over secession camps on the opposite shore.

Newport News was a queer-looking collection of long rows of barn-like barracks, white tents and

cabins built of pine logs set up endwise with the bark on, and the interstices plastered with blue mud. The Cumberland and several other war vessels were anchored in the harbor.

The first night we quartered in some horse sheds, but soon got into our own tents. There were about six or eight thousand troops at Newport News then, and more arriving daily.

Brigadier General Pierce, the hero of Great Bethel, then a colonel of a regiment, was there. The 22d was celebrated by a roaring salute from the war vessels in the harbor. We also heard guns from the secession camps, but could not say whether they were firing them in honor of Washington's memory, the inauguration of Jeff Davis, or were having a glorification over the brilliant success of the Confederate arms at Fort Donelson.

Our sojourn at the News was anything but monotonous; the weather alone afforded us infinite variety. After the heavy fall of rain and thorough saturation that immediately succeeded our arrival, a terrible gale—in fact a perfect simoon—swept over the neighborhood for about eight hours. The storm came up suddenly about 11 o'clock A. M., and in a short time half the tents were prostrated, and overcoats, blankets and miscellaneous articles of clothing were flying through the air. The "sacred soil," which there consisted of a coarse sand, rose in clouds, and was driven in stinging volleys into the face and eyes of such as were so unfortunate as to be without shelter.

Down at the water, the scene, to one not accus-

tomed to seeing old ocean on the rampage, bordered on the sublime. The waves ran "mountain high" (small mountains), and the angry roar of the surf was appalling. Far over towards the secession side, tossing helplessly on the turbulent waters, and flying signals of distress, two small vessels stood in imminent danger of being cast right into the jaws of the enemy. Two small, black-loooking tugs, from Fortress Monroe, steamed out to their rescue, and brought them in.

Our camp was called Butler. In the interim between our landing and the sailing of the expedition, our time was neither idly nor unprofitably spent. From ten to twelve we drilled in company, skirmish and bayonet exercise; from two till five forty-five, battalion. The Twenty-first Indiana compared favorably, in appearance and drill, with any of the regiments there.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY in March, 1862, we left Newport News, and after a weary time, landed at Ship's Island, where for twenty-two days we heard nothing from the outside world. We were literally famished for news. For ought we knew, the world might have turned topsy-turvy, or the "Dutch taken Holland." Our only mental pabulum was the lies out of whole cloth which the Munchausens of the regiment were ever ready to feed to us.

After our landing we experienced an almost uninterrupted succession of "Northers." The Norther is an institution of the Southern coast, with which none need desire an acquaintance.

About the middle of April, we marched out from our encampment, leaving our tents standing, and embarked on the "Great Republic." The Great Republic was a large sail vessel, but not capable of accommodating three thousand men. We thought we were crowded on the Constitution, but on the Great Republic there was not room to eat, sleep, walk or breathe. The lower decks were badly ventilated, and between them the men were packed as closely as woolly heads on a slave ship. There were no berths for sleeping, and the poor devils were compelled to lie prone on the deck, packed like hogs in a rotten straw pile, reeking with horrible filth.

After getting all ready for a start, the Jackson—a little gun-boat, formerly a New York ferry-boat—hitched on to tow us down to the Passes. The rest of the expedition got out of the harbor very creditably, but we spent fifteen hours in frantic endeavors to turn the Great Republic about, so that she might go out respectably, bow on, and not like a crab. There was a deal of screaming and yelling, and lusty swearing, and everybody worked themselves up almost to the exploding point of ill-humor; but not an inch would the Great Republic budge in the right direction. Her rudder had been so badly injured in a gale a few nights previous as to be almost useless, and the lit-

tle Jackson found she had got more than she bargained for when she undertook to carry such a load. Finally, however, the stubborn monster was headed right, but by this time the wind had shifted and was dead ahead. We poked along, making about a knot in sixteen hours. By sunset, Ship Island—may the d—l fly away with it—had faded away, and in the course of time, I can not pretend to say how many days, but it seemed an age, we dropped anchor at the S. W. Pass,where it seemed we were destined to stay for the remainder of the season.

Our living on the Great Republic approached nearer a state of actual starvation than at any other time. We had a ration of hard bread, about an ounce of abominable pork or salt horse, and not quite a half pint of villainous stuff called coffee, composed principally of burnt peas, or some other substance. (General Butler's brother was post-commissary at Ship Island, and if he was not himself engaged in swindling, he was criminally negligent in allowing others to rob the government.) During the voyage from Ship Island we were allowed a pint of water per day—totally inadequate to alleviate the horrible thirst occasioned by the heat and salt food. Once or twice we had beans and rice, but so miserably cooked that even the stomach of an ostrich would have rejected the unsavory mess.

While anchored there, we heard them hammering away at Fort Jackson for five days, with what effect we did not know at that time. The fort was

thirty-five or forty miles above us, by the river, but probably not more than thirty-five in a direct line. When the state of the atmosphere and the wind were favorable, we could distincly hear the thundering of the big mortars, and the sharp responses of the rifle guns from the fort, and see the thick clouds of sulphurous smoke shoot upward and spread over the horizon after each discharge. One night the bombardment seemed more terrific than at any previous time. By climbing to the cross-trees, on the main mast, I succeeded in getting a magnificent view of the contest, which amply repaid me for the danger of breaking my neck. The great sheets of flame belched from the capacious mortar mouths were distinctly visible, reddening the sky for a moment, while an occasional shell bursting in the air short of its destination, would be seen for an instant like a brilliant meteor, and then disappear. Large volumes of flames would occasionally shoot up, and burn fiercely for half an hour. Those we conjectured to be fire-rafts, sent down from the fort with the hope of destroying the mortar fleet. From the indications, we were inclined to think Commodore Porter had his work cut out for him that time, and found Forts Jackson and St. Philip a tough job—tougher than salt horse and army bread. All accounts represented the rebel guns as having been served with a skill and efficiency quite remarkable.

A story went the rounds that our excellent major general thought he could run up in the night and look at the immense chain stretched across the

river, about a quarter of a mile this side of Fort Jackson. I suppose he was anxious to go up and reconnoitre, principally because he had no business there. He did not propose to do anything except satisfy his curiosity. Reticence is a virtue peculiarly prominent in great commanders, and Major General B. F. B. informed no one of his intentions, but, taking a small steamer, and a judicious selection from his staff, he quietly and cautiously steamed up the river, in the direction of the mysterious obstacle. The lookout on one of the outlying mortar boats, seeing a suspicious craft stealing past, hailed it. No answer was returned, and the suspicious craft kept steadily on its course. One of the big-throated mortars was hastily trained to bear on the m. g's. boat. A thundering report made the waters tremble, and a thirteen inch shell burst in uncomfortable proximity to the party of reconnoisance. The general's boat was promptly put about, and he made excellent time down the river, his curiosity fully satisfied. Unfortunately, he did not halt for a second hint, or the country might have been relieved of as pure a patriot as ever voted fifty-seven times for Jeff. Davis in the Charleston convention.

General Thomas Williams, commanding our present brigade, might not be considered unworthy of a slight notice at my hands. The general was a Vermonter by birth, and until the breaking out of the rebellion was a captain or a major in the regular army. He was a man about five feet eight inches in height, slender, florid complexion,

whiskers all over his face, and hair originally auburn in color, but then nearly gray, a fact to be attributed to service and constant study of military science rather than to the frosts of many winters. He had the cold, merciless gray eye, inseparably connected with the idea of a great commander, but it lacked depth, its expression being peculiarly shallow. At a glance you were liable to be "taken in" by the surface glitter, but a closer inspection discovered the sham, and lead inevitably to the conclusion that "there was nothing in it." He carried his head high in the air, wore a McClellan cap, and had a fashion when in the field of shading his eyes by placing his hand transversely across his forehead, palm downward, thumb resting on the nose, and little finger turned outward.

The general had three or four aids—smooth-faced, soft-looking striplings, who looked as if they would appear to greater advantage "capering nimbly in a lady's drawing room," or learning the rule of three in a village school, rather than on the tented field. Through them we got at second hand their chief's ideas about military affairs. It was very much like a pale refraction of moonshine.

The general was proprietor of a new and unheard-of manœuvre, which he called the "order of combat," by which a regiment was thrown into a sort of echelon, one division in front, a division on either flank, and division distance in the rear, and two divisions massed in the rear of these, and

crossing the division in front. The movement was open to the objection not only of being absolutely worthless, but of laying a whole regiment under fire, with only one division, or at best three, able to do anything. It could not be effected by any combination of commands, in the tactics, but in changing direction, etc., new commands must be invented. The whole proceeding was irregular and awkward, yet on the subject of "order of combat," Gen. Williams was a monomaniac.

The following incident happened at Ship Island. The troops were drawn up in brigade line, when the general thought it advisable to bring them to a "shoulder arms." Rising in his stirrups he called out, "Shouldah!" The colonels repeated the command, and the general, after waiting a few moments and seeing that no one moved, again called out sharply, "*Shoul*-dah!" Still no one stirred, and the general shaded his eyes to see if he could detect the difficulty. "Shoul-*dah!*" he again blurted out with increasing animation. The colonels repeated the command, but still the butts of the rifles clung pertinaciously to the sand. In utter astonishment the general sent Adjutant General Wyckham Hoffman along the line to instruct the officers to repeat the command. After his aid had returned he roared out, "Shoul-*dah!*" Colonels, officers, and non-commissioned officers re-echoed "Shoulder!" but all to no purpose. The general, almost bursting with rage, shook his fist at Colonels Payne and McMillan, whom he chose to consider at the bottom of all devilment,

and started down with the intention of generally blowing up everybody, when he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to give the command of execution, "Arms." Since then, while taking his airings on the poop of the Great Republic, he was frequently startled with stentorian cries of "Shouldah!"

The general, with his aids and servants, monopolized the cabin, and would not allow even a colonel to domesticate with him. The general lay in his comfortable bunk beside an open window, enjoying the sunshine and breeze, and weighing the argument in favor of and against the propriety of getting up, when one of our colonels came along, and leaning over the taffrail, with his portly figure, intercepted the general's streak of sun-light. "Get away from there—*you!*" roared the amiable Napoleon of the Second brigade, N. E. D. You had better believe there was a mad colonel around about that time.

CHAPTER XII.

FORTS Jackson and St. Philip fell. New Orleans had surrendered, and the flag waved over the custom house. The heavy blockading squadron at the mouths of the river was relieved. It was not my good fortune to witness the glorious scene attending the bombardment. After fooling around the Pass until we were all heartily sick and dis-

gusted, being transferred daily from one vessel to another, in vain endeavors to so lighten the Great Republic that she could be taken over the bar, on the afternoon of the 25th of April, while aboard the steam frigate Colorado, we received orders to move around in the rear of Fort St. Philip, in the vicinity of Black Lake Bay, and disembark. The Colorado, to the officers and crew of which we were under obligations for kind treatment, was temporarily under the command of Lieut. Davis, of Carlisle, Indiana, a fine specimen of the thorough seaman, gallant officer, and finished gentleman. The order for disembarkation in the rear of Fort St. Philip was given by Gen. Butler, in consequence of information that the two forts would be ours, as soon as we chose to take them, and was designed to cut off the retreat of the rebel garrisons in that direction. After another transfer to the filthy decks of the Great Republic, which, coming from the clean, smooth floors of the Colorado, seemed like a descent from a well-furnished parlor to a hog-stye, we were taken in tow by a steam craft of some sort, and carried around to the rear of the fort, where we dropped anchor on the morning of the 27th. There we were again transferred to the gunboat Miami, and ran in as close to the land as her draught of water would permit. We were still five or six miles off, which distance had to be traversed in small boats. A narrow strip of swamp land, covered with reeds and willows, ran between the water and the Mississippi. Forts St. Philip and Jackson were

plainly visible from the deck of the Miami, and to our gratification, we found the old flag waving over both. This necessitated another change in the programme, and we put back to the Miami to Pass a l'Outre. Directly after her coming to an anchor in Black Lake Bay, and while yet aboard the Republic, we were startled by a loud, rumbling explosion. Looking in the direction of Fort St. Philip, a dense volume of smoke was seen shooting up hundreds of feet in the air, and spreading far and wide over the horizon. At first we supposed the fort itself had been blown up, but it proved to be an immense floating battery, constructed by the rebels of a floating dock, and heavily covered with railroad iron.

Nothing more dreary could be imagined than the view from a steamer's deck in the neighbornood of the Passes. The mouths of the river strike out from the main channel like the roots of a tree, in all directions. Between each of the Passes is a thin strip of morass covered with cane, grass and weeds, but no timber. Among the dense lines of green, rank vegetation, the alligator, the filthy moccasin snake, and fierce, biting insects make their homes. Wild fowls of various kinds flap their wings over the wide, dismal waste. Ungainly pelicans and screaming sea-gulls circled about the vessels, the former making occasional plunges into the water in pursuit of fish, and the latter fighting and scrambling for scraps of meat and such other garbage as was thrown overboard. Miscellaneous collections of logs, stumps, pieces

of wrecks and entire trees—some of them perhaps from the head waters of the Missouri—lodged on the bars or imbedded themselves in the loose, spongy mud of the swamps. Altogether, the scene was such that even the most mercurial temperament must be saddened and depressed by it. Above, the forts and plantations began to appear, and the scene changed, as if by magic, from utter desolation to one of exquisite beauty. Highly-cultivated sugar farms were seen on either side; the fresh green rows of the young cane extended in parallel lines back to the swamp, and reminded one forcibly of a vast Western corn-field in June. Neat rows of wooden houses afforded shelter to the black bone and muscle we saw toiling in the cane, and gave to the plantation a village-like appearance. The planters' residences were perfect models of quaintness in architecture and beauty of surroundings. Embowered in a dense growth of flowers and shrubbery, from the midst of which the magnolia—glorious with the richness of its deep-green shining leaves and the unapproachable beauty of its large white flowers—sent forth its grateful fragrance. They looked peculiarly inviting, especially to us poor fellows, whose latest recollections were of the Sahara-like barrenness of Ship Island, and the horrid seventeen days of misery, crammed up without room to turn about or lie down, between the loathsome, fetid decks of a dirty transport.

Just above the light-house in Pass a l'Outre, was a little settlement of frame houses, built on piles

and called Alligator Town. It was formerly populated by a colony of bar pilots, but was nearly deserted. There we anchored for the purpose of receiving a mail from the Rhode Island, just without the bar, and on her way to the Southwest Pass. The American flag was flying over one of the houses, on the piazza of which we discovered a live woman, some darkies, and several children, with a weather-beaten Dutchman or Spaniard in the fore-ground, who, on discovering our approach, removed a dilapidated hat from his head and caused it to describe a series of circles in the air, accompanying the movement with husky roars, a vigorous fancy dance, and other demonstrations of joy. On passing the forts, we were all on the lookout for evidence of the hot work which had been going on there, but from the river both Forts Jackson and Philip appeared to be little damaged. Looking at the position of the two forts, the fact that our fleet was enabled to run the gauntlet of their terrible fire with so little injury, seemed to be almost miraculous. We stopped at the quarantine for coal. There we found two hundred and fifty rebel prisoners, taken by the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts in the rear of St. Philip, while attempting to escape. They were a motley, hard-favored set (mostly foreigners), some of them uniformed in the coarse cotton goods used throughout the South for clothing negroes, called osnaburgs, and all wearing shirts made of bright colored Bay State shawls, worn with the fringed tails outside of the pants. These variegated shirts, with their bright

red and green colors, gave the crest-fallen rebs quite a gay and festive appearance. The greatest part of the batch told the same old story, so convenient for rebels in reduced circumstances. They had been "pressed," or driven to the service by pecuniary embarrassment, and the gnawings of hunger. All but two of them took the oath of allegiance and were released. Some half a dozen or more enlisted in our regiment. Just above the quarantine, with her smoke-stack and masts sticking out of the water, lay the wreck of the gunboat Verona—the handsomest and fastest gunboat in the service, which was sunk by the ram Manassas. In the vicinity of Jackson's old battle-ground, we passed a formidable series of land and water defenses, comprising a system of earth-works on the left bank, extending clear back to the swamp, which would have seriously embarrassed the approach of a land force. Our gallant navy, however, made short work of them, and the evidences of a brisk business, while it lasted, were abundant. The earth-works along the bank were literally torn to pieces with shot and shell, and a sugar-house on the left bank was completely riddled, apparently from the fire of their own battery on the other bank.

Passing the battle-ground, the spires and domes of the Crescent City were plainly seen. A residence of several years had rather attached me to New Orleans, and it was not without a feeling akin to sadness that I contemplated the abundant evidences of distress caused by the blockade, which was

manifested on every hand as we steamed around the lower horn. The appearance of the city was gloomy in the extreme. I was there during the fearful visitation of the yellow fever in 1853, and not even then was it half so dismal. Of the vast forests of masts, almost blocking up the river in former times, not one was to be seen, unless, from the deck of a war-ship or gunboat, bristling with hostile guns. Not a single one of the great fleet of up-river steamers, bearing the rich produce of the great West to its natural outlet, then smoked and puffed at the warf. The space allotted to broad horns was also vacant. The wharves, usually piled up with cotton, and corn, and sugar, and miscellaneous merchandise, were perfectly bare. No thundering drays, or furiously-driven omnibusses were seen in the streets, and the business houses were closed. With exception of a mixed throng of laborers, rowdies, darkies, women and children, who crowded the wharves to see us land, the city seemed to be utterly deserted—dreary, desolate, dismal, dead and d—d. Not so much as the ghost of its wonted greatness wandered among what were the haunts of busy trade, to remind one of the New Orleans of former days.

Our blockade has been called "inefficient" by the captious cavilers of the British press; but inefficient or not, the appearance of New Orleans at that time bore ample testimony to the terrible pressure to which her people had been subjected. We tied up at the foot of Julia street, and lay there several hours, but did not go ashore. A large crowd

collected around the Miami to satisfy their curiosity, by having a stare at the d—d Yankees. We were ordered to hold no communication with any one on shore. Finally, we cast off from the wharf, dropped down to the lower end of the city, crossed over to Algiers, and took up quarters in the depot of the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western railroad. All the Algierines we had seen were as virulent secessionists as their neighbors over the way, though I had little doubt but there was some Union feeling among them. The citizens of Algiers depended, in former times, a great deal on the dry docks for employment, and, in fact, the building and repairing of vessels was the principal business of the place. The destruction of these docks, by order of Gen. Lovell, had, as I learned from a little secesh paper, published here, called the *Newsboy*, caused a great deal of indignation among them. They gathered around our quarters, some looking crest-fallen, some sullen, and some stolidly indifferent. The negroes, on the other hand, all looked pleased. The idea was fully fixed in their poor muddled brains that our mission was to set them free.

General Williams was in command of Fort Jackson, with the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts. We hoped he had the "order of combat" there, and kept it closely confined. The Ninth Connecticut, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Massachusetts, Sixth Michigan, Fourth Wisconsin, and other troops, landed on the other side. Lying at the foot of Julia street, while the saucy rebels were ringing the

changes on Bull Run, the band suddenly struck up "Picayune Butler's coming, coming." Secessia did not relish the joke. Our dress parade in Algiers was graced by the presence of some half a dozen or more pale-faced daughters of the South, with secession colors conspicuously displayed on their bosoms. They did not appear to be so rabid as the fair Baltimore rebels, and conducted themselves becomingly.

The Dey of Algiers was a terrible fellow, but we dreaded the night more. The mosquitoes, as well as the chivalry, hungered and thirsted for the blood of the "d—d Yankees."

The Mississippi was very high, and only a few inches of soil intervened between safety and a disastrous overflow of Algiers. The *Newsboy* of the twenty-fifth, with commendable philosophy, congratulated the citizens on the fact of there being no steamers to lash the waters against the yielding levees. Now, the Federal fleet had deprived them of even that cold comfort.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE we were comfortably quartered in the depot, we spent the time very profitably in cleaning up in person, clothing, arms and accoutrements, scouring the neighboring country for arms and other property belonging to the Confederates, and, as far as

possible, recovering from the horrible effects of that sea voyage from Ship Island. When the fleet made their appearance before the city, a great deal of property was left on the field, by the Confederate troops, in the general scamper which ensued. This trumpery was hastily carted off and secreted on the different plantations in the neighborhood; but through the energetic efforts of Lieutenant Colonel Keith and other officers, much of it was recovered. A large number of field-pieces, shot, shell and small arms, hospital stores and bedding, flour and other provisions, clothing, camp bedsteads, officers' swords, saddles, harness, canteens, knapsacks, haversacks, etc., had accumulated on our hands. In a large foundry in the village of Gretna, about three miles from us, there were thousands of shot and shell, several of the largest kind of unfinished cannon, gun-stocks, etc. In this establishment the manufacture of war munitions appeared to have been extensively and skillfully carried on. Connected with the manufactory of iron articles was a brass establishment for the manufacture of brass cannon, mountings and plates. In the foundry we found a large number of unfinished sword-bayonets, bearing evidence of skillful workmanship.

Within two miles of our encampment we found a lot of beef cattle, which a Frenchman, named Bonte, was pasturing for the Confederates. They were not in the best possible order for butchering, and I presume would scarcely be exposed for sale by any respectable butcher in any city market, but a long and irksome regimen of "salt horse" and

rusty pork left us in a condition by no means fastidious, and the Confederate beef was eaten with a relish.

Having taken possession, for the time being, of the railroad, we kept its rolling stock tolerably busy in transporting scouting parties to and from different points on the road, manning the trains with engineers, firemen, brakemen and conductors from our own ranks.

On a little island in the bayou, des Alemands, about two hundred yards above the bridge, secreted in an abandoned dwelling, we made a good haul of powder, fixed ammunition, saddles, artillery harness, and knapsacks, canteens, etc. Two brass six-pound field-pieces had been in position on the island for the purpose of commanding the bridge, but had been removed before our visit. A rigid cross-examination of such of the white natives as we could pick up failed to elicit anything as to the whereabouts of the missing guns, but a little judicious inquiry among the colored population was more successful, and we found them in a boat up a little creek, about half a mile from the bayou. I may as well confess right here that whatever success attended our scouting and foraging expeditions, was mainly due to the alacrity with which the darkeys gave us information. They almost universally showed themselves willing and anxious to benefit us in every possible way. Occasionally, however, one was found silly enough to believe all they had latterly been told of us—that we would take them North, where there was snow all the year

round, and make them work day and night in coal mines, and lead mines, and other stuff of a like nature; but the most of them believed that for them the millennium had come, and even the most intelligent, who perfectly understood that the war was not a war for the abolition of slavery, still believed that their condition would, somehow or other, be materially bettered by the triumph of the Federal arms.

About this time I went on an expedition up the country, which resulted in the capture of the steamer Morning Light, in the Red river, a few miles above the mouth. Col. McMillan went up with a squad of fifty men, on the "Bee," an old rickety, wheezing concern, built at Portsmouth, Ohio, and a little larger than an ordinary chicken coop. The Morning Light was a fine, large boat, and one of the many which were hastily taken out of New Orleans port on the approach of the fleet, and had been ever since skulking about in the numerous bayous and lakes in the western part of the State. She had taken a cargo of sugar up Bayou Macon, to change for cattle, and had just returned to the island plantation owned by Mrs. Turnbull, a few miles above the mouth of Red river, as we came up. A large quantity of sugar was still aboard.

Gen. Butler made a favorable impression upon the well-disposed citizens of the town and country. Whatever opinion may be entertained of his military qualifications, that he was master of his situation was evident. In no particular was this fact

more manifest than in his prompt and judicious handling of the banks and money-sharks of the city. His policy may have caused temporary distress, but the financial bubble was so monstrously swollen that it must soon have burst without interference. The people of Louisiana had been the victims of the most unheard of scoundrelism by the leaders and abettors of that unholy war. Familiar as we were with the villainy of shoddy contractors in the North, their "operations" were but molehills to the mountain rascalities of the Jew harpies of the South. Duplicate and triplicate bank notes and shinplasters had been circulated all over the country. Even Confederate treasury notes had been duplicated. It was no unusual thing to see gentlemen possessed of two Confederate notes of the same number and denomination, made on the same plate, and bearing the same signatures. Army officers, army contractors, State officials, and money dealers, all, apparently, conspired to plunder the people. No city in the United States, of the same business, had ever been so uniformly rich in coin as New Orleans; and yet, when we came here, you might have hunted the city over without finding an ounce of specie. The hard money had been absorbed by these sharks, with the intention of making their escape from the country before the crash. John Slidell, who counted his property in that State by the million twelve months ago, it was now said, did not own ten thousand dollars' worth. Probably a cozy chateau in France had already been purchased, to afford the old villain a quiet

resting place from the arduous labors of his scoundrel life.

The trains to Berwick Bay had been allowed to run, under charge of some of our officers, for the purpose of bringing beef to the suffering citizens. For some time the shipment of beef had been nearly suspended by the intervention of an armed banditti in the beef parishes, who refused to allow any cattle to be shipped, although knowing they were intended for the citizens of New Orleans. The train from that place was taken possession of by an armed band of marauders, several hundred in number. Lieutenants Cox and Connelly, of our regiment, and five Michigan soldiers, they held as prisoners. They cut the levee thirteen miles above, and a fearful crevasse inundated that part of the country. The water was six feet deep over the railroad track. After cutting the levee they retreated with the train toward the bay, burning the bridges over bayous Des Allemands, Lafourche and Bœuf. An expedition, under Col. McMillan, left to reach the bay by means of bayou Atchafalaya and its connections.

Some of the most desperate and bloody encounters of the rebellion are either unknown to the historian, or are deemed unworthy of more than a brief allusion. The newspapers were exceedingly liberal at the beginning of the struggle, and chronicled the battle of Romney, and the sanguinary engagement at Phillippi, in voluminous columns of eulogy. But as events crowded on each other, such small affairs were passed over with a brief

mention, while it required a Shiloh or Gettysburg to bring out the war eloquence in its full strength and fervor. The fight at Lafourche Crossing, Louisiana, where a small detachment of Union forces, unable to run away, met the onslaught of a larger number of rebels, flushed with a previous victory and drunk with Louisiana rum, has passed out of, or rather, never entered into, the history of the war. Yet it was probably the best illustration of desperate courage, on both sides, that the war afforded, and was attended with greater carnage, in proportion to the number of men engaged, than any of the historic battles which shook the nation to its center. At Lafourche the rebels charged repeatedly in the face of batteries that belched continuous volleys of canister, and many of them were bayoneted at the very muzzles of the Union guns. Charging a battery, in war literature, usually means an advance by an attacking force, and the retreat of the artillerists before the force come within reach of the bayonet, or else the attacking force turns tail after a sufficient taste of grape and canister; but at Lafourche the advance of the rebels meant business, and many of them were torn to pieces by discharges of canister, which struck them within twelve feet of the muzzles, the survivors being transfixed with the bayonet or taken prisoner.

The capture of the Fox was one of the early events of Butler's occupation of Louisiana, which has not received sufficient notice at the hands of the historian. The Fox was one of the swiftest

and sharpest of the blockade runners which eluded the vigilance of our navy in that latitude, and she made trips with almost the regularity of a packet ship between Nassau and the Louisiana coast, landing her cargoes in some secluded inlet, and getting away before her presence was discovered. The cruisers all knew the Fox, and had often chased her without effect. Shortly after the occupation of Algiers by the Twenty-first Indiana, a Union man brought intelligence to Col. McMillan that a blockade runner had put into Grand Caillou, which empties into the Gulf on the western coast. The colonel reported the fact to Gen. Butler, and asked permission to attempt her capture, which was readily granted. Taking a small detachment of men, the colonel started on the Berwick Bay railroad, and arrived at Terre Bonne station a little after dark. From Terre Bonne the distance to the mouth of Grand Caillou is between twenty and twenty-five miles—most too great to insure his getting there before daylight, if he traveled as infantry. He accordingly sent out squads of men to the plantations adjacent to Terre Bonne, and impressed mules and carts enough to transport his men. Having obtained the necessary transportation, the force set out for the objective point in a brisk mule walk, occasionally enlivened by a trot.

The town of Houma—a neat, handsome place of perhaps a thousand inhabitants, bearing about it the usual characteristics of the Louisiana French village—lay on the line of march. Not caring to alarm the neighborhood, and thus send the news

of his coming ahead of the detachment, the colonel enjoined the most rigorous silence on his men, and the cavalcade passed through the silent and deserted streets of the village with no other sound than the trampling feet of the mules, and the creak of a neglected cart-wheel, which wailed for the want of grease. Not a light was to be seen—not a night-capped head was thrust from an upper window—not a dog barked—and it was thought that the detachment had passed through without attracting attention. Subsequent events, however, showed this to have been a mistake. A belated bummer, who had tumbled down in a fence corner to sleep off his potations, was awakened by the creaking of the ungreased cart-wheel, and, with eyes bulging from their sockets, took an inventory of the ghostly cavalcade as it filed silently by in the uncertain light of a starless night. Next morning his tale of armed men, with horses and cannon, stealing silently through the sacred streets of Houma, was regarded by many as a drunken dream; but an arrival from Terre Bonne, detailing with many exaggerations the impressment of mules and carts, lent an air of reality to the drunkard's dream.

The passage through Houma having been successfully accomplished, the detachment was ordered to continue its march on quick time, and, stimulated by the cart whip, the plantation mules developed a speed which was gratifying as well as surprising. The colonel was exceedingly anxious to arrive at the mouth of Grand Caillou as soon as possible. He knew that a horseman, mounted on a swift

steed, could leave Terre Bonne an hour or so after him, pass him on the road by making a detour, and arrive at Grand Caillou in time to enable the sly Fox to get up steam, and be far out on the raging billow before his mule express could reach there. He counted, however on the terror of the people about Terre Bonne, a want of decision, and a lack of information as the object of the expedition. He accordingly spurred the jaded mules on their way, while the hoarse bellow of the alligator was heard from the neighboring swamps, and the horned owl hooted a remonstrant greeting from the roadside trees. The men, in total ignorance of the object of the expedition, discussed in low whispers the various probabilities, and were all eager as a pack of hounds to pounce on the quarry, whatever it might be.

Time passed, and in the gray twilight of early morning the detachment was halted, and a reconnoitering force, under command of a sergeant, sent out. Proceeding down the bayou, as the fog lifted, the sergeant discovered the black, dingy-looking hull of the Fox, as she lay moored to the bank, surrounded by boxes and bales of her partially discharged cargo. With the exception of a single sentinel, pacing sleepily to and fro, and occasionally looking wistfully toward the east in anticipation of sunrise, there was no sign of life about the Fox. She was, in sooth, an innocent-looking craft, and for all outward signs to the contrary, might have been an asthmatic tug laying up for repairs. Yet the operations of the next few mo-

ments, successfuly conducted, would be worth as much as the winning of a battle to the government.

The colonel divided his force, crossed half of them to the other side of the bayou, and the two detachments, marching simultaneously, crept silently along the banks of the black, sluggish stream toward their prey. The sentinel walked lazily to and fro, yawning at intervals, and occasionally sitting down on a bulk-head to ruminate. The two wings of the attacking force approached nearer and nearer. Finally the vigilant sentinel heard something, looked up and saw something. His sleepy eyes unclosed to their widest extent, but still he did not appreciate the situation. He saw that armed men were approaching, but he had not yet heard of the fall of New Orleans, and he would as soon have expected to meet the ghost of his great grandfather as Yankees in that secluded place. Finally it dawned on him that there might be something improper in allowing people to whom he had never been introduced, approach in that way, and that he had better demonstrate. He accordingly fired off his musket—threw it away, and rushed howling into the cabin. The order was given to double quick, and the two detachments closed around the vessel. A walk-board had been conveniently left on the side to which she was moored, and the force on that side boarded in gallant style. All was confusion on the blockade runner. The engineer plunged overboard from the stern, and swam to the opposite shore, where a big corporal reached down, caught him by the collar, and swung him

dripping like a drowned rat, to dry land. The captain, dressed in a cool, flowing costume of snowy muslin, tumbled out of his berth with a bright, new English revolver in his hand, but surrendered, as soon as the urgency of the case was explained to him. The colored steward, his face turned to an ashen hue, was down on his knees praying fluently for mercy. The crew were protesting that they were Union at heart, but had been impressed into the service.

Order was soon restored, however, and the Fox, with her crew and cargo, passed from the Confederate States of America to the United thereof. The captain and crew were paroled not to attempt to escape. The engineer and pilot, however, were deemed too valuable to take any risks in their cases. Their parole was taken, but at the same time the colonel deemed it advisable to keep them under strict *surveillance*, to frustrate any attempt at "lighting out."

About half the Fox's cargo had been discharged and hauled away. Colonel McMillan, however, was in no hurry. He ascertained where it had been stored, and had it hauled back again and reloaded. In a day or two the Fox was again ready for sea. There being no custom-house formalities to undergo, she steamed out of the mouth of the black, sluggish bayou, and bore away for New Orleans. The colonel's nautical education had been neglected. He had breasted the billowy waves of the Wabash as skipper of a flatboat, and was every inch a sailor on the "walk-board," with

the end of the steering oar under his arm; but when it came to the use of the sextant, and working out a "dead reckoning" by lunar or solar observations, he was all at sea. So he was compelled to trust to the officers of the Fox. It was explained to them, however, that their treatment depended very much on their behavior. If they took the ship safely over the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi, they would be considered jolly good fellows; if, on the contrary, they attempted any of their tricks on landsmen, the moment their treachery was discovered, there would be immediate incision and imbruing. With this understanding, the best of relations were established between the captured and the captors. Among the stores of the Fox were sundry boxes of choice wines and fragrant Havanas, and a generous stock of fresh provisions had been laid in before leaving Grand Caillou. The voyage was a pleasant one to all, and the ship, with a cargo worth half a million of dollars, was turned over to the authorities at New Orleans, minus drinkage, smokage, a little stealage and a number of souvenirs distributed among "the boys" as mementoes of their first great naval victory.

An interesting incident of the voyage was the recapture of the Fox by a Government cruiser. The blue jackets had never been able to pick up the sly varmint while she belonged to the Confederacy, but they gobbled her on her way to New Orleans, within three days of her change of ownership. One night a cruiser ran down across her

bows and showed signals. Col. McMillan, not knowing what signals to show in reply, kept steadily on his course. The next moment there was the flash of a gun, and a thirty-two pound shot whistled close to the Fox's chimneys. The engine was stopped immediately, and the Fox lay tossing lightly on the gentle swell of the waves, while a boat from the cruiser approached. A clean, natty little lieutenant climbed up the vessel's side and made his way to the cabin. "Who is in command of this vessel?" he inquired.

He was directed to the colonel, who had buttoned his coat over his portly person, and with sword and sash on, was prepared to receive company.

"I'll trouble you for your sword," said the lieutenant, politely.

"Oh no. I hardly think that will be necessary," replied the colonel.

"Why not?" suggested the naval hero.

"I am a Federal officer," replied the colonel, "and this vessel is my prize." The lieutenant took a rapid inventory of the colonel's appearance, took in the gilt buttons, the red sash, and dwelt on the texture of his cloth. He then inquired, in a somewhat bewildered manner:

"What navy do you belong to?"

The colonel smiled audibly, and explained that he was only in the navy *pro tem.*—that he was colonel of the Twenty-first Indiana volunteers, but, seeing an opportunity of doing a good thing, he

thought he might as well take it in, notwithstanding it was out of his line.

The lieutenant was evidently chagrined to think that the coveted prize which had so often slipped through the fingers of the blockading fleet, had at last fallen into the hands of a land lubber, but he was too much of a gentleman not to congratulate the colonel on his luck and pluck, and after taking a glass of wine and a cigar, he got into his little boat and left, wishing the Fox a prosperous voyage.

If Colonel McMillan had belonged to the navy, instead of the army, the capture of the Fox would have netted himself something handsome in the way of prize money. As it was, he got nothing but glory, and not much of that.

CHAPTER XIV.

BENEATH an enormous magnolia, almost smothered with climbing vines, about one mile from Baton Rouge, I found myself early in June. Our location was a beautiful one, and if the romance had not been so effectually thumped and bumped out of me, by twelve months of soldiering, I might have been in raptures over our surroundings. We had noble old sweet gums and magnolias, with the blue canopy of heaven to sleep under, and natural arbors of wild vines to keep off the dews. The glorious moonlight sifted, and "dropped and lifted,"

and the tremulous wooing of the gentle south wind "soothed us night and day," but there were collateral incidents and accidents of the situation that detracted sorely from its romance. The mocking-bird, and other feathered songsters, twittered and warbled among the branches, and bright-colored finches flashed in and out of the green clusters, but the trail of the lizard was over all. Green and ghastly to the eye; cold, slimy, and snaky to the touch, they chased each other recklessly up and down the trunks, laid in a half torpid state of flatness, or hung stupidly by their heel, with their throats puffed out, looking like soap-bubbles, emitting a shrill, piping, foggy sort of a whistle. And these exasperating little reptiles were always dropping. You could not lie down for a brief after-dinner nap, but the first lizard that discovered you made it a point to drop. If he happened to miss his aim, he took you on his way back, and either crawled up your leg or slid rapidly over your face, and up the trunk. Beside lizards, we had ticks—reed ticks and wood ticks, and dog ticks, antics, critics, and tic doloreux. However much our suttler might feel disposed to discourage a credit business, no obtrusive placard of "No tick here," could be found anywhere in camp. And then the bugs; there were round bugs, and flat bugs, and oblong bugs, and spiral bugs—humbugs and bugaboos—bugs emitting a deadly stench when, as invariably happened, they procured themselves to be crushed.

We came to that camp on the 1st of June. Gen-

eral Williams (God bless that remarkable old brick) had been seriously annoyed by a band of about one hundred mounted guerrillas, and having but three regiments and two batteries with him, sent for the Twenty-first Indiana, Thirtieth Massachusetts and Ninth Connecticut, to come up and help him clean them out, according "to the order of combat." I am inclined to look upon the order compelling us to go there as a judgment of Providence upon our pride. We had not seen our beloved brigadier for a long time. We had been well treated at Algiers, were doing the government some service, had almost forgotten the "order of combat," and began to entertain some respect for the service and for ourselves. In short, we began to "feel our oats," and the righteous judgment of Heaven overtook us.

Upon arriving at Baton Rouge, according to precedent, we were obliged to remain on ship-board until the Nutmeg regiment was quartered. We sent up to the general's quarters to ask permission for a detachment to go on shore and cook for the regiment, there being no facilities on board. The amiable chieftain informed us that no one would be allowed to go on shore. Going ashore to cook meant going ashore to steal. The Western regiments in his command had done nothing but pillage since they had been in the service. He had no confidence in them. They did not come up to the standard.

It would require more time and patience than I have at hand, to express the utter detestation of that man by the Western men under his com-

mand. From the first day of his connection with us, he had done nothing but insult, libel and oppress the three Western regiments that had had the misfortune to be placed under him, resorting to petty annoyances, of which even our eighth corporal would be ashamed, to render our position uncomfortable. His policy seemed to be that of treating everybody well except the soldiers of his command. As to the charge of pillaging, there had been but little foundation for it in any of the regiments under his command, and less among the Western regiments than any other.

Colonel McMillan, of the Twenty-first Indiana, was severely, though not dangerously, wounded. He went at night ten or twelve miles into the interior, with a detachment of four hundred men, to prevent the burning of some cotton, and to try and bag a few of the mounted marauders who ranged between our place and Camp Moore. The Colonel, Major Hayes, Adjutant Latham, and one or two others being mounted, rode ahead of the detachment, and surrounded the house of an old man named Roberts, known as the headquarters of a guerrilla band. There were five guerrillas inside, armed with double-barreled shot-guns. As the colonel rode up, old man Roberts and his two sons came to the door and fired five shots at him. One of the young Roberts fired first, when Colonel McMillan drew a pistol and shot him through the head, killing him instantly.

The old man, after discharging both barrels of his gun, attempted to escape through a back door,

but was fired at by Major Hayes, when he fell flat on his face and lay perfectly still until secured. Col. McMillan was struck five times—two balls entered his left hand between the knuckles, and passed through; one penetrated the arm above the wrist, ranged upward toward the elbow and lodged between the bones; one struck in the left breast, just over the heart; and the other in the side. The shot in the breast spent its force in the clothing and wadding, and did not penetrate; the wound in the side had an ugly look, but on examination proved to be not so serious, the ball having ranged backward without penetrating the cavity. The colonel's horse received six buckshot in his neck. After being wounded, the colonel rode about three miles on horseback, when a carriage was procured, and he was conveyed to town, impatient of the prospect of being laid up for a time. He said he would not have minded being touched a little in battle with a soldier's weapon, but hated to be picked off like a jack-rabbit, with a shot gun.

The expedition brought in over one hundred bales of cotton, which were piled up in the woods, waiting to be burned. They found, also, a great deal already burning.

Of the pieces captured by our regiment near Algiers, at Bayou des Allemands, and at other points, a battery of flying artillery was organized, to be permanently attached to the regiment, under the command of Lieut. James M. Brown, of Bedford, Ind. The battery was thoroughly equipped

with confiscated mules, and manned entirely from our own regiment.

In times of peace the South was governed pretty much as the North, by its politicians and moneyed men, but it was a mistake to suppose that in war time, the planters, the bankers, and the merchants were mainstays of the rebellion. In the excitement of the revolution, the puppets changed places with their masters, and the South was then governed by a mob. Mechanics, laborers, jack-leg-lawyers and quack doctors, livery stable-keepers, whisky-sellers, gamblers, and "poor white trash," were the bitterest and most uncompromising rebels. If there was any Union feeling in the South—any lingering regrets for the glory of the old flag, and the good old times of peace and plenty—it was to be found among the planters and merchants. Many of the planters and moneyed men would have been content with anything—even gradual emancipation—to insure peace and security; but they lived in constant dread of guerrilla vengeance, while at the same time they were threatened with Federal confiscation. The less a man had at stake, the longer he held out.

That which was most trying to a man's patience was the senseless babble about Northern amalgamation and negro equality. There did not exist on the face of the earth a community where open, shameless amalgamation was practiced to a greater extent than in the Cotton States. There was not a plantation in the South but bore witness to the truth of this charge. The son of the planter, if at

all curious upon the subject of relationship, could generally find half-brothers and sisters among his father's chattels; and by the time the "young master" attained his twentieth year he was pretty sure to have contributed something towards the universal bleaching out of the ultra-Ethiopian features from the faces of the next generation of slaves. Bachelor planters lived openly with black and parti-colored paramours, in defiance of public opinion, if there was any public opinion to defy. If married, it was the same thing, only, in deference to the unreasonable scruples of his white wife, the concubine was sometimes kept out of the house, and supported in a state of almost regal splendor at another plantation. Merchant princes, law-givers, statesmen, and the high dignitaries of the land had their little weaknesses in the same direction. The most alarming features in this state of affairs was the countenance it received from society. There was no outcry, but all was taken as a matter of course. The press and the pulpit ignored the facts, however notorious; and the courts were never troubled with divorce cases in consequence. In the North, if a man lived openly with a black woman, no respectable white woman would look at him, much less speak to him; but in the South, a young blood would come from the embraces of a saddle-colored mistress to the parlor or ball-room, and was received with smiles by the elite of Southern society.

There existed throughout the South, more particularly in Louisiana, a class of people known as creoles. The word creole, comes from the Spanish

crolls—a native—and is properly applied to the native-born "foreign" population. For instance, a child born of French parents in Louisiana, will be a creole Frenchman. If the parents were Spanish, a creole Spaniard, etc. It was also applied to native articles of produce, as creole butter, creole eggs, creole hay, etc. But in the North a creole was generally understood to be a person of mixed blood. This was not so far out of the way, as matters stood, for every mongrel negro, who managed to get hold of money or property, called himself or herself a creole, and society, ever complaisant and charitable when humbug is backed by brass and gold, winked at the deception which deceived nobody, and the negro chrysalis straightway became a creole butterfly. Many of the early Spanish settlers, their own "blue-blood" of Castile, impoverished by the admixture of the viler Morisco current, amalgamated with their slaves. The law of Louisiana did not recognize such a thing as an "illegitimate child," and the Spanish planter, dying intestate, the fruits of his black amours—a mixture of Spanish, Moorish, and negro blood—came in for a full share of the estate, and they and their children became creoles. A planter lives for years with a mulatto or a quadroon, and, on dying, bequeaths to her free papers and a handsome fortune. She ceases to be a negro, and gradually becomes a creole. These creoles, by grace, as all mongrel races are, are cruel, cowardly and treacherous, and when owning slaves themselves, are the most inhuman masters or mistresses. No

conception of avarice and meanness could be formed until a sugar or cotton plantation, owned by one of these spurious creoles, had been visited.

The real creole is a different creature. He is gay, gallant, avaricious, and shrewd in driving a bargain, neat and cleanly in personal appearance —brave for the time, but incapable of the heroism of endurance—sociable, when it costs him nothing—making a great show of hospitality and practicing little—knowing little, and caring less for public affairs—a rebel or loyal citizen, just as interest dictated—holding allegiance first to France, next to the State, and not caring a cent either for the United States or Confederate States. He is a creole—nothing more. A creole can live upon less, and make a better show than anybody else. He can get the better of a Yankee clock peddler in a trade, and teach a Wethersfield onion-raiser practical lessons in economy.

Southern bravery has been greatly overrated, even in the North. The men of the South—those whose blood has not been tainted with Moor, Indian, or negro—faced death as readily as those of the North, but they had not the same power of endurance. They cried constantly, "You can never subdue us," and yet I never saw a people so easily subdued. Put one of them in a tight place, and all manliness forsakes him. It is true the South has been the theater of many desperate deeds, but these usually took the form of cold-blooded assassinations. A Southern "gentleman," whose wealth and position stand between him and the

law, is wronged, or thinks he is wronged, by another, not his equal in standing. He coldly calculates his chances, and if he can make out a good case, decides on "satisfaction." With nine buckshot in each barrel of his heavy deer-gun, a brace of derringers in his pocket, and a bowie-knife buckled around his waist, he meets his victim, perhaps unarmed and suspecting nothing. He cries, "Defend yourself," and immediately discharges both barrels, in quick succession, into the body of his adversary. By telling the victim to defend "himself," even though he might be unarmed, and the roar of the shot-gun blends with the last word of the sentence, the affair is divested of the character of assassination, and rendered perfectly honorable in Southern eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

BATON ROUGE is one of the prettiest places in the South. It contained three or four or five thousand inhabitants. The streets were pleasantly shaded with live oak, box and China trees, and the gardens were tastefully decorated with flowers and flowering shrubs. The capitol, on the bank of the river, a fine-looking, showy building, but like a great many other Southern institutions, on close inspection, proved to be a sham. The grounds were elegant and well kept. The city boasted of bar-

racks and arsenals, built by the United States, a fine-looking college of some sort, and a penitentiary, which was not as well patronized as it ought to have been. The morals of Baton Rouge were particularly rigid in outward appearance, but probably about as lax beneath the surface as those of Washington.

General Williams went up the river, taking with him all the troops except the Twenty-first Indiana and Sixth Michigan, and left Colonel McMillan in command of the post.

Towards the middle of July, Colonel Keith, with a detachment of forty mounted men, penetrated some thirty miles into the enemy's country, smoked out a guerilla camp of eighty or an hundred men, surprised them and captured all their equipage, horses, and killed a number in the affair. Returning at night, Colonel Keith's party were themselves waylaid at a bridge over the Amite river; lost two soldiers and a negro guide, while a number of others were wounded.

Cassell, the leader of the guerillas in that part of the State, was captured, together with two of his officers. From a friendly contraband, some of our troops learned that the guerilla chief was in the habit of visiting his plantation near the city, and by concealing themselves about the place, his capture was effected. He was forwarded to New Orleans to be dealt with by General Butler. If ever a scoundrel deserved hanging, it was this man, Cassell. He brought great trouble on the people of this place (Baton Rouge.) When the Federal

fleet made its appearance in front of the city, and a boat was sent ashore to treat for its surrender, Cassell, at the head of a body of mounted marauders, galloped down to the water's edge and fired on the boat, killing some and wounding others. This, of course, drew the fire of the gunboats on the city, and broadside after broadside was fired up the streets, into the principal buildings and away over the town into the woods, among the crowds of flying citizens.

Cassell had given no notice of his intention to provoke hostilities, and the town was full of non-combatant citizens, women and children. A terrible panic ensued. The halt, the lame, the blind, frail women and children, and half-frantic negroes, joined in a hurried flight to the woods. Some died in the streets of pure fright, and children were prematurely born in the adjoining fields, amid the roar of artillery and the bursting of shells. Negroes at work in cane or corn-fields two or three miles back of town, were startled by the dropping of the hissing globes among them, and fled in dismay, firmly believing the end of the world was at hand. For days, little children, separated from their parents, roamed through the woods, half-starved, nearly eaten up by mosquitoes, and frantic with terror. For all this, Cassell was responsible, and richly deserved to be hung.

Notwithstanding the stringent orders against harboring contrabands, quite a number wormed themselves into our camp, and were employed as cooks and servants. Some of them gave us val

uable information, and it would not only have been cruel, but ungrateful to have turned them over to the tender mercies of the rebels.

There was a great deal more cotton in the country than was at first supposed. Much was burned, but large quantities, stowed away in secret places by the owners, came to light.

Gen. ——— somebody or other, I forget who, was reported, on good authority, as advancing on Baton Rouge, with a mongrel horde of from five to seven thousand men. Col. McMillan had a force of seven hundred contrabands felling trees on the spot of wooded ground southwest of the penitentiary, and thus prepared for the reception of our distinguished visitor.

There had been a cry of "wolf, wolf," until the belief among our boys was pretty general that the wolf was only a sheep, and a very shabby one at that. But by the time we had gotten through with him, we had come to the conclusion that he was a "right smart" wolf after all. The enemy came in from the direction of Camp Moore, on the morning of the 5th of August, 1862, and encountered our pickets a mile out on the Greenville Springs road, about three o'clock a. m. There they halted and made their dispositions for the attack. Just at daylight they advanced in three divisions, one by the Bayou Sara road, one by the Greenville Springs road, and one by the Perkins, or Claggut road. The attack was planned with skill, and carried out with great spirit, the rebel regiments charging with shouts and cheers right up to our batteries. On

our side the Twenty-first Indiana, the Sixth Michigan, and the Thirtieth Massachusetts, did the fighting. The Fourteenth Maine broke and ran at the first fire, and never re-formed. A few of their number fell in with our regiment, and fought well.

The Fourth Wisconsin and Ninth Connecticut were not under fire. The Seventh Vermont did excellent service for the enemy, in the way of firing into our regiment from the rear, by which we lost a number of men. Manning's battery, Everett's battery, Nim's battery, and our own mule battery, did excellent service. So much by way of a summary.

Our regiment was stationed in the center, about a mile from town, on the Greenville Springs road, with the Fourteenth Maine on our left, and the Sixth Michigan on our right. When it became evident that an attack was imminent, our regiment, Lieut. Col. John A. Keith in command, was marched out on the Greenville Springs road about six hundred yards, and took up position behind a rail fence, thickly covered with a growth of Cherokee rose, enclosing a corn-field on the right of the road, with an open field and the cemetery in the rear. The whole surface of the country was covered with a dense fog, through which it was impossible to observe anything at the distance of a few rods. We had taken position behind the fence but a few moments, when a rebel force was heard advancing on our right, having marched across from the Claggut road. In the meantime a rebel force had stealthily approached through the corn-

field in our front, and were in the act of crossing the fence not fifteen paces in front, when we gave them a deadly volley, which had the effect of driving them back in confusion, leaving the field covered with their dead and wounded. At the same time we were fired into from the right flank, and the sound of heavy and continuous firing on our left, in the direction of the Bayou Sara road, indicated that we were in danger of being flanked there. Col. Keith ordered the regiment to fall back, which it did, and again formed in line of battle in the rear of the cemetery, the men lying flat upon their faces. At this time a portion of the Michigan Sixth, which had abandoned their position on the Claggut road, came up and formed on our right. At this point I first saw Gen. Williams, who rode along the line, exhorting the men to stand firm and do their duty.

The enemy, advancing through the grave-yard, delivered a volley which passed over us. We then rose from the ground and fired with deadly effect. At the same time, the Michigan men became engaged on our right, and did excellent service; but the force on our right, engaged in the flanking movement, was too heavy, and, by an oblique fire, again caused a retrograde movement. By this oblique fire, Lieutenant Charles D. Seely, of Company A, was killed. He was a brave and gallant officer, and was shot through the heart while at the head of his company. He fell forward on his face, and at the same moment, his orderly sergeant,

John A. Bevington,was shot through the head and fell across his feet.

Retreating through our camp in column of companies, the left in front, we again formed in line along the street at the upper end of the camp, when a regiment was seen advancing in column at double quick, considerably in advance of us, on the right, along the opposite street. Through the dust and fog, we could not distinguish them, and Colonel Keith rode half way across the space between and hailed — "What troops are those?" "Secesh as h—ll," was the answer, followed by a volley from our regiment which left the road piled with their dead. A volley from at least two thousand pieces was then fired upon us from the rear, the part of which, fortunately, passed over our heads. We then retreated down the street under a heavy fire, counter-marched and came up the next street, and formed in line on our parade grounds, where the heaviest fighting took place. During this retreat, we were fired into by the Seventh Vermont.

The enemy, in the meantime, had taken possession of our camp, and burned the tents about half way up the line. Two regiments were drawn up to oppose us in the woods between our camp and the parade ground, while on our left flank a company of sharpshooters, armed with Colt's revolving rifles, were picking off our officers. After the interchange of several volleys, by a brilliant charge, assisted by a portion of the Thirtieth Massachusetts, which came opportunely to our aid, our regiment drove the enemy pell-mell through the woods

and entirely out of our camp, saving just half of it from pillage and burning. In this last contest, Gen. Williams and M. A. Latham, our adjutant, were killed, and Col. Keith severely wounded.

Write nothing but good of the dead. I have nothing to retract that I have written of Gen. Williams, except such charges as impugn his courage. He was as brave a man as ever lived, and died cheering us on to victory. Just before he received the fatal shot, he apologized to Col. Keith for his treatment of our regiment, and paid it the highest compliment for bravery and coolness in action. But Gen. Williams lacked the qualifications of a commander.

"The noblest Roman of them all," Matthew A. Latham, of Cincinnati, was the *beau ideal* of a soldier, and a man without the slightest conception of fear. There was scarcely a brigadier general in the army possessing the qualifications of this man, filling the humble position of adjutant. He fell from his horse, pierced with four balls in his body, and a grape shot, which struck him just under his nose, passing entirely through, and making a horrible wound. And yet, with all these wounds, he rose from the ground and walked twenty or thirty paces, until death overcame him, and his gallant spirit took its flight. He was a man of fine social instincts, and shrewd, common sense, as well as military qualifications. A strict disciplinarian, and a terror to all violators of military law; he still enjoyed the universal confidence and esteem of both officers and men. God keep the memory of this

gallant, warm-hearted Irishman forever green in our hearts!

Another gallant soldier and noble officer, Major Hays, was wounded severely early in the action, and had to be carried from the field.

Colonel McMillan, not having recovered from his wounds, was unable to take command. He rode out on the field, but was compelled, through sheer exhaustion, to return.

Colonel Keith manifested the utmost bravery and coolness until wounded. He was wounded severely in the shoulder and slightly on the chin.

After Colonel Keith and Major Hays were wounded, Captain Roy being sick, the command of the regiment devolved on Captain James Grimsley. The captain was as brave as a lion, and as cool as a cucumber. Although wounded himself, after having the wound dressed, he took command of the regiment.

The different batteries of artillery, our own mule battery among the number, did excellent service. They poured in destructive charges of canister and grape at ranges in distances less than thirty yards. Many of the men supporting the batteries were wounded with buckshot.

From wounded prisoners I learned that the force of the enemy consisted of twelve regiments, numbering from five to seven thousand, under the command of Breckinridge, Clarke and Ruggles. They were Kentuckians, Mississippians and Louisianians, the most of them armed with Springfield and

Enfield rifles. They expected assistance from the ram Arkansas, afterwards sunk by the Essex.

Our regiment went into action less than five hundred strong, and lost in killed and wounded 126—26 killed, 98 wounded and four missing. This was pretty heavy for a two-hours' engagement, and I think much heavier than any other regiment engaged. The loss of the enemy was generally put down as three times as great as our own, though I think that statement a little exaggerated.

The regiments opposed to us were all veterans, who had fought at Shiloh and other battle-fields. They frequently exchanged volleys with us at a distance of thirty paces.

The gunboats could do but little in the fight on the 5th. The battle-field was so far from the river they could not fire without danger of doing more harm than good. But when the enemy were driven back, the gunboats threw shells over the town into their midst. A sentinel on one of the State house turrets, with a glass, signalled to the boats the direction, distance and range of the enemy, and some of the shots thus made were said to be very fine.

Of the rebel army, General Clark, Colonel Allen, and Captain Frepannier were said to have been mortally wounded. The town was full of wounded rebels in private houses, besides those in our own hospitals.

For days after the battle, all our information pointed to a renewal of the fight on the part of the rebels, with heavy reinforcements. There was

something going on above that we did not exactly understand. Whether Vicksburg had been evacuated, or the attempt to reduce it abandoned by the Federal troops, we could not say, but our leaders were satisfied that Van Dorn had reinforced Breckenridge since the fight, and that they were determined to see if they could not improve on their attempt of the 5th of August.

After the death of General Williams, Col. Payne, of the Fourth Wisconsin, was in command of the post. Col. Payne possessed the entire confidence of the command.

Our lines were drawn in, and the entire force massed in the neighborhood of the old United States barracks. With a force of nearly a thousand contrabands, we fortified our position, threw up breastworks, dug rifle pits, and cleared away obstructions in the way of our fire. At night our boys pitched into the work themselves, and worked like beavers until after midnight. Looking at the magnitude of the works, it seemed like an absolute impossibility that so much could have been accomplished in less than twenty-four hours. But everybody was expecting an attack before morning, and both contrabands and soldiers worked hard. All night nothing was heard but the sound of the pick and shovel, and the dull, heavy "thud" of the packing mules, beating down the loose earth. About two o'clock our pickets were fired on, and the whole force repaired to the trenches, where they remained until breakfast time without seeing anything of the foe.

I was an officer of the guard the night before the fight. When our pickets were driven in, and it became evident the enemy was advancing in force, the guard, which was a tolerably heavy one, was marched out with the battalion. After the first fire the guards were ordered to join their several companies. Not particularly fancying the idea of being shot at, with no means of offensive operations save and except a sword as guiltless of edge as a crowbar, I borrowed a gun from a wounded man, and fell in with Capt. Jim Grimsley's company, my own company having been detached from the battalion to support a section of Everett's battery, in another part of the field.

Captain Grimsley's company having its full complements of lieutenants in the field, I was left, in a measure, free to take notes and watch for an opportunity to "plug" a "reb." I heard a deal of noise, and occasionally got a glimpse of a "butternut" among the corn, but the fog was so dense, and the smoke so thick that I could not draw a satisfactory "bead." Finally, a regiment of the enemy, somewhat out of latitude, was seen marching down an opposite street, a little in advance of us. We received orders to fire, and I succeeded in covering a rather "natty" looking officer, mounted on a splendid horse. I fired. After the smoke cleared away, a riderless horse was seen galloping madly down the street, and I was inclined to think there was room for promotion among the staff officers of that battalion.

The enemy were most splendidly armed with

Enfield and Minnie rifles, throwing balls of English manufacture, with the box-wood plug in the base. The passage of these balls close to one's head was followed by the most infernal hissing sound it is possible to imagine. Sometimes they seemed to me to be endowed with vitality, and possessed of the most fiendish spirit of vindictiveness. Then again they reminded me of geese following you in the road—not dangerous, but exasperating.

But the most singular thing, and one which I do not remember to have heard mentioned heretofore, was the effect of these balls upon the atmosphere through which they passed. The passage of one immediately across your face was followed by a momentary sensation of deathly sickness. The air seemed thick, stifling and putrid, like that of a newly-opened vault, accompanied by an odor of certain kinds of fungii found in the woods, and never willingly disturbed by either man or beast. I should like to know if any one else has felt this, or if it was a peculiar fancy of my own.

The rebels were provided with percussion shells, fashioned like those used in our rifle cannon. It was supposed that they were intended for exploding caissons.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM the time they left Camp Moore, the rebels were subsisted by private contributions from citizens along the way. Wagon loads of provisions were hauled for miles on either side of the road. Yet many of them got nothing. The haversacks of a number of those left dead on the field were filled with a miscellaneous collection of food; biscuits, "pones" of corn bread, fried chicken, cakes of clabber-cheese, etc. In the lower edge of our camp I found a large, fine-looking rebel, with an intelligent countenance, and a fine, silky beard, lying flat on his back with his arms thrown out, and a rifle shot through his neck, just under the ears. In coming through the camp of the Fourteenth Maine he had secured a loaf of soft bread, and thrust it into his bosom. I have no doubt he was hungry, and the loaf bore marks of his fingers where he had pinched off and eaten mouthfulls during the heat of battle. There are times when, in contemplation of the most trivial things, the strongest man will be overcome with the weakness of a child. I had just passed a rebel, torn to shreds with a twelve-pound shell, and lying a bloody, loathsome, and shapeless mass, without a shudder; and yet the sight of this poor devil, with his nibbled loaf, almost unmanned me.

During the hottest of the fight, I came upon a

woolly head, deployed as skirmisher, and with the muzzle of an Enfield protruding from behind a large magnolia tree. He fired just as we filed past, and rolled over on his back to reload. "What the d—l are you doing there?" said I. "O, nothin', sah; only doin' a *little picketin'*," was the answer, with the utmost *sang froid*.

A most dastardly attempt was made to assassinate Col. Dudley, of the Thirtieth Massachusetts, on the night of the battle. He was giving instructions to some of our sentinels, when he was fired upon from one of the houses with an air gun, the ball passing close to his head.

We had a drummer boy with us, who had the most remarkable faculty of getting into scrapes, and the most remarkable luck in getting out of them. On the day of the fight, Charley, in company with another drummer, got a gun and started out on his own hook. With his usual brilliant strategy, Charley managed to insinuate himself between ours and a Confederate regiment, and had quite a lively time in "changing front," as the storm of bullets might be coming from one side or the other. In the meantime, Charley and his comrade managed to get in a few shots edgewise, and finally escaped unhurt. The most amusing thing was Charley's description of the sickly sort of laugh with which he and his comrade tried to keep up each other's spirits.

After the fight was over, Charley went back to camp to see about his "traps," and managed to be

taken prisoner. A Confederate lieutenant catechised him after the following manner:

Lieutenant—You d—d little cuss, what the — are you after here?

Charley—I want my knapsack.

Lieutenant—How many of you d—d Yankees are there?

Charley—I don't know.

Lieutenant—You have an idea; guess.

Charley—Between ten and twelve thousand.

Lieutenant—Don't lie to *me*, you little rascal, (drawing a revolver) I'll shoot you in a minute. Now tell me the truth.

Charley—I really don't know. (After a pause.) How many men have you?

The rebel looked for a moment as if this was too much for human nature to bear. Then he faced Charles about, gave him a tremendous kick in the rear, and told him to "git."

The Yankees were jealous of the part taken by an Indiana regiment in the fight, and ashamed of their own. Consequently, every cursed "Nutmeg," from the highest to the lowest, persisted in misrepresenting us. General Butler, as the head of the New England Division, felt bound to favor it as much as possible. At the same time I do him the justice to say that he did not misrepresent us, except by implication. He only did us injustice by mentioning us in the same connection with regiments who eternally disgraced themselves, and the uniform they wore. The New Orleans papers were edited by Yankees. One of them stated editorially

that General Williams was killed while trying to rally the Twenty-first regiment, which was thrown into dismay. A "passenger" from Baton Rouge (probably a Yankee sutler, running away from the prospect of another fight,) informed another of those Yankee editors that General Williams was killed while cheering on our men to retake a gun which they had lost. The simple facts were these: General Williams, after denouncing the Fourteenth Maine and Seventh Vermont as "sheep," publicly complimented our regiment as the only one which had not been broken and scattered. At one time Brown's mule battery, supported by Michigan troops, was compelled to abandon one gun, the last charge of canister from which was fired at a body of rebel troops *not twenty paces distant;* but the brave Michigan boys soon drove the enemy away, and gallant Jim Brown saved his gun. From this gun five gunners were shot down at one fire. It was stationed at least half a mile from where General Williams fell. This "passenger from Baton Rouge" failed to state, while on the subject of guns, that Company F, of the Twenty-first Indiana, three times manned a section of Everett's battery from its own ranks, and hauled off the guns by hand when the horses were shot down, and also that Indianians hauled off a section of Manning's battery by hand after it had been abandoned. The honest truth was just this: The Fourteenth Maine broke at the first fire, and never reformed. They had twenty-six men killed and seventy or eighty wounded, without firing more than one volley,

which they fired in the air. The Confederates shot them down as we used to shoot rabbits in Illinois.

The Seventh Vermont fired into us. They had a few men killed and wounded by bullets that first passed through our ranks. When ordered to move up to our support, they failed to do so, and many of them broke and ran to town. While the Twenty-first Indiana, the Sixth Michigan, the Thirtieth Massachusetts, and the artillery were fighting the battle, a lot of cowardly wretches were down in the town plundering houses. The Fourth Wisconsin and Ninth Connecticut had no opportunity of engaging in the fight.

Long after the battle, we were occupied, working in the trenches in the day time and sleeping in the trenches at night, scouting, picketing, foraging, evacuating, moving and re-moving. After working hard and faithfully for more than two weeks, and burning down a part of the town to give our artillery good range, Col. Payne had just got Baton Rouge in a defensible position, when the order came from New Orleans for its evacuation. The Ocean Queen, a large, sea-going steamer, took on four regiments, and the remainder of the troops, munitions and supplies, were placed on different river transports, and on the morning of the 20th of August, the whole fleet set sail down the river, under escort of the gunboats, with the exception of the iron-clad Essex, which remained at Baton Rouge to prevent the rebels from occupying and fortifying the town. It was a

sad and yet an exciting scene to see that long string of puffing steamers, crowded with soldiers, creeping away from a position which could have been maintained at all hazards. But I presume the men were needed more elsewhere than there. The morning before we left Baton Rouge a considerable force of rebel cavalry and infantry, probably under the impression that our forces had been already withdrawn, came to our outposts and attacked our pickets. Our gunboats opened a furious fire, which sent them back in the direction of the Comite a little faster than they came. (The Comite is a small stream ten miles back of the city.)

It was reported that one shell from the Mississippi, killed seventeen skedaddling rebels. The following incident is vouched for: A Michigan boy had strayed beyond the lines, foraging for poultry. Four mounted rebels came out of a cornfield and fired their carbines at him. Michigan drew up his gun and shot one of them dead. Then fixing his bayonet, he charged the other three, and put them to flight. Our first landing was at Camp Parapet. This camp was behind an immense earthwork, extending some two or three miles in length, back to the swamp, thrown up by the rebels against an invasion from the north. Phelps, with a force of mixed troops, was encamped. We pitched our tents in a cornfield, where the mud was almost knee deep, and stayed there two or three days, during which our Western men were constantly embroiled with negroes and "Nutmegs." At Camp Parapet, I saw what I had often heard of

but never expected to see—an entire regiment of slaves, regularly organized and drilled—to the best of their ability.

There was a great deal of speculation as to whether or not the negro would fight. I had not the slightest doubt that, if properly disciplined, they would fight—perhaps a good deal better than some of the New England troops did in the affair at Baton Rouge. It would not have been healthy for any of them to be taken prisoners. But fight or no fight, a negro who has served any length of time as a soldier will prove an invaluable acquisition to the morals of a sugar plantation.

After the death of General Williams, a new brigade was formed, composed of the Twenty-first Indiana, Fourth Wisconsin, and Fourteenth Maine, with Colonel Payne as acting brigadier. If they had given us the Sixth Michigan in the place of the Fourteenth Maine, the arrangement would have been complete. Although the Fourth Wisconsin could, by seniority, have claimed the first position, Colonel Payne, in consideration of the services of the Twenty-first, gracefully waived the claims of his regiment, and gave us the right, with the Wisconsin on the left, and the Maine in the center. Colonel Payne possessed not only the entire confidence, but the love and esteem of all the Western men of the department. He was a thorough soldier, a gentleman and a scholar, and if he could only have sworn a little once in a while, I would have considered him perfect.

After our regiment left Algiers and went to Ba-

ton Rouge, the guerillas in the western parishes and along the banks of the river carried matters with a high hand. A Vermont regiment, which succeeded us at Algiers, proved itself totally incapable of dealing with them, having had its scouting parties repeatedly drawn into ambush and severely cut up. At one time two whole companies, with artillery, were captured, and a day after, a party sent out to learn their fate was drawn into ambush and nearly annihilated. A party from our regiment went out, drove the guerillas from their camp, and re-captured a large number of Vermont wounded men.

On a Sunday, having heard of a large force of infantry, cavalry and artillery up the river, in company with detachments from the Fourteenth Maine, Fourth Wisconsin and Ninth Connecticut, and the sloop-of-war Mississippi, about four hundred of our regiment started after them, on the steamers Morning Light, St. Maurice, Laurel Hill and General Williams (late Burton.) When in the neighborhood of the Red Church, we accidentally stumbled on Waller's battalion of Texas cavalry. One-half of our force was landed below and the remainder above, and scattered in detachments; we began beating up the cane and rice-fields to set the game afoot. The division that I was with marched back toward the swamp through the rice-fields, and took position in ambush in a narrow lane, the fences of which were overgrown with high weeds. We had been there but a few moments, with skirmishers thrown out well towards the swamp, when we

heard a rattling volley from the rest of our regiment, between us and the river. The volley was occasioned in this manner: A man named Douglas, of Company G, had straggled from the detachment, and was pursued by the mounted Texans with fierce shouts. Poor Douglas was making wonderful time, but it was not in nature for a man to outrun a horse, and consequently his pursuers were gaining upon him rapidly, and were brandishing their long, heavy, heathenish knives, in anticipation of soon bagging him, when suddenly companies B and G arose from the grass and fired, killing the entire party, horses and all. One of them was literally shot to pieces, having five balls through his head and seven through the chest. The three unfortunates who were killed were part of a scouting party, the main body being farther back toward the swamp. The fate of the three alarmed the party, and they were seen galloping through the cane about a quarter of a mile to the right of where our detachment was stationed. A party of the men were sent out, who failed to cut them off, but killed one and made two prisoners.

The Mississippi, by means of her lookout at the masthead, was able to distinguish the rebels among the cane fields, and threw a few shells with great precision, which, besides killing and wounding several, added greatly to the mortal terror of the rebels.

In the meantime the main body of the rebels, as yet in blissful ignorance of our force and resources, drew up in line of battle along a road about half a

mile to the left of our position, and out of reach of the Mississippi, with the intention of hazarding a fight. Throwing out skirmishers to the right and left, with the Jackass battery in front, we advanced along a cross-road until within six hundred yards of their position. An open field, overgrown with tall, rank weeds, all matted together with a web of wild pea vines, intervened. The whole formed a dense jungle, through which a hare could scarcely force her body; and yet this was the kind of territory over which our boys had the felicity of illustrating the beauties of the skirmish drill.

Our guns opened on the enemy with shell and canister, and they broke in the utmost terror. Prisoners afterward told us that they were unaware that we had any artillery, and were taken completely by surprise when the shells and canister began flying through their ranks.

From this time the affair became little more than a rabbit hunt. The greater part of the rebels fled to the swamp, but some of them scattered among the weeds in the fields. These were hunted out and shot or taken prisoners. The road to the swamp was strewn with a miscellaneous lot of clothing; saddle-bags, gourd-canteens, pistols, knives, swords, hats, coats, shirts, powder-kegs, hospital stores, and everything possible to be cast loose in a desperate fight. Haversacks, rudely made of coffee sacks, and filled with corn bread, onions, sweet potatoes and fried chicken, lined the road on either side. Some of the canteens, picked up by our boys, let loose, when the cork was re-

moved, a familiar smell of "spirits," but no Texan would ever for a moment think of sacrificing such an utensil, even in the moment of wildest panic, as long as a drop remained. Hair lariats, vast spurs, with rowels as large as a silver dollar, buck-skin moccasins, cap-boxes made of sea-beans, and all outlandish things possible for a Texan ranger to own, also paved the way.

His education, who has never seen a Louisiana swamp, is vastly incomplete. He has lived with no adequate conception of what Webster means when he defines desolation, gloominess, sadness, destitution. Desolation means a Louisiana swamp. For further information inquire within. Familiar as I have been, in former times, with these vast swamps, during hunting and fishing excursions, I extended my acquaintance at that time; I went further into the swamp than I had ever been before—I went in up to my neck. How far my horse went, I can not say. The last time I saw him he was still going in. Into the swamp rode the six hundred, as if the very d—l was after them; and into the vile swamp, among the moccasin snakes, we followed them. For two miles or more we floundered through the mud and water, picking up a squad of "tuckered" out rebels here, shooting another one there. All along, the swamp was covered with horses, bogged down and unable to move, and some of them with their entrails torn out in contact with the sharp cypress needles which abounded in all the swamps. For miles these horses, a great many of them fine ones

too, were there found. The best horses carried their riders the farthest into the morass. We got out a number of them, shot such as were snagged with the needles, and left the others to their fate. Coming out of the swamp, it would have puzzled any one to have told an officer from a private, or a white man from a negro. We were cased in a thick coat of mud, which having dried, gave us something the resemblance of plaster statues. Altogether we made a rather poor affair of Waller's battalion. They were a fine-looking, greasy, dirty, ragged, savage, cut-throatish set, but splendidly mounted and equipped. Every man had a shot-gun, carbine or short musket, from one to two fine revolvers, and a large outlandish knife or cutlass two feet in length, from two to four inches broad, and weighing from two to four pounds.

We killed some twelve or fourteen rebels, took twenty or thirty prisoners, and captured fully four hundred horses. The horses were good, and some of the equipments elegant. From papers captured, we learned that Waller's battalion were regularly mustered into the Confederate States' service, the men having equipped themselves at an average cost of three hundred and thirty dollars. If they did not perish in the swamp, and ever succeeded in getting together again, it cost them a trifle to refit. Reports of the battle of Baton Rouge came back to us, and excited no little merriment. "Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!" The fact was, it was a hard fight, and we came out a little the best. The gunboats rendered no assistance

whatever. The rebels did not bayonet our wounded, nor did they fire on them as they were brought in. The enemy did not even temporarily occupy and burn our camp. They began to burn, but got no farther than the third row of tents. The point on our right, where the majority of reports made Nim's battery perform prodigies of valor, was occupied by Jim Brown's Jackass battery.

The comments of the Indianapolis *Journal* and Chicago *Tribune*, on the death of General Williams, were not in the best taste, though literally true. If anything could have justified them, however, it was the sickening eulogy which was heaped upon his memory after his death. The truth was, Williams was universally detested by the three Western regiments under his command. So far from being the accomplished soldier he was represented, he either had no military talent or failed to manifest it. Although in possession of certain information that an attack would be made on the morning of the fifth, he made no preparation whatever to meet it, but suffered the camp of the Twenty-first Indiana to remain in its old position, advanced entirely beyond the line, or where the line should have been formed in "order of combat style." During the battle he seemed to be without a purpose. Just after the Seventh Vermont fired into us, he sent an order to Colonel Keith to fall back to the penitentiary. Colonel Keith swore furiously, and utterly refused to obey, saying that Williams was not fool enough to send such an order. Just then Williams rode up, and Keith asked him if he had sent such

an order. "Yes," said Williams; "but I believe I was mistaken." Then the order was given to charge, and Williams fell, but *not* as the the papers had it, while rallying the Twenty-first Indiana.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEN. WEITZEL, a worthy young gymnast, who, by a vigorous leap, skipped several rounds of the ladder of military promotion, and from a lieutenant became a brigadier general, was organizing an expedition for the Attakapas country. Gen. Weitzel's expedition was to land at Donaldsonville, and march down the Bayou Lafourche; but for some time Donaldsonville and the neighboring country had been infested with audacious and daring rebels, who, notwithstanding the gunboats, made the navigation of the Mississippi particularly uncomfortable, and cotton and sugar-stealing expeditions extremely hazardous. The powers that be had a little curiosity to know the force and resources of the Donaldsonville rebels, and Col. McMillan, who was tolerably sure of being called on when anything enterprising or dashing was to be done, was commissioned to make a reconnoissance. With a force of about four hundred men from the Twenty-first, with the Jackass battery under command of Lieut. Brough, and a couple of gunboats in the river, we effected a landing at

Donaldsonville, on the 21st of September, 1862. On the 22d and 23d, we made short excursions down the bayou on the lower side, encountering and driving in the rebel pickets.

On the 24th, ascertaining that the principal force was stationed on the upper side of the bayou, Col. McMillan, with three hundred men and the three field pieces, started down that side. In the meantime, he had learned through reliable sources, that the rebel forces in the neighborhood numbered over a thousand, but, with our battery, we were vain enough to think our three hundred men a match for them. Proceeding down the bayou, driving the rebel pickets before us, when in the neighborhood of the Cox plantation, and about three miles from the river, we found a little more than we bargained for in the shape of Semmes' battery This was one of the finest light batteries in the Confederate service, consisting of six rifled brass six-pounders. It opened upon us a furious, well-directed, and well-sustained fire, which was promptly and spiritedly replied to by our battery. Finding that they had the advantage of us in range, Lieut. Brough limbered up, and took a new position within six hundred yards of his opponent, when the artillery duel was renewed.

Taking a fancy to the Confederate pieces, Colonel McMillan ordered a charge to take them at the point of the bayonet. The men, who were shielding themselves from the well-directed fire behind the levee, promptly fell in, and impatiently awaited the order to charge, when Colonel McMillan dis-

covered a heavy force of cavalry galloping through the cane-fields with the evident intention of cutting us off from the river. This somewhat changed the face of affairs, and a retreat was ordered and conducted in an orderly but rather hasty manner. I was a considerable distance in advance of the battalion with a party of skirmishers. The day was most infernally hot, and with my brains frying and sputtering in my head, almost completely exhausted, with my skirmishers, I began a laborious retreat through the thick cane-rows and tangled pea-vines. Gradually the boys began to disappear in front, and the prospect of my getting through became involved in disagreeable uncertainty; yet I do not think I would have been taken were it not for the appearance of my evil genius in the shape of an old gray horse, which a native was leading out of the cane. He was a most unpromising animal, whose sands of life had nearly run out, rough and shabby in coat, unsymmetrical in shape, and afflicted with sundry of the ills to which horseflesh is heir; but I thought he might have life enough in his venerable bones to carry me out of a bad scrape. I made the native help me on him, and then go ahead and let down the bars so I could get out on the bayou road. I struck my heels vigorously into old gray's ribs and whaled him with the end of a rope, but could not get anything better out of him than a deliberate walk. As I was slowly working him up to the fence, already entertaining serious doubts as to the remunerative nature of my horse speculation, my native called to me in barbarous French to go

back to the cane, as the Philistines were coming up the road. I evacuated my horse in strong disgust, and clambered over the high plank fence to get into the cane. In getting over, I caught my foot on the top and fell all of a heap, giving my back a violent wrench. I, however, limped along until I found the enemy were between me and our men, and then laid down in the cane, thinking I would wait until the excitement was over, and then make my way back to the river. I do not know how long I laid there, but it seemed to me nearly a week. I could hear our battery away off near the river blazing away at the rascals, and occasionally the shrill scream of our gun-boat shells. Finally, all became quiet, and I began to think of make another start, when I heard the galloping of cavalry near me. I again laid down, hugging the the earth close, and making myself as thin as possible, but keeping a lookout towards the direction from which they were coming. Presently the head of a squadron of the sons of Belial emerged and filed past my place of concealment, down the "turning row," on their return from pursuing our fellows.

The party had nearly all passed, and I began to think they would not see me, when a little, red-capped cuss in the last file, instead of going about his business, looking neither to the right nor left, did look to the right, and caught a glimpse of my blue blouse among the green leaves of the cane. Wheeling his horse around he took another look, then cocked his double-barreled shot-gun, and in-

vited me to "come out o' that," an invitation I did not feel at liberty to decline. I came out and gave up my arms, when a lively dispute arose between my captor and one of his companions as to whose "Yankee" I was, each claiming that he had seen me first. I began to fear that I should suffer the fate of the unfortunate Miss McCrea in the dispute between the two Indians, and that unable to decide which of them should have me, they would agree to *halve* me, and each take a part. Finally one of them took me up behind him, and I was carried to headquarters, feeling exceedingly sheepish, with a strong inclination to sell out of the service at less than cost.

The headquarters were in a large frame dwelling taken from Mr. Cox, a Union man. There I found Col. Vincent, a little, spectacled man, with a Jewish cast of countenance; Lieutenant Colonel McWaters, a fine looking, red faced old gentleman, kind and generous in conduct, but fierce as a tiger in battle; and various line officers, whose names I do not remember.

I was paroled not to attempt an escape, and kindly treated, but awfully bored with questions, which, however, I was told I need not answer unless I wanted to. I also met Capt. Semmes and Lieut. Fauntleroy, of the battery. Semmes was a slight, sallow-faced, volatile man, apparently not more than twenty-one years old, a son of "Sumter" Semmes, then commanding the Alabama. I felt a good deal of curiosity to see him, as we were already acquainted with his battery—having

had the benefit of a formal introduction at Baton Rogue. Fauntleroy was a fine-looking, amiable, red-headed young fellow, with a most amusing "stutter" in conversation.

The men all had a curiosity to see and talk with the prisoner, so much so that Col. McWaters placed a guard at the door to keep them from annoying me to death. One of them, who had failed to get a sight at the show, came up after a while and stood outside the door, saying nothing, but looking at me curiously. Col. Vincent passed by, and asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to see the Yankee. "Want to see a Yankee, do you?" said the Colonel, "Well take forty rounds of cartridge and go up to Donelson." The fellow grinned his appreciation of the joke, but didn't seem to want to see the Yankees bad enough for that.

On the morning of the 26th, I was started for Camp Pratt, on Bayou Teche, in charge of Lieut. Chamberlain. We landed at New Iberia about an hour before day, a little town with dirty streets, and a strong sheepy smell. After daylight a buggy was procured, and, through a long lane, which had more than one turning, I was conveyed to Purgatory, which, in the language of the country, was called "Camp Pratt," a camp of conscription and instruction, six miles from New Iberia, and fifty miles from the Bay. The camp itself was a collection of plank "wedge-tents," with here and there small editions of the stars and bars flapping their greasy folds in the breeze. I was taken be-

fore Col. Burke. Col. Burke was the "big Injun" of Camp Pratt.

I was turned over, properly receipted for, and then, after taking a formal leave of Lieut. Chamberlain, who had treated me very kindly, I was escorted to the prisoners' quarters, where one hundred and thirty-seven Yankees, taken at Bayou des Allemands, were confined. I was not naturally a lover of Yankees, but, "Fiat Justitia," though the heavens fall. These were the meanest Yankees I ever saw. Of course there were honorable exceptions, but I never saw as much petty meanness and selfishness in my life as I witnessed among them. They annoyed me, and disgusted me more completely than anything I saw in rebeldom. The officers, however, were very clever, but one of them was the most inveterate Yankee I ever met. He had been five years in the regular army, and still his enunciation of "cow" would have insured him "a long cord and short shrift" in the days of Kansas border ruffianism. He always called me "*How-sier*," and really seemed to enjoy the wit of the thing so highly that I could not find it in my heart to get angry with him. I contrived, however, to let him know in the course of our acquaintance, that so far from being ashamed of being a Hoosier, I was proud of it, and that I did not agree with him in believing that the hub of the universe was located in New England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE I also found Connelly and Cox, our two lieutenants, who were captured in May last. Poor fellows! They had been confined for three months and fifteen days in Opelousas jail before coming to Camp Pratt. Camp Pratt was filled with Cajunn conscripts. I will try and tell what a Cajunn is. He is a half-savage creature, of mixed French and Indian blood; lives in swamps, and subsists by hunting and fishing and cultivating small patches of corn and sweet potatoes. They are sallow, dried up, and mummy-like in appearance, and stolid and stupid in expression. The wants of the Cajunn are few, and his habits simple. With a bit of corn-bread, a potato, and a clove of garlic, with an occasional indulgence in stewed crawfish, he gets along quite comfortably, and for luxuries, smokes husk cigarettes and drinks rum—when he can get it. The Cajunn has great powers of endurance, but not much stomach for fight. Of the herd at Camp Pratt, desertions were quite frequent, sometimes as many as thirty or forty stampeding in a single night. But they would be caught, brought back, made to wear a barrel for a week or two, and were finally broke in.

I can not say that we were abused by the Cajunns. They did not insult, but exasperated us dreadfully. In the cool of the evening, they would

gather about our quarters, and stand, or sit squatted on their haunches, for hours, not saying a word to us or to each other, but regarding us with a grim, stupid stare, reminding me strongly of the manner in which the lower class of Choctaws, in the Indian country, sit and gaze at a circus bill.

Seven of us were stowed in one tent—a dirty, greasy pen, densely populated with vermin. We had three blankets among us, and as northers would occasionally blow up, one might imagine our sleep was not "balmy." We had about a quarter of an acre of ground for one hundred and forty persons to exercise upon, with a guard of one Cajunn, with a double-barreled shot-gun, to every fourteen feet of ground. For food, we had yellow cornmeal, beef, and sugar, issued to us, with the alternative of cooking it ourselves or eating it raw. The Yankees boiled the beef, and made a thick mush of the meal, which they called pudding. Boiled beef is the meanest thing on earth, except half-cooked, yellow mush. I ate the mush for three or four days, until my stomach utterly revolted, and an attempt to eat it was followed by the most violent retching. Then I subsisted on beef alone for a time. To tell the truth, I came near being starved. The ghost of every good dinner I ever ate in my life, haunted my weary slumbers. The shade of a mince pie, which an esteemed lady friend had sent me years ago, was particularly obtrusive. After feasting upon all manner of delicacies and substantials in my trou-

bled sleep, I would wake to the realization of captivity, and the cussed mush and beef.

Camp Pratt was short of crockery, and the boys, for plates, used all sorts of contrivances, so that they frequently ate their mush from pieces of gourd calabashes, the shoulder-blades of deceased oxen and other unique vessels.

While the men had money they would buy milk at twenty-five cents a quart; eggs, fifty cents per dozen; sweet potatoes, four dollars per bushel; a twelve-ounce loaf for fifty cents, etc.; but after they had eaten up their knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and, in some instances, their shoes, they had to return to mush and beef. As for me, I had no money, and as nobody offered to lend me any, I had a full course of the nutritious diet alluded to. Connelly and Cox were in the same fix. The only time when we departed from the bill of fare was when we devoured Connelly's watch.

In justice to the Camp Pratt officers, I must say they gave to us just what they did to their own men. Indeed, I generally found them willing to oblige us, when in their power. One might naturally imagine the days at Camp Pratt were long and irksome. The entire literary resources of our party amounted to an old magazine, a Dutch dictionary, a Catholic prayer-book, in French, and a well-worn edition of "Robinson Crusoe." Robinson was good for thirty or forty perusals, but after that became a little stale.

Connelly and Cox, having been nearly five months in captivity, and seeing no signs of ever

being released, concluded to risk the fearful chances of a journey through the swamps, to escape. Knowing more than they of the horrors of a Louisiana swamp, I tried to dissuade them; but, finding them determined, I resolved to risk my fate with theirs. One dark night they both succeeded in getting away, but I was stopped by the guard. This I regarded at the time as another exemplification of my constitutional ill-luck; but I soon had occasion to look upon it as the only good luck I ever had in my life. The very next day after the skedaddle, we learned that we were to have been sent to Vicksburg, to be paroled, and in a week we went. Connelly and Cox, I afterwards learned, after suffering unheard-of hardships from cold, hunger and venomous insects, were recaptured at Donaldsonville, utterly barefooted, and with bleeding, mangled feet.

From the time of leaving Camp Pratt, we fared well. Captain Rensaw, or Ransom, who had us in charge, treated us very kindly. We came down the Teche and up Achafalaya, on the "Cricket," to the mouth of Red river, and from thence on the "Louis d'Or" to Vicksburg. This was the channel of communication between Richmond and Louisiana, or Texas, and the Government boats did a lively trade in sugar and beef. The batteries at Port Hudson and Vicksburg kept all that portion of the river between the two places open.

At Vicksburg we remained two weeks. The officers were paroled for a certain portion of the city, and boarded at the Washington Hotel, at an ex-

pense of $4.00 per day each to the Confederate government. There I was treated with much kindness and courtesy by Confederate officers, many of whom offered to lend me money. Everywhere the utmost confidence in the success of their cause was felt. The fortifications at Vicksburg had been greatly strengthened, and were then regarded as invulnerable. The construction of the Yazoo iron-clads proceeded slowly, but, from what I learned incidentally, they would prove more formidable than any they had ever had. The Confederates expressed the highest admiration of Rosecrans, but said that McClellan was our best general. They said that if he had had Western men in his army they could not have cleaned him out so easily. They thought Buell a dangerous man. For Pope they had the most supreme contempt, and they thought they were too sharp for any of Sigel's Dutch tricks.

We came down from Vicksburg under a flag of truce. Our regiment was out at Berwick's Bay. They manned the gun-boats in the fight at the mouth of Teche, and lost five men killed. Lieutenant Wolfe, of Company H, was killed, and Lieutenant Fisher, of Company A, lost both his legs by the premature explosion of a shell. Our boys made excellent gunners. They could do anything—cavalry, artillery, engineering or navy work, as well as infantry. Our colonel, however, always fancied that he belonged to the navy.

Another change now took place in post commanders. Between King's Log and King's Stork,

we were in a fair way of becoming as heartily sick of change as were the frogs in the ancient fable. The new commander—General Philip St. George Cook—dawned upon us, and immediately began to "fix things." Cotton in large quantities, heretofore concealed, was freely exchanged for the necessaries and luxuries of life.

There were twenty regiments of the *Corps d' Afrique*, at Port Hudson, and more were to be organized. A year before, one would as soon thought of drowning himself as of taking a position in a negro regiment. That service, however, became quite popular, and a number of the Twenty-first Indiana became officers therein.

November 7, 1863, our cavalry scouts encountered a small mounted force of the enemy, about six miles out on the Clinton road, and it was reported to be the advance of a heavy force, of course. Enemy's loss, two hundred and twenty-one killed, wounded, and driven back—principally driven back; our loss trifling.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOWARDS the latter part of November, 1863, indications were more favorable for something to transpire at our end of the river. The rebels, sensible of the absurdity of attempting to protract the war with the Mississippi in our possession, seemed

to be meditating a bold stroke to establish a permanent blockade, either by fortifying a new point, like that of Fort Adams, for instance, or by the recapture of Port Hudson.

Gen. Dick Taylor was reported to have crossed the Atchafalaya in force, and established himself on the Mississippi, between Morganza and the mouth of Red river, with the intention, as some supposed, of capturing a steamer and crossing over to the other side.

The Emerald was fired on one morning, at Hogg's Landing, on her way down, by a battery of six and twelve-pounders. The boat had anchored in a heavy fog during the night, about six hundred yards from the shore. She had aboard about five hundred soldiers, including Company M, First Indiana Artillery, and convalescents from the Thirteenth Army Corps. The fog beginning to lift in the morning, the captain had the anchor weighed, preparatory to moving ahead, and just at this time the opposite shore was discovered to be alive with gray-backs. Lieutenant McMillan, of the First Indiana, being in command of the boat, formed up such of his men as were armed, about two hundred in number, and fired on the enemy. The fire was immediately returned with artillery. Twenty-one shots were fired in all, three taking effect; one in the hull, one in the cabin, and one in the pilot-house. The shot in the pilot-house was a twelve-pound shell, and in exploding, tore it to pieces and knocked over the pilot, who, considerably stunned and bewildered, ran below, the

boat in the meantime running ashore, and making prodigious efforts to climb the bank. A soldier of the Seventeenth Kentucky threatened to blow the pilot's brains out, and drove him back to his post, when the boat was headed down stream and steamed off, making better time than she ever made before.

The navigation of the Mississippi was a ticklish business at this time. The steamer, Black Hawk, was fired on at about the same point where the Emerald and others were riddled—viz. Hogg's Landing. This boat was terribly torn, while several were killed and others wounded. There were ladies on board, but they escaped without injury. At Tyler, a large number of our men, who had been made prisoners, were confined. Frequent attempts were made to escape, which the rebels mostly prevented by organizing a blood-hound *corps* to hunt them down.

The enemy, during the entire campaign, studiously avoided a general engagement, but was active enough in making sudden dashes on exposed detachments. Our generals, who made war according to rule, were disgusted with the irregular tactics of the Confederates, who played swordfish to the whale.

An Ohio regiment, captured in Burbridge's brigade, numbering over three hundred, was said to have given at a recent election, two hundred and fifty votes for Vallandigham. With such a record, no one could feel very sorry for them.

The City Belle, chartered by Gov. Morton, ar-

rived at Baton Rouge the last day of December, 1862, loaded with sanitary stores for the Indiana soldiers of that department.

At that time, Baton Rouge and the woods and swamps of the interior, were said to be swarming with refugees. Two causes operated to drive them into our lines—the scarcity of food and the activity of the conscript hunters. Many of those who came in, had laid for weeks and months in the swamps, living on frogs, crawfish, and an occasional ear of corn.

In August, 1863, the thunders of war ceased at Port Hudson. I had been absent for several months—in fact, had been sent on a fool's errand to the darker portion of Indiana, and had received a fool's reward. I went on business connected with the recruiting service, but few were the recruits, and small were the demands made on the United States Treasury for transportation of men from Martin county to the seat of war. Returning too late to share the perils of the siege and the glory of the final triumph, I must content myself with reviewing what others did. Though nearly a month had elapsed since the surrender of that stronghold, there were abundant evidences of the tremendous struggle of our forces for possession, and the stubborn resistance of the besieged.

Of the hundred pieces of artillery captured, scarce one but bore marks of rough usage, in the shape of a shattered carriage, a split muzzle, trunnions knocked off, or deep indentations in the side. Captain Connelly, with two pieces, crossed the

river below, and, cutting embrasures in the levee, soon dismounted all their guns on the lower part of their river front, without losing a man, or having had either of his guns disabled. Among them the large rifled piece which sunk the Mississippi, and which had been a terror to our fleet, went by the board.

I rode around the rebel works. They were seven miles in extent, and were neither strong nor elaborate in construction. The rebels were indebted to nature, rather than art, for the success with which six thousand men so long and so successfully held out against the army of Gen. Banks. The country around Port Hudson was cut up with wide and deep ravines, intersecting each other at all sorts of angles. These ravines had precipitous banks, and were filled with a wild mass of fallen trees, tangled vines and undergrowth, through which it would seem a rabbit could scarcely force its way. In riding around the line, a nice, smooth place was occasionally seen, left invitingly open for a charge, but a closer examination revealed the fact that it would not have been very healthy to attempt the entrance. Masked batteries, enfilading pieces and torpedoes, were ready to deal death and destruction on the advancing columns. The Citadel, the rebel work, to the capture of which almost the entire energy of the besieging forces was directed during the latter part of the siege, and to effect which the celebrated sixteen-gun battery was erected, proved to have been little more than an out-work, so effectually com-

manded by interior works, that in the event of its being taken it could not have been held. At the time of the surrender it had been sapped by the Michigan men, the shaft entering a distance of eighty-five feet from the base.

From officers who participated in the siege, I learned a number of interesting facts, which I do not remember to have seen anywhere else. The various charges made upon the works did not seem to have been very well managed. In the first charge, on the 27th of May, Sherman, at first, refused to charge, alleging that it would be a useless expenditure of life. General Banks sent a peremptory order to charge at all hazards. Sherman did so, but was repulsed with fearful loss. In the meantime, before Sherman started, the charge had taken place at other points, and had been repulsed, and the rebels had concentrated on Sherman's front. Payne's charge was well and gallantly executed, and came nearer being a success. Dwight's charge was a miracle—in its way—and was, no doubt, the most remarkable one on record. It would certainly have been successful, but for the great distance intervening between the advancing columns and the parapet, and the fact that the nine-months' heroes became pretty well "tuckered out" just about the time they got within two or three hundred yards of the rebel works, within easy range of a light battery, which opened on them. Of the infantry participating in these charges, the Fourth Wisconsin, Sixth Michigan, and Second Duryea Zouaves have the best record.

They were all terribly cut up, and behaved most gallantly.

Guerrillas were again active, and gobbled up a party of wood-cutting negroes, in plain sight of the State House. Then again, just across the river, they made simultaneous attacks on government plantations on both side, a little below Port Hudson, killing and wounding a number of negroes. One of our gun-boats came down and shelled then off, taking five or six prisoners. That is the only instance on record, I think, of a gun-boat taking cavalry. The scoundrels did not observe the approach of the vessel until they were covered by her guns, when they preferred surrender to the risk of being ventilated with canister.

General Weitzel's brigade went down the river and joined the expedition, a part, at least, of which was on its way, having been heard from at the Southwest Pass. The command of the post devolved upon Colonel John A. Keith, of the First Indiana Artillery, who, notwithstanding his right arm was entirely useless from the effects of the terrible wound he received in the battle on the 5th of August, had been in command of his regiment since April, and bore a conspicuous part in the siege and reduction of Port Hudson.

From some of the soldiers on board, the Ibervilles, that came down early in October, with badly wounded men of the Twenty-sixth Indiana, and a few Confederate prisoners, I obtained an intelligible account of an affair near Morganza, exaggerated rumors of which had reached us from many

sources. The facts were that General Herron, with a force of three or four thousand men, had been sent up to Morganza, to amuse a Confederate force in that neighborhood and try and hold them there until the Teche expedition, by advancing as far as Vermilionville, would cut them off. General Herron, after landing at Morganza and throwing out a force of five hundred men, of the Twenty-sixth Indiana and Nineteenth Iowa, was relieved of his command by General Dana, and ordered to report to General Banks. This force of five hundred men, under command of Colonel Leake, of the Twenty-eighth Iowa, was encamped between the main force and the Atchafalaya, which ran near the Mississippi, at Morganza, had been engaged for a number of days in constant skirmishing with the enemy, and was finally surrounded by an overwhelming force, and, after a desperate fight had to surrender, with a loss of fourteen killed and over forty wounded. The fight was represented by those who participated in it to have been of the most obstinate and deadly character. Col. Leake was badly wounded. After the fight, the Confederates, under command of General Greene, of Texas, hastily retreated, leaving all our wounded (with the exception of the officers, whom they carried off) upon the field, with three of our soldiers, who were unhurt, to take care of them. They did not offer to parole our wounded or the nurses left with them, but hastily covered up their own dead, and took their wounded to the other side of the Atchafalaya.

One section of the Second Missouri Battery was also captured. There was a small cavalry force along with the command of Colonel Leake, which cut its way through the enemy, and reported to General Dana at Morganza, who, with forces drawn up in line behind the levee, seemed to be quietly awaiting the issue of the conflict going on in his front.

The town of Morganza—a small collection of antiquated frame houses — was burned by our troops, who were intrenched behind the levee, and under the protection of the gun-boats, awaited an attack from a force said to number ten thousand. Morganza was in Morgan's Bend, a few miles above Bayou Sara.

The Confederates held a strongly fortified position at Camp Bisland, where a desperate stand might have been made; but it was so situated, geographically, that a force coming in from above could have cut them off completely. Fearing this, they removed their cannon and destroyed their works as soon as they discovered the formidable nature of the force gathered at Brashear, and moved further up the country.

SKETCHES AND PARAGRAPHS.

THE HORRIBLE FLY.

Oh, the fly! The horrible fly,
Dabbing at rose and mouth and eye;
Over the ceiling, over the meat,
Over all that people eat.
Buzzing,
Tickling,
Crawling about—
Damnable insect you get out.
Waddling in the paint on a lady's cheek,
Leaving behind a tortuous streak.
Accursed fly! from the hell below,
Never came pest that plagues us so.

Oh, the fly! The riotous fly
Pest of the earth. Beneath the sky
Nothing that's devilish ranks so high
As this 'ere infernal buzzing fly,
Dancing,
Nibbling,
Fresh from the stye—
The stinking stye, where the porkers lie,
And even the dogs, with a snarl and a bound,
Snap at the insects that swarm around.
The air is blue with oaths that try
To drown the hum of the odious fly.

When the weary pilgrim seeks repose
There's a hornpipe danced on the tip of his nose,
There's a vigorous d—n and a slam and slap,
And that's the end of the sleeper's nap.
Singing,
Stinging,
Why, oh, why—
Did God create this pestilent fly.
Once I was pious, but fell from grace,
Played the pack open and coppered the ace,
Made of myself a terrible guy,
When the devil caught me out on the fly.

How strange it is that housewives will try
To kill with cobalt this villainous fly.
How strange it seems when a billion are slain,
To find the multitude doubled again,
Whisking,
Frisking,
With clammy feet—
Wading deep in the food we eat.
If, like Toby, at the fly we swear,
And the angel recorder enters it there,
Give us then the welcome doubt
That the tear of mercy will blot it out.

THE MISSION OF AN AEROLITE.

One of the most phenomenal deaths that ever was known, occurred in the vicinity of Newtown, Fountain county, this State, on Tuesday night. Leonidas Grover, a farmer, while asleep in his bed, was instantly killed by an aerolite, which came from some unknown quarter of the universe, flying through space with fearful velocity. It tore

a ragged opening through the roof directly above Mr. Grover's breast, crashed through his body, through the bed and the floor beneath, and buried itself five feet in the earth. Its weight was twenty pounds. What time the mysterious missile came, no one knows. Mr. Grover's daughter and her husband, who constitute the family with whom he resided, were away during the evening. When they returned at a late hour, the house was still. They retired, and did not learn of Mr. Grover's death until the next morning, when, as he did not come to breakfast at his usual time, his daughter went to call him. The position of the dead man when found showed that he had been asleep when the curious messenger of death met him, and that his death had been instantaneous and painless.

Death has many avenues out of life; but none have heretofore been discovered so mysterious, so full of sad speculation, and so certainly proving that "no man knoweth when the king shall come." Of all ways of leaving the world this is one that never could have occurred to Mr. Grover. He lay down peacefully in his bed, in the house that had sheltered him safely for years, without a thought of danger, and while he slept a missile more deadly than the thunderbolts of Jupiter, a projectile hurled by the very gods, as it were, from some planet millions of miles away, came straight as an Indian's arrow through space and struck him lifeless. He was an upright and God-fearing man, and had no enemies to dread; no avenger to fear. His life had been calm and simple. He had joyed in the

few homely pleasures that surrounded him. He had watched the seasons come and go with sweet contentment. When he lay down that fateful evening he had no premonition of the dreadful thunderstone which was flying through space, bearing his death-warrant. He dreamed, perhaps, as he slept, but only of happy hours that were safe in the impregnable past, and not of the grim angel whose wings shadowed him, for his face still bore the trace of smiles, and was untouched by a line of anguish. On, on came the aerolite, hissing through space with a momentum so terrific it can scarcely be computed; its aim as certain, its purpose as deadly as though propelled by some invisible but superhumanly intelligent power. It struck Mr. Grover as he slept and dreamed, and the spark of his life was quenched. The mission of the mysterious missile was accomplished. Its journey through infinite space was finished. It buries itself in the earth, and the heat of its anger and the force of its fury are spent. It is no longer a messenger from another world, charged with a tragic commission, but a part of our earth, passive and inanimate, compelled to remain so until some grand change is made in the solar system of which this planet is a part.

Many have been the theories advanced to explain the phenomena of aerolites or meteorolites. That they are mineral masses of ultra-terrestrial origin, fallen to our earth, is now the accepted theory; though as meteoric astronomy is yet in its infancy, the true source of their origin and the causes

which impel them to this planet are yet, perhaps, to be discovered and made plain. It is estimated that at least five thousand separate aerolites fall every year, and as many as six or seven hundred meteoric showers take place over the surface of the earth in the same time. Sometimes one or two single masses fall, and sometimes a shower of two hundred or more stones is distributed over several acres or miles; sometimes dust accompanies the shower, and sometimes dust falls alone. Chladni propounded the now generally accepted theory with regard to the origin of aerolites. He affirmed that there are more comets and smaller bodies flying about in space than there are fishes in the ocean. The velocity of aerolites is more than triple that of a body simply falling through infinite space. That would travel at the rate of six or seven miles per second, while aerolites have a planetary velocity, some of them even overtaking the earth in its course. One of the remarkable meteorolites mention in history fell 467 B. C. It was still extant in Pliny's time, and he mentions that it was as large as a wagon. In passing through our atmosphere, meteorolites undergo some change, as they always take fire in the upper regions, and arrive at the ground quite hot. There are two kinds, the metallic and stony aerolite.

We take it back in its totality. The death was not a phenomenal one. The ærolite did not come hurtling from the infinite depths of space. It did not tear a ragged opening through the roof of Mr.

Grover's house, nor did it crash through his breast and then pass through the bed, the floor, and so on into the earth, five feet. Mr. Grover's daughter and her husband were not away from home at the time of the accident, and they didn't fail to discover his death until the next morning. He didn't die. He didn't get hurt. He didn't even get frightened. He wasn't there; he isn't anywhere now. Durn him. If Mr. Leonidas Grover ever should come into existence, and get killed by an ærolite, he will have to get some one else to write his obituary. It is a nice enough thing to moralize over, and it furnishes great scope for the play of sentimental fancy, but we despise the subject, and we have precious little faith in thunderstones, anyhow. The audacious villain who invented the canard is an unmeasured fraud and an infinite liar. Hell gapes for him. The devil beckons to him with his hands, and horns and tail. Eternal cremation, with a brimstone accompaniment, is his doom.

A BLIND TRAMP.

He got on the train at the station just across the river from Little Rock. He was shabbily dressed, apparently not more than twenty-five years old, and totally blind. From the way he moved it was apparent that his blindness was recent—the recollection of previous sight adding to the crushing weight of his misery. He was gaunt, ill-fed, sick,

and the expression of his face was hard, sullen, rebellious, defiant, just as if he were ready to curse God and die. The conductor came in, and studiously ignored him in collecting fares. (They have the "whitest" set of employes on the Iron Mountain road to be found in the United States.) For hours the blind man sat in his seat, without apparently moving a muscle or limb, brooding over the hard fate which enables some to lap their souls in the elysium of plenty, while it takes from another food, clothing, health, and what is more precious than all, blessed vision, through which the thirsty soul drinks in the beauty of nature. The train rolled, and rumbled, and jolted; people came and went; children chattered and women laughed about him; but through all, the blind man maintained his imperturbable stolidity. It was not a pleasant face. Some of its lines were suggestive of vice. But the mountain weight of irreparable misfortune overshadowed everything else. I looked on the poor creature and pitied him. The repulsive sight had for me a horrible fascination. I looked from the window to shut out the sight, but was compelled to turn again and again, to watch the stone-like figure with its set face never turning, apparently oblivious to everything except its own ever-present misery. Finally, I remembered something I should not have forgotten. I took a buzzard from my pocket, walked over, and gently dropped it in the open palm of a very dirty hand, which rested idly in his greasy lap. As the coin touched him, he started as if he had been stung,

but in the same moment, recognizing the nature of the transaction, closed on the money with eager touch and conveyed it with a tremulous motion to his vest pocket. There is a contagion of good example as well as of vice, and in a moment others had done likewise, until the dirty vest pocket bulged with its wealth. Through all, the blind man made no vocal sign of gratitude, but two tears gathered in his sightless eyes, and rolled down his swarthy, smoke-dried cheeks. At Walnut Ridge a gentleman went out and bought him a cup of coffee and some sandwiches, which he devoured ravenously, as if food had been a stranger to him. We learned that he had been living with a brother in Arkansas, who died, and he had started out to hunt another brother who lived somewhere in Illinois.

OF COURSE.

He was taken completely by surprise. He didn't expect anything of the kind. It was a gold-headed cane. He choked with emotion as he gazed upon the "testimonial." As Secretary of the Senate he had done the least work and drawn the most pay, but his subordinates were so impressed with the grace, the ability, the *suaviter in modo*, with which he drew his pay, that they couldn't help testifying their profound appreciation of his good qualities. Some occult influence lurks within the damp and musty walls of that old

State House, and it always makes the employes affectionately generous about the close of the session, and leaves the "recipient" tearful and gushing. Session after session it is always the same. The secretary is never moved in that way. He finds it more blessed to receive than to give. His understrappers may be affable, and faithful, and genial, and all that sort of thing, but it never occurs to him to give them a gold watch each, or a cane, or a barrel of flour. Singular, isn't it? Wonder why the old thing don't work that way once in a while, by way of a change? There is some great principle in the regular recurrence of this testimonial business at the close of each session, if we could only get at it.

LIFE at West Baden is not a season of unalloyed delights. It has its drawbacks, so to speak. The chickens are cooked in the highest style of the art, and the glistening leaves of the maple trees, freshly washed by the rain, relieve the tired eye with their grateful green. Somehow I always fancied that the shade of the sugar maple was cooler than that cast by any other tree. But the insect pests are at times almost intolerable. There is the mosquito. He don't amount to much. We know all his ways. He does not trouble at night, but when we go into the leafy covert in pursuit of berries he gets in his work. Going into the leafy covert, however, is indulged in but sparingly by the veterans. As a general thing a fellow goes into the leafy covert

the day after his arrival. Then he waits for some other fellow to go. If you should ask me why this apparent want of confidence in the leafy covert, I should answer, I should tell you—CHIGGERS. You don't know what a chigger is, O city-bred reader? God keep you in ignorance. The chigger is an infinitesimal tick that bites and burrows in the flesh. It is almost invisible to the naked eye, and yet when you are bitten the first impression is that a hornet has crawled up the leg of your trowsers. One sting satisfies the most malevolent hornet, and with the aid of ammonia the pain is soon gone, and the swelling abates. With the chigger it is different. When you go to bed at night every chigger that has effected a lodgment opens up in a fresh series of bites, each one of them equivalent to that of a large pismire, and there is no let up till you kill the critter by scratching or greasing with lard, coal oil or some other unguent. Then he festers in his burrow and is sloughed out. The best way is to grease on suspicion every time you go into the woods. The same power that made the chigger doubtless sat the elephant on his four legs, and started him out in life with his baggage train in front, in imitation of the tactics of that valiant Massachusetts warrior, Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, when he charged Dick Taylor's intrenchments at Mansfield. On general principles, I'd rather be an elephant than a chigger. There's more style about him. But if I had a spite against a fellow-creature, and could overcome my natural kindness of heart long enough to make it warm for him, I'd

rather be a chigger. If Job had been well chiggered early in his affliction, there would have been a different story to tell of that bilious man of God. (Bilious comes from *bile*, O captious critic, and I am sure Job was covered with *biles*, from head to foot.)

But the Black Gnat is the triumph of nature when it comes to pests. I have such a respect for this little scoundrel's power of annoyance that I spell him with a capital G. He is small—a mere filmy dot, floating in the air like a speck of dust, and only distinguishable from the inanimate motes by his zigzag motion in flying. But he bites with a terrible bite. It hurts worse than that of a gallinipper, and raises a round red spot, visible for days after. The black gnat pursues you everywhere. Making no noise, the first intimation of his attack is the sharp, stinging pain of his bite. Turning your hand, under-side up, you see a small black speck, and if he has been sufficiently absorbed in his breakfast to forget his usual caution, you smash him with a blow heavy enough to kill a rabbit. Indeed, you regret that he is not as big as a bumble bee, so that you could have that much more revenge.

YOUNG men don't take kindly to babies as a general thing. A man must be forty at least to appreciate them. It is natural that a fellow who is nearing the other end should begin to take an interest in those who are just starting. Conse-

quently we find that the young buck, who is all cuff, collar, hair and necktie, views with horror the red, squirming, colicky thing which is to become a man or a woman, as the case may be, if its luck carries it through the "second summer," and the gauntlet of mumps, measles, scarlatina, and other infantile ailments. To his barbaric ear there is no music in the squawk of a Tupperian "well spring of pleasure," and it is only after baby begins to "take notice" that he can tolerate it. The subject is, however, worthy of study in all its stages of development, from its first wondering stare at surroundings, all the way up through the era of tumbling off the back porch, to boyhood, marbles and rubber slings. The baby is always perverse, always trying to swallow its fist, always reaching for things, and generally moist. They always look like somebody. Getting baby to sleep is the principal occupation of the female members of the household, and fighting sleep soon comes to be the life-work of the baby. So many subterfuges and confidence games are resorted to that he finally comes to regard sleep as a "game" that is being played on him, and on the principle that it is generally safe to decline doing what your opponent wants you to do, he resolutely cultivates wakefulness, and resents all the inventions of the enemy, from the soothing lullaby to the vibratory motion of the cradle. Nobody knows whether a baby would ever voluntarily go to sleep or not. The experiment has never been tried. Probably he regards sleep as so much time lost, during

which his tyranny is in abeyance, and he resents the various artifices by which he is swindled out of his rights.

WILLIAM J. MURTAGH, proprietor of the *National Republican*, of Washington, D. C., has been held "pussonally responsible" by a "puffeck gentleman" of one of the "fust families of Kentucky, sah," for a paragraph which reflected on the "puffeck gentleman's" private character. The instrument which administered justice in this instance was the cowhide, a new departure for Kentucky outraged honor, which generally avails itself of the pistol and the bowie-knife. The account was settled immediately in front of brother Murtagh's office, a most conspicuous place. There were the usual and more than the usual number of innocent spectators to see it through, and the fur flew in most extraordinary style. Mr. Murtagh is not the chap to take any extra steps, but on this occasion he performed a regular castanet dance, never missing a step, and keeping time to the music of the cowhide in the most practiced manner. Mr. James Wheatley, the outraged scion of Kentucky, handled the ready cowhide in the most skillful style, and was cheered on in the glorious work of vindicating his moral character by a hundred sympathetic voices. A Kentucky gentleman abhors any vulgar or unseemly haste. Mr. Wheatley took his time, and kept the entertainment up thirty-three minutes and four seconds exactly, or

until the editorial legs refused to execute the will of Wheatley. Every spectator declared he never saw such beautiful dancing since the days of the agile Elssler. Mr. Wheatley's wounded "'onah, sah," was completely healed when he released the non-resistant Murtagh, who will hereafter make diligent inquiry into the pedigree of anyone whose biography he expects to publish in the *Republican*. He will take a cowhiding every once in a while, with meekness and lowliness of spirit, if he can have the tax-list of the District of Columbia to sustain his spirit.

THE astronomical and meteorological editor of the *Journal* has been unusually brilliant this week. On Wednesday he announced that "the white moonlight was very bright last night." In the same paper he said a genteel and quite eye-watering thing about the dying month. It was this:

"The month of April will close her account with nature to-day, and turn her toes up to the roots of the daisies. She has made a good record, and leaves the earth better and more beautiful for having lived."

Now that is what we call the neat and gallant thing to say about a month that has wept, and frowned, and raged, and thundered, and whooped around, as April has done. There is no vulgar slang in that touching obituary. The flowers of rhetoric fairly smother it. A reporter who was

not in love with nature, and had not a kind word for every month in the year, would have coarsely said "April peters out to-day," or "The old gal, April, passes in her checks to-night, drat her." There would have been no tender reference to the defunct lady's toes and the roots of the poetic daisies; no generous mention of her "good record," which is not strictly truthful, but was very sweet in the meteorological editor, all the same. No, there would have been nothing said of April that would bring tears to human eyes, as the weather editor's paragraph does. When the young man wants a situation—well, we would scorn to hold out any inducements that would take a star from the galaxy of a cotemporary, but we should like to have something touching and tender like that said in THE HERALD about every day in the year, with an occasional pretty speech about the moon thrown in.

SOMETHING ought to be done with the interrogation point. It has become, if possible, more of a vagabond than the comma, and more of a nuisance than the apostrophe. As a medium for the expression of sarcasm the interrogation point has lost its force. Used for that purpose, in parenthesis, it expresses but one thing, and that is the ignorance of the writer. A man of little learning and much spleen makes use of the degraded point in this style on all occasions. He says, "the gentlemanly (?) editor of the War Whoop," or "the honor-

able (?) M. C.," and he fancies he has broken down his enemy with the most withering sarcasm. He can't manipulate words to help him out, but he can depend on the interrogation point. Inside the parentheses it always looks fresh and original to him. He knows he didn't invent it, but he thinks the public will believe he did. It is regarded as a perfect battering ram by unsophisticated writers. Hurled at an enemy, he is sure to tremble under the pressure, they imagine. It is the plummet that marks a writer's ability and indexes his temper. It proves the one shallow and the other bad. Come to think of it, the interrogation point is always used *en parenthesis*, when there is bad blood between the combatants. It is never found in a tolerant, reasonable, sensible, printed controversy, in its sarcastic capacity. If it would only confine itself to its legitimate office, and keep out of such questionable company as the parenthesis family, it would hold a position as one of the best points in our language. It should eschew the sarcastic. It is a role it does not succeed in, and it should abandon it. Any writer who can not express sarcasm without the interrogation point had better die with all his sarcasm in him.

INDIANS never kiss their wives.—*Exchange.*

Neither do they kiss each other's wives, and in that they differ from the proud Caucasian.

ST. VITUS let himself loose in the *Sentinel* of Sunday last. He announced, in his usual jerky rhetoric, that the people are in revolt—that somebody has opened the "caverns of want," and unchained "the wild beasts of desolation," thus giving the ghosts of the dead an opportunity to "stalk" at midnight, and point with "fleshless fingers" at the towering elevators and glutted markets, while they fondle the brindle wolf which sits and howls at the grave's mouth. "The people"—that is such of the people as are not in revolt—would like to know why the rest of "the people" are in revolt, but Nauvoo declines to tell them. He asks them if they would slake their raging curiosity, to go out on the streets and interrogate the flinty stones, which, hard-hearted as they are admitted to be, "have more feeling than Sherman or Morton." If the stones fail to respond, then the inquisitive reader is invited to "enter the damp and dismal shaft of the mine, where the deadly gases generate, and pursue his investigations. If the deadly gases don't respond, the next alternative is to "Go to old ocean's depths; enter her dark and slimy caverns, above whom the white-capped waves sing requiems of wrecks, and horrid, strangling deaths; ask the sparkling diamonds clinging to the rocks o'erhead, or the grinning skulls beneath your feet." Much as we would like to know why "the people" are in revolt, the slimy caverns, "above *whom*," etc., are too forbidding. It would be easy enough to interrogate the diamonds and the grinning skulls,

if they were trotted out, but the slimy caverns of "old ocean"—infinitely slimier than the caverns of young ocean—repel. We will have to wait. Perhaps the people themselves will tell us why they are in revolt, without waiting for the stones, and the deadly gases, or the slimy caverns, or the grinning skulls to unfold the tale.

"THERE'S honor for you!" Red worms are writhing in the flesh of a New Orleans editor who, one short week ago, was in average health, with unimpaired capacity for the assimilation of his matutinal cocktail. Byerly was his name, and Governor Warmoth was his bane. A card published by Warmoth had touched this editor in his "honor," and that sensitive organ—it *is* an organ in the South—clamored for satisfaction. Whack went the bludgeon over Warmoth's head, and in and out of the editorial abdomen slipped the ready knife six times. How much better would it have been for these men to have abused each other like pickpockets in the papers, as we do at the North, and take their drinks together in private.

YES, he is dead. He died of delight at this delicious spring weather. He was an estimable old gentleman, but an awful liar—a bigger liar than the fellow who humped himself up in a thunderstorm and took two or three "terrible claps." He

was aged. He could thread a needle at arm's length, and hold an umbrella on a March day. He was in the ark with Noah. "Yes, sir," said he, "after Pharoah came home from battle, I used to take his rig and drive all over town. I was Pharoah's private hostler. Know George Washington? Well, I should think I *did* know him. We were 'pards,' and as for that hatchet business —why, I turned the grindstone to sharpen it."

"My Dear Pitkin" stands an extraordinarily good chance of being bounced. Twelve years ago "My Dear Pitkin" was an immature youth, veally, blonde, and pimply, with a weakness for drab pantaloons strapped tightly under patent leather boots, white waistcoat and loud necktie. He wrote erotic poems of more than ordinary vigor, carried a slender rattan cane, terminating in a human leg in ivory, and was considered a good fellow, though not at all "stalwart." If he had improved his opportunities as well as Warmouth did, he could afford to be "bounced," and then quit the game ahead.

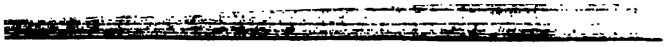
Putty is the best material out of which to make a governor. It is soft, pliable, oily. A putty man will do nothing to conflict with the ger-reat and gel-lorious per-rinciples of the Democratic party, said principles being that the people must rule. If it

happens that the people disagree, and one portion takes possession of property belonging to the others, then the noble man of putty stands back, and disinterestedly watches the fight. His soul shrinks from the thought of bloodshed. Besides, it might lose him a few votes, when he comes to run for the presidency, if he were to take sides with "capital" against "labor."

COMING down Mississippi street the other morning, we overtook a little bantam rooster, two sizes larger than a mocking-bird, which had picked up two great Bramah hens, but little smaller than ostriches, and was doing the genteel thing by them. The little cock is the children's pet in a neighboring family, but the hens were evidently strangers, refugees, perhaps, from some grocer's coop. There was something very human in the little bantam's strut, and the fussy airs of protectorship that he assumed; but the subservience of the great lubberly hens to the feathered midget was absolutely absurd.

SITTING BULL'S band has been cutting up in Canada. Unless he operates with great caution he will learn the difference between the British lion and the national fowl of this country, which is rapidly being hybridized into "an ineffable buzzard."

MISS VICKSEN is one of those curiously-constituted females who "can't *bear* children," and who are always informing people of the fact. She imparted this valuable information to a mixed company, of whom Bluejazy, the brute, happened to be one, the other evening. "How do you know you can't?" said Blue. In about two minutes, from the snapping of Miss Vicksen's black eyes, it became apparent that she had seen the point, and Bluejazy remembered an engagement down town.

EDITORS are entirely too free with the brand. They "brand" each other as liars on the slightest provocation. It is bad enough to "denounce" a fellow. Branding is too cruel. There is the double-turreted old termagant of the *Sentinel*, who has branded the *Journal* half a dozen times within the past fortnight. He seems to like to affix the brand. He feels a little brandy every day.

CAN NOT the *Journal* give us an occasional paragraph about its "course?" No paper that amounts to anything can afford to be without a "course." But when a paper is always talking about its "course" there are grounds for suspicion that it don't amount to much. The condor, as it flies, has no need to call attention to its "course." The peewee has.